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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY



## Christmas Party



# YOUNG VIKING Makes HAT HISTORY!



"JUST SMARTNESS" is the proudly simple name adopted by this Erik creation. It is modelled in black felt, and is trimmed with a silver fox tail.



"SEVELIA" by name and dashing by nature is this Erik model fashioned with two fans on a foundation of black coco-cloth.



"SCANDAL" is the apt name by which Erik has christened this entertaining affair of dark green felt and feathery plumes of the new "erikgreen."

## Foxes in Ambush and Feathers for Fun and Fancy He Makes the Wittiest of Chapeaux Wisecracks

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Yet another sensational hat-trick! This one the haughty herald of a prideful revolution in hatry. Its heady leader, one Erik, a blonde young Viking from Denmark. Don't call him a milliner, please. Erik won't like you if you do. He prefers to be known as a "hat man." Declares it sounds more virile.

YOU might think Paris could not get a new hat thrill.

Erstwhile it found the pillbox and bellboy models amusing. Now it votes both supremely boring, and any B.Y.T. who can set her cap at a rakish enough angle to make the Paris of to-day sit up and take notice must be very bright indeed.

But Erik has done it. His hats have all Paris by the ears. One of the most recent designers of the hub of fashion, he has always been a force to reckon on. He was the first to hit upon the

happy idea of using fox tails as a trimming, and how cunningly he uses them! On one model he placed a fox across the top from back to front. On another he places the bushy tail across the forehead, finishing the hat by adding a flat black velvet pancake, which seems to sit unaided on the back of the head.

Another innovation of this young genius is his green, plain felt sports hat which, by the addition of an ostrich fancy, becomes a tall, dressy hat suitable for the most formal occasion.

His ideas are as practical as they are

original. Erik declares that no hat is really well designed unless it can be worn at least two ways—either back to front or side to back, or something like that!

### Inspired by Jazz

WHEN I visited his spacious black-and-white salons in the centre of Paris, a stone's throw from the Madeleine, I found him listening to Harry Roy's orchestra playing jazz, while he was furiously designing new hats for the spring.

Jazz inspires him more than anything else, so he told me, though he had just returned from a visit to London, where he went to buy himself some clothes and to seek inspiration in the tall, long-limbed British beauties, whom he prefers to their shorter-legged French sisters.

For the spring he will make sheer, flat hats very big—as flat as a plate, and perched on the top of the head, but held in place by caps coming well over the back hair.

Since he feels that flowers tend to destroy the line and cheapen a hat, he will use nothing but leaves for his trimmings this coming season.

He described to me so graphically a



ERIK—the sensationally-successful "hat man" of the Rue St. Honore, Paris.

large, flat hat of black georgette or chiffon, with a spray of pale green leaves carelessly thrown across it, that I could picture the lovely shadows those leaves would cast on the pretty face beneath. Another Erik edict for the spring is that every woman shall have one bright green hat in her collection. Green with gloves to match will be most successful with black or white costumes, with beige, pale pink, purple, or almost any color

that you choose—but one green hat you must have.

Susy, who makes many hats for the Duchess of Kent, also likes green for the spring. She is more conservative than young Master Erik and makes a charming noop model, with the sides turned up high, in black felt, trimming it with a bright green silk cord which passes through the hat and ties at the back.

### Even More Fantastic

THOUGH Susy has designed many hats with just a touch of the military about them, she has never fancied the very high hats which are being worn at the moment. She prefers the shallower hat with or without a brim and thinks she will continue to make them for the spring, though she admits that she has not yet fully made up her mind.

When asked if she was interested in the Chinese Exhibition in London, she replied that Chinese art had always been one of the passions, but she thought it would influence color more than shape in hats.

Mandarin red, Chinese blues, and that lovely, soft shade of faded yellow and purple would be used and hats would be in contrast to costume—one point in common with Erik, at least.

It is thought, here in Paris, that women will accept more and more fantastic hats this coming season.



MARILYN,

### SWEET DECEIVER...

creates the loveliest illusion about her complexion. It's not really so divinely satiny and youthful at all, but her precious Revelry face powder makes it look that way... adorable!



## Revelry

that artful, flattering Face Powder

2/6 Box — at all Chemists and Stores. Also Revelry Face Cream, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... echoing the same exciting fragrance.

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## Lady Isaacs' Christmas Message To The Women Of Australia

Lady Isaacs, wife of the Governor-General of Australia, has graciously forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly the following message of goodwill for Christmas and the New Year:

**MY MESSAGE** to you, my Australian Sisters, for Christmas and the New Year is one of thankfulness for the steady general upward movement during the year that is passing, and bright and cheery optimism for the year that is coming in and for the future years.

I am proud to remember the noble part you have played during a very bad time, fighting your own battles hard, and often helping others to fight theirs.

Added to my pride for the past and great confidence in the future, I have much gratitude for all the sisterly friendliness I have had from you during the last five years.

It is my great pleasure to wish The Australian Women's Weekly a Happy Christmas and New Year.

Government House, Canberra.

Yours Sincerely,  
DAISY ISAACS.



LADY ISAACS





## To AN Australian GIRL

Men cannot say that beauty  
dies  
While beauty sits enthroned  
here.  
Time will not spoil her grace,  
nor age  
Cause one least charm to dis-  
appear.

Look closely; you will see in  
her  
The loveliness of which men  
dream.  
And with this, too, a mind as  
clear  
As some fresh, sun-flecked  
mountain stream.

June, Mary, Rose; she's none  
of these;  
And yet she's all: a lover  
would  
Find mirrored in her eyes his  
love—  
Here sits Australian woman-  
hood.

—Stewart Howard.

## On Making Love To A Picture

— By —  
R. J. H. Moses

DEAR GIRL—

You sit there all sweetness, and yet,  
I fear, a little lonesome.

Is it that the magic of the mistletoe has  
not yet worked? And is it really mis-  
tletoe or wattle? As I gaze on you at this  
distance it might be either. Anyhow,  
"Why should not wattle do for mistletoe?"

You remember the poem, I hope...  
"They were but two where lovers go"...  
that's how it proceeds. I used to write it  
in autograph-books ages and ages ago—  
must be ten or fifteen years at least.

She... they were girls like you. Soon I'll be  
getting sentimental and singing, "You remind  
me of my mother, when mother was a girl like  
you." But that's ancient history, too... Must  
be five years since we sang that... When I say  
"we" I mean some other girl and I.

But, really, I'm frightfully rude... All my  
talk has been of other girls and of the past,  
while you are here in this happy present.

DEAR GIRL...

Why so pensive? Is it that the years  
should weigh on you, too?... the whole  
eighteen... on those young, shapely  
shoulders. Pardon the impertinence of  
the "shapely." But, anyhow, if you are,  
as I think, beautiful, why should I not tell  
you? And I refuse to plead specially that  
this is Christmas. I'd say that to you any  
time...

And "to anyone" did I hear you say? Well,  
that's hitting below the waistline and suggesting  
I have a waistline. Not fair, Dear Girl. After  
all, this is Christmas.

Perhaps it is not the years behind, but

the years ahead, that make sombre those  
wistful eyes. Take heart and good cheer,  
maiden mine (purely metaphorical, that,  
of course). Take heart... not mine, of  
course (I'm afraid there's a bit of piston-  
slap in it). But do definitely take heart.

After all, isn't that your job of work, taking  
heart? And now of all times is the time for  
heart-taking. You have the weapons, and I war-  
rant it would be no long siege; nor even a cam-  
paign. You win without striving. A little  
sitting down, the merest touch of the tiniest  
finger, and then, good night... if you know what  
I mean. Not "good night!" with an excla-  
mation mark after it. Just good... well we'll let  
it go at that.

How often have I told myself, You'll  
excuse me talking to myself, won't you? ...  
How often have I told myself, "Never try  
to explain your feelings to a woman." You  
can't, for one thing. And the more you  
try the more involved you get with your-  
self, and the clearer you stand out to her  
as a floundering idiot. All because, too,  
she's making a definite effort to under-  
stand you—for the first time in her life.

Every woman spends her life waiting for  
and wanting some man to be able to explain to  
her just why she is the precise one that should  
have won his exclusive allegiance and she dies  
never having heard why. Love is and never was  
blind. Love is just plain dumb. Isn't it?

"A pity it's not!" say you. But, Dear  
Girl, I am no lover. I have a mirror.  
Framed in that I see truth. Framed in the  
fancy of your presence I see illusion and  
the memory of illusion.

DEAR GIRL!



"My feet became sore, tender, and  
painful, and were soon tired. Applying  
Zam-Buk after washing them with Zam-  
Buk Medicinal Soap brought great com-  
fort and made my feet fine and healthy."  
Mrs. D. Hughes.

"I was troubled with hard skin, bun-  
ions, and a corn which I had to keep  
cutting. Applying Zam-Buk every night  
ended these troubles, and my feet are  
again quite sound." Mr. J. Evans.

## Look After Your FEET WITH Zam-Buk For a Happy Holiday

WHATEVER your holiday  
plans—it's going to mean a  
lot of extra work for your feet. At  
the seaside or in the country—  
walking, cycling, playing games  
and dancing—you cannot enjoy  
yourself if your feet are letting  
you down. Therefore be kind to  
your feet, for they are the founda-  
tion of a good holiday.

Don't forget!—every night,  
especially during the hot weather,  
bathe your feet in warm water,  
dry thoroughly, then devote a few  
minutes to massaging Zam-Buk into the  
ankles, insteps, soles and toes. As  
the refined herbal oils are absorbed  
and reach the underlying tissues.

**Pain, Swelling & Inflammation**  
are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns,  
and bunions are softened, joints ankles,  
toes, and feet are made easy and you can  
again walk and wear shoes in comfort.  
Start using Zam-Buk now and make sure  
of a happy and enjoyable holiday.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



# BEHIND the SCREENS in Hollywood

## Women's Weekly Presents the Wonders of Movieland at First Hand

By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Special Correspondent of The  
Australian Women's Weekly in Hollywood.

Desolation! The desert of Arizona under a pitiless sun. Giant cacti standing sentry-like in a waste of sand, their spikes bristling viciously as if in warning to intruders. Bleaching bones of long-dead animals scattered among patches of colorless mesquite.

A bedraggled petrol station by the side of an almost indistinguishable road which winds away to infinity. Around it all a tremendous cyclorama painted so perfectly it is impossible to tell where the real ends and the false begins.

SUCH is the setting for "Petri-fied Forest," which Leslie Howard, after a fine season in New York, is transferring to the

screen for the Warner Brethren. Outside the set there was a big notice, "Positively No Admission. No Exceptions to this Rule." But my Australian friends were important, and the studio

heads are always kind to visitors from overseas.

We gasped—even I, accustomed to the wonders of movie production. Every detail was so perfect. The rude sign outside, "Last Chance to Fill Up." The telegraph poles, a few real, the rest winding away through the hills painted on canvas. The rocks, scattered about—not real, but manufactured in the studio plaster shop.

Inside the filling station—which was also a lunch-room and curio shop—the grimy little tables on which were half-empty tomato sauce bottles.

Leslie Howard, wearing no make-up and sucking his pipe, meandered around and came over to chat, while inside the station, director Archie Mayo put young Dick Foran and the unshaven villain, Humphrey Bogart, through their paces in some dramatic scenes. Bette Davis, who is the love interest in this story of a party of tourists who are marooned at a filling station in the Arizona desert, and eventually held up by bandits, posed for the still cameraman who is always on the set.

Howard was in a meditative mood. "This is a terribly depressing set, don't you think?" he remarked. He had worked there every day for a month, so the reason for his depression was obvious. Yet to the person seeing it for the first time it is a marvellous accomplishment.

As a contrast to this drab place, the



BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly, taken with Leslie Howard on the "Petri-fied Forest" set. Barbara found that Howard was intensely interested in everything she could tell him about Australia and her native Sydney.

You're right  
it's Bushells



Yes, you know Bushells tea by its fine flavor.

Such flavor, such fragrance, comes from bud-leaves, picked while still tender with rich sap.

The freshest tips of four whole tea-plants are required for a single pound of Bushells Blue Label!

The Tea of Flavor



first impression one gets of the Warner studio is of green lawns, neat hedges, climbing roses and tall trees, quite different from the usual factory aspect of a studio.

There are huge pepper trees shading the building where Bette Davis, Kay Francis, Dolores del Rio, and the other stellar ladies have their dressing-rooms. There are tennis courts, and little canvas arrangements for basking in the warm sun.

In fact, all the comforts of home, and more, including two cafes. One, the Green Room, for those who enjoy an elaborate meal, with peace and quiet. The other, not so dignified, if you're in a hurry and don't mind a bit of noise.

The studio is a hive of activity now. Several important pictures in production, others preparing, nine new sound stages being completed to bring their total up to nineteen. And in each of these huge stages you could fit an ordinary movie theatre! Companies were working on some of them before the outside plastering was finished.

### Chemical Fog

ANOTHER fascinating set was that of "Ceiling Zero," the picture version of a dramatic aviation story which met with great success on Broadway. The scene was the control office of an airport, an exact duplicate of the real thing with maps, instrument panels, and wireless.

Outside the windows which faced the landing field, slowly drifted a thick, blue-grey fog. This fog, marvellously realistic, is made from a chemical and blown gently about the set with the aid of huge wind machines.

Pat O'Brien and James Cagney, the principals, having just completed one of the film's many dramatic scenes, were waiting about for the next "take." Jimmy, clad in riding breeches and leather jacket, jiggled about and practised his tap-dancing steps. Pat, in the uniform of airport manager, strolled over and discussed the results of the latest horse races. Sometimes the two, who seem great pals, chatted and laughed together.

### Unfriendly Window

BACK in Hollywood after a grand vacation in England, Merle Oberon is full of enthusiasm about her new picture, "The Children's Hour," and eager to start. Arriving at the station, she smiled, waved and displayed to friends the last remnants of a large bruise on her head. It seems Merle was looking out of a window on the ship when it disrespectfully shut down on her!

For many weeks now Leo Carrillo has been trying to put his yacht, Thetis, into dry dock for the winter, going down to the waterfront every week-end with clock-like regularity to perform this duty.

But California's winter being what it

is and Leo's love of the sea being so strong, he has always succumbed to the temptation and gone for "one last sail." At this rate it will be summer again before she reaches her dry dock.

Agnes ("The Patsy") Doyle has grown tired of waiting around Hollywood for a job and, after three months, talks of going off to New York to do a stage play. Agnes evidently isn't on to Hollywood studio systems. Many players have to wait and wait before being picked up.

John Wood, for instance. This young Australian actor had four months of idleness before RKO gave him a big part in "The Last Days of Pompeii." Now John is considering an offer to go to Canada for a picture.

### Change of Hair

JEAN HARLOW'S already tremendous fan mail has trebled since she changed her hair from platinum to "Brownette" for "Riff Raff." It seems all the girls who went blonde with



AGNES ("THE PATSY") DOYLE, well known to Australians, who has grown tired of waiting round Hollywood for a chance.

Jeanie are now going brown. From a glimpse caught as she hurried to her dressing-room the other day I would describe the new shade as most becoming.

Watched Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell doing a scene from "Colleen." A glance showed Dick's otherwise handsome countenance marred by a tremendous black eye, all blue and puffy.

But Dick had been in no fight. The make-up department had simply manufactured a beautifully realistic "chiner" for him. In the dialogue, Dick tried to explain how he had run into a door, while Ruby recommended a good beef-steak.



# UNINVITED GUEST

Marise and Dan were a modern couple. They were unsentimental, sensible. So they decided to forget about Christmas — to treat it as an ordinary day. But they reckoned without Peggy, who came to stay with them as an uninvited guest.

**F**ROM the seat in the bus which was carrying her homeward, Marise Southern gazed at the brilliantly-lighted shop windows. To-morrow would be Christmas Eve, but Marise told herself that she was glad that she and Dan had decided not to take any notice of Christmas this year. They had both been so frightfully busy for these last weeks that she felt she really could not be bothered with all the fuss which the festive season usually brought.

And, thank goodness, Dan was sensible. He had agreed that they should spend it quietly in their own home—with no fuss of any description, not even presents for each other.

For the first time since their marriage they were not going down to join the family party at Dan's home. When she said that she would not go he had not attempted to argue. Deep in her heart Marise wondered if his easy agreement came from the same reason as her own determination—because of the shrewd, loving eyes of his mother.

It had been the elder Mrs. Southern who, when she heard that Marise intended to go on with her job at the big publishing firm where she was employed, had asked in her gentle way: "My dear, do you think any woman can run two jobs successfully?"

A hopelessly old-fashioned ideal Marise had laughed, and told her: "Of course, dear—and think how much further two salaries go than one."

Well, they had been married three years now, and if things were not quite—well, not quite what they were at the

By  
**Pamela Clifford**

of the superb convenience of two salaries!

As Marise let herself in, she saw, as she crossed the tiny hall, that there was a light in the sitting-room. Dan back already.

And then as she opened the door, she stood still in amazement.

There was no Dan.

But sitting on the edge of the big, deep chair by the fire, gazing wistfully into the red blaze, elbows propped on her knees, chin sunk in her cupped hands, was a small girl.

As Marise paused, the visitor turned her head and for a moment they stared at each other.

Then the child got to her feet.

"How do you do?" she said gravely. "I'm Peggy Ramsden—mother brought me to spend Christmas with Uncle Dan, and hopes you won't mind."

**M**ARISE had a vague memory of having heard the name of Ramsden before, but she was too taken aback to do anything save shake the small hand gravely extended to her, and with a murmured excuse beat a hurried exit in search of Ada, the maid.

But Ada knew nothing more than that the young lady had been brought by her mother half an hour ago—that the mother seemed to be in a great hurry and very upset. Had left a note and said that Mrs. Southern would understand.

And as Marise looked down at the envelope which had been put into her hands, she felt a little qualm of apprehension.

She opened it and hurriedly skimmed the scrawled contents.

"Dan, Dear, and Dan's Wife, 'Bill is terribly ill with typhoid in Paris—I've got to go to him. Even if it were possible to take Peggy, I haven't her fare. Do keep her, like a couple of sports—there isn't another soul I can leave her with, and the poor mite can't stay by herself. In desperate haste."

**FREDA.** "P.S.—Don't tell Peggy her father is ill—she will be disappointed enough as it is."

Well, that was that! Whoever Freda and Bill might be, there was their offspring sitting in front of the fire in Marise's sitting-room, waiting patiently to be attended to.

"You had better make up the divan in the spare room, Ada," Marise said, "and put a hot water bottle in it. Miss Peggy will be staying."

Opening the sitting-room door again, she was struck by the forlornness of the small figure by the fire. She had had very little experience of children, and was rather shy with them—she wished Dan would come in, and in the meanwhile attempted to break the ice by suggesting that Peggy might like some tea.

"Well, I would, rather," the guest admitted frankly. "You see, when Mummy got the telegram from Daddy she was in such a hurry that she forgot to give me any lunch."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Marise. "You must be half starved."

"I've got sort of little hunger pains

*He came in, a rather  
shamefaced expression  
on his good-looking face,  
his arms full of parcels...*

here," admitted Peggy, touching the spot.

She had "a sort of little" other pain, too—something that hot tea, and hot buttery toast would not take away—something which once or twice made it rather difficult to enjoy what she was eating. But she did not mention that. She had promised Mummy that she would be a good girl and not make a fuss.

She had just finished her tea when Dan came in.

He looked tired, but the moment his eyes lighted on the visitor his expression changed.

"Hallo! Hallo! What do I see here!" he exclaimed. "A fairy Princess?"

Peggy forgot to be shy and ran to him joyously.

"Uncle Dan—you remember me! I've come to spend Christmas with you."

"Have you really?" he picked her up. "May we ask for an explanation?" He glanced across at Marise, with raised brows.

"Mrs. Ramsden brought her while

cause he was not clever, but because he simply could not concentrate.

"Poor old Bill, and poor Freda—what a Christmas!" Dan stared frowningly into the fire, and then across at his wife. "Rather a bore for you, I'm afraid, but I don't see what we can do—unless we send her down to mother."

"Nonsense! We couldn't possibly do a thing like that—when we are not even going ourselves."

"No, I suppose not," he admitted doubtfully. "But she would have a good time down there. And—haven't you arranged that Ada shall go away?"

"Yes—she is having Christmas and Boxing Day off. But why should it make any difference? Peggy seems a sensible sort of child, and I have already explained to her that we are not making any fuss of Christmas this year."

"Oh!" Dan's voice sounded a little dry. "And what did she say to that?"

Marise hesitated, then she laughed a little uncertainly.

## A Short Story to Touch Your Heart

I was out," Marise picked up the note from beside the clock and handed it to him with a warning glance. "If you'll put her down she will go and wash her hands—then she won't sticky your collar."

**A**ND when Peggy had gone he read the note and gave Marise the explanation she had been waiting for.

Freda Ramsden was the wife of one of his oldest friends—mad, talented Bill Ramsden, who had once been employed in the advertising studio where Bill was now under-manager, but had not the temperament, so to speak, under to commercialism, and so had taken to designing scenery for the theatre. He had never made a big success of anything, though—not be-

"Well, as a matter of fact she said: 'I quite understand. We're often broke ourselves. In fact, nearly always!'"

"Good Lord!" Dan was interrupted by the opening door as their guest came back into the room.

After Peggy was in bed that night Marise picked up one of the books she had promised herself to read during the holiday. But though she opened it and turned the first twenty pages or so she had no idea what it was all about. Glancing over the top once or twice, she saw that Dan was gazing thoughtfully into space. He might have been considering some of the problems on the paper before him, but he somehow did not look as though he was.

And Marise found herself remembering that once he had not been so en-

grossed in business when he came home at night. He used to sit on the hearthrug, his head against her knees, and they used to play at reading the pictures in the fire. But there was one picture she had never seen there—the picture of a child about the house.

Had he seen it and not told her?

"Dan," she said abruptly, "do you think that youngster is going to fret?"

He started almost guiltily. "I don't know. She seems a sensible kid—very old for her age." And then after a moment: "But I don't see how she can be feeling exactly happy about it. After all, as far as kids are concerned, Christmas is Christmas."

"Yes, I suppose so," Marise picked up her book again; but presently she put it down and went out of the room.

**S**HE walked softly along the passage and paused outside the door of the spare room. Somehow it gave her an uncomfortable feeling to think that Peggy might be lying awake wanting her mother.

After a few moments she opened the door silently, and went in. She turned on the light near the dressing-table, and glanced towards the bed. The little girl was lying with the clothes pulled up over her face. Marise turned them back and bent down. Peggy was asleep, but there were suspicious marks on her cheeks. Marise turned off the light and went out of the room abruptly.

She felt suddenly strangely shaken. What a topsy-turvy world it was that a little girl should be crying for her mother in a stranger's home at Christmas time. She thought of the woman who had rushed off at a moment's notice, leaving one dear one to fly to the side of another.

Marise hoped desperately that Freda Ramsden had not found tragedy awaiting her—that she would not have to come back and tell Peggy that there were only two of them left—for Marise had a suspicion that in spite of Peggy's naive admission that they were so often "broke," the Ramsden trio had managed to make a pretty good success of life.

Marise had asked Peggy what her mother did, and the child had just opened her eyes wide as she answered: "Why, looks after us, of course."

Please turn to Page 14



Illustrated by  
**FISCHER**

## English Spring

**SWEET** April, like a Quaker maid,  
Came walking through the wood,  
Clad in her simple cloud-grey gown  
And silver-willow hood.  
She tripped demurely down the dale,  
And up the greenish hills;  
Beneath her quickening feet  
The yellow daffodils,  
She bowed her little head and prayed  
For fair and sunny hours,  
But wept for very earnestness  
And steeped the world in showers.

—Phyllis Morris.

beginning, she told herself that it had only happened in the process of settling down. She supposed no one really kept "the first fine careless rapture." And that was where a job came in useful. And after all, here finished round about six-thirty, so if Dan chose to stay at the office until nine or ten, two or three evenings a week, that was not her fault.

It was merely unfortunate that on the evenings when he had arrived home early she had been kept late.

As the bus stopped at the corner of the road where she lived, Marise alighted and walked the few yards to the block of flats where her home was situated.

They had only moved in a few months ago. Everything was up-to-date and modern—and it was convenient to be able to have meals served from the tiny kitchenette with its marvellous electric cooking-stove, or go down to the restaurant.

All of which was another illustration



# CHRISTMAS PARTY

A Long Complete  
Story



THE room was very big and airy, with walls of pale yellow. Through the tall, slender windows at the far end one could see the spears of rain falling with a whoosh through the bare boughs of a plane tree which were shiny black against a dull grey sky. There were bookshelves all round the room; they came, not quite half-way up the walls, and on the top of them sat strange brooding dolls—olive-green dolls, bizarre dolls, and dolls in bright Rumanian dresses. There were, too, pieces of clumsy peasant pottery, yellowed Chinese ivories, and a lump of green jade. The carpet was olive-green, if you like, or the grey-green silver of willows when the wind blows, and a low Chinese table stood in the centre, as if to weigh it down and keep it from being blown away when the north wind blew. There were low, comfortable chairs, and a fire of logs that came from an old ship, so that the flames were green and blue and savage orange from the salt-soaked wood.

The woman who sat in the room, with one slender foot resting on a footstool, her chin cupped in her hands, was tall and dark, and her eyes were the color of the olive-green dolls and the carpet. Sometimes her eyes brightened into a clear, wind-swept grey; sometimes they became greener. Her lips were bright with lipstick—curving whimsical lips they were—and her face was pale. She was so still that she seemed unaware of the woman who sat opposite to her, talking. "You see, Janice," said the other woman, "after all, you don't really want him, do you?"

Janice looked at her with a faint amusement. Really, she thought, Leslie could be extraordinarily obtuse. After all, need one wear one's heart on one's sleeve for one's best friend to see? There were some things one did not say, even to one's best friend—but, all the same, one expected them to know.

SHE did not answer, but sat on looking at Leslie's shining deep blue eyes and eager face with the two absurd yellow tufts of curly hair that were pushed forward from under her black hat. Leslie always looked ridiculously young and eager for all her thirty-eight years of crowded life.

"Don't be a pig, Janice," she said, "and drop that Chinese idol pose for a moment or two. You can keep that

By....  
**JANE ENGLAND**

At last  
she  
discovered  
the  
amazing  
truth!

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

he was fat and pompous. But, still, Janice, darling, the terrible heart-break!"

"Made you what you are to-day," said Janice briefly. "Mrs. David Langford, the wife of the famous sculptor, who is herself an artist, etc., etc. etc. Beside, I don't believe in playing Providence. After all, there's Michael to be considered. How do you know it would be a good thing for him?"

"Because, to be perfectly frank," said Mrs. Langford, "I think the way he has spent five years in hanging round you is the most useless and puerile thing. It's no good to him, and I firmly believe that he's half in love with her, and would fall quite in love if he made up his mind to give up this romantic attachment to you—and she adores him."

"And because of all this, this romantic story of yours, I am to turn my house into the conventional Christmas tree effect. Stick holly all about, a thing I detest, give a house party, and ask a girl I don't know at all to give her a present of the man I like best of all the men I know. Great snakes, Leslie, I had to fight my way through. Everybody has to."

Leslie stood up and gave her shoulders the little shake she always gave them when she was puzzled or angry.

"Oh, well, I won't talk about it any more. But, honestly, Jan, I can't understand it. I thought you were a sport."

"You insulted me earlier on by calling me a good-hearted woman," murmured Janice.

But when Leslie had gone she sat on staring at the ceaseless rain and the leaden sky, and her heart felt like a shrivelled nut in her breast. So not even Leslie realised how much Michael Dane meant to her. She would have thought that Leslie might have seen through the disguise she always wore; that rather cynical, laughing manner; that aloof, amused air with which she took the devotion of several people who revolved around her like silly moths around a candle. She couldn't marry him, but he knew that; had always known that. And they had been such companions. To be with Michael filled her with a deep, warm happiness. They talked to one another, and on the top of it all, they loved one another.

SUDDENLY she pressed her clenched fists against her lips, and her eyes filled with tears. Leslie couldn't be right! Mike couldn't possibly be in love, or half in love with someone else! Surely he wasn't tied to her by a sense of loyalty and chivalry and the ghost of a dead love. Of course, in a way, it might be funny! If she could fish up her sense of humor from the fathomless sea in which it had been drowned, she might be able to laugh—to laugh like anything at this terribly funny reward for her endeavor to play the game with her husband. Poor Dennis! Lying upstairs on his bed by the window, reading books, writing his bitter but rather beautiful verse, and trusting her. Well, he had been perfectly safe in trusting her. She was not the sort to leave a crippled man for a whole one, not the sort to betray him.

It was almost dark. The lamps outside were lit, blurred golden prisms in the rain. The fire was getting low, sending grey-blue wisps of smoke up the yawning blackness of the chimney. She stood up and switched on the lights, and drew the heavy amber silk curtains. The distant hum of

traffic was like the buzzing of a bewildered bee in a summer garden, and the clock ticked solemnly, as if to say, "I am the only real thing; all else is a dream." She bit her thumb thoughtfully, and then went out of the room into the quiet hall, up the shallow stairs, and into her husband's room. He was staring at the wall opposite to him where the picture of her by McEvoy hung. She looked very tall and brooding and slender in that picture, and other-worldly, with her rose-velvet frock sweeping over the sofa on which she sat, her face cupped in her hands, as she always sat when she was

thinking. He looked up as she entered, and his thin, rather pinched face brightened. His thick brown hair was ruffled, and his brown eyes were as piercing and bright as a bird's.

"Hello, my very dearest," he said. She went and sat on the end of his bed.

"Dennis," she said, "would you think me quite mad if I told you that I have developed a youthful complex and yearn for an old-fashioned Christmas?"

"I might think furiously," he said. "Well, then, you'll have to think, darling," she answered, "because that is what has happened. I am going to have holly and mistletoe and Sir Roger de Coverley, the Lancers, and a Christmas tree and crackers and mottoes and people to stay. Can you bear it?" Then taking a cigarette from the box by his side, she added, "and I am going to invite a young thing, all eyes and curly hair; and I am going to invite Michael Dane. Then I am going to see what happens."

"Dance with me, Jan," said Michael. She slid into his arms. Tony began to sing, "What is this Thing Called Love?" and Clive joined in.

He reached out his hands for hers, and saw that two tears trembled on her dark lashes.

"What's the trouble, Jan?" he said.

She shook her head and tried to laugh.

"Nothing, Dennis. Only with each succeeding Christmas one realises, inevitably, that one is getting older and older, that life slips through one's hands without one noticing it.

There is something special about Christmas Day, something apart. Something affects you without your meaning it. I don't know what it is, Dennis, but something hovers in the air at Christmas time."

"For a modern authoress of note," said Dennis dryly, "you are becoming positively sentimental. You'll be writing about red robins and snow next!"

"Dear Dennis," she said affectionately, "there's no fear of my becoming sentimental with an astringent person like you about."

JAN sat in her room and looked at herself in the glass. Her dark hair was done, coiled round her head in a gleaming coronet. As she touched her lips with the lipstick she thought to herself that she looked rather lovely, quite lovely enough to disabuse Leslie of the idea that Michael could possibly fall in love with that child. But, and her lips curved into a smile as if she laughed at herself, he should have every chance. The sort of party that they were having to-night was not her sort of party, it was a young party. Christmas Eve! A long silk stocking lay on the chair at her side and she picked it up and looked at its filmy length. Not the sort of thing you could fill with oranges and toys and sweets. Too gossamer-fish, too sophisticated.

Outside it was snowing. How frightfully kind of the weather to play up for her Christmas party! And the bells were ringing; little boys came and sang carols in sharp, tuneless voices, and impassive butlers turned them away.

Please turn to Page 24

## The Green Field

This green field is the masterpiece  
Of many hands. Here you may know  
Backs strained and thighs, and  
wills were bent  
And sweat poured out, to make  
it so.  
Cut, cleared, and tended, now it  
lies  
Devote to man, while he stands  
near.  
But let him turn and it will slip  
Into the thicket, like a deer.  
—E. Coatsworth.

for the silly girls that sit at your feet and gasp their admiration. And," she added, "for the equally idiotic men."

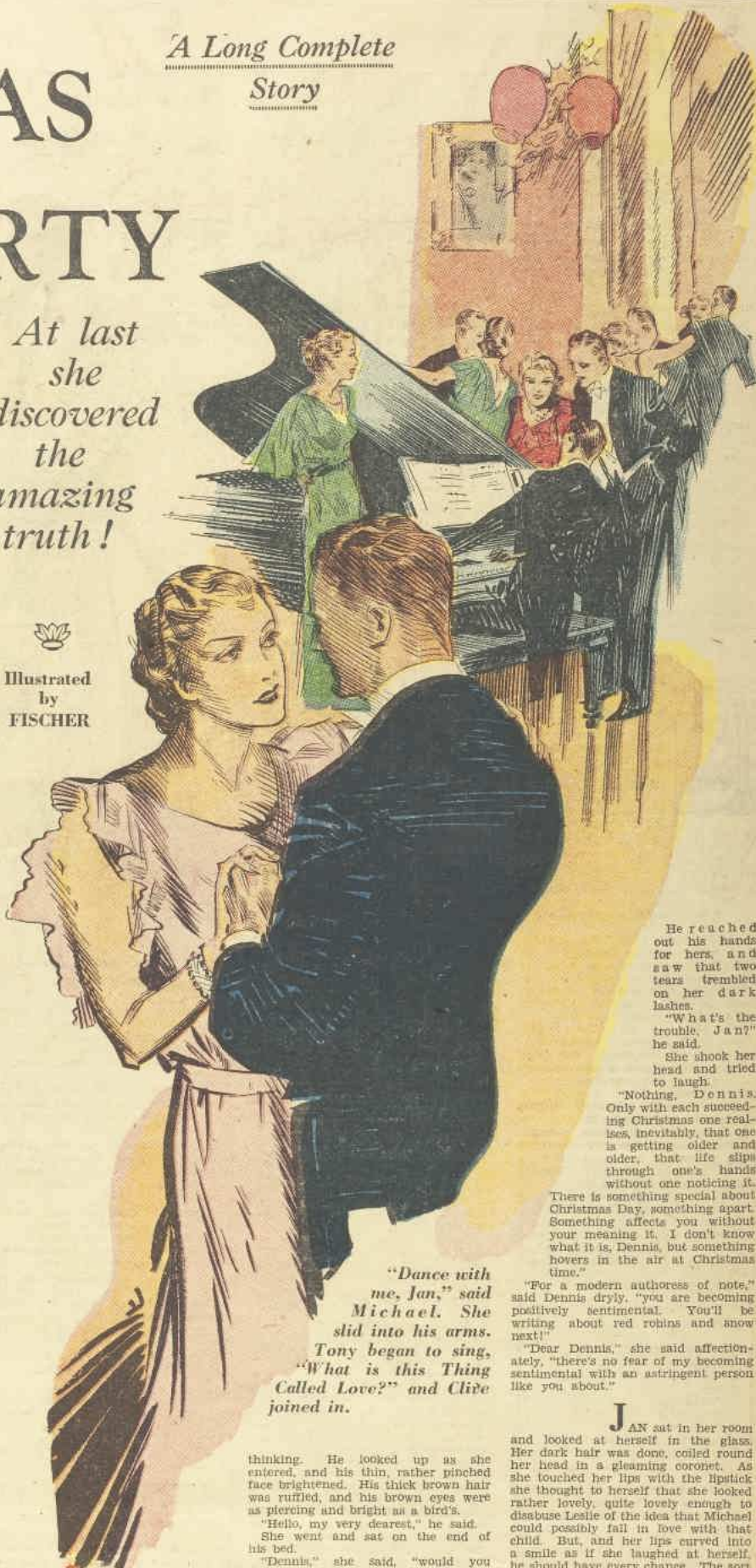
Janice laughed suddenly. "I like you when you get annoyed," she said, "and when you read the Plot Act, and when you become sentimental about youth!"

"Oh, well! after all you have a pretty thin time when you're young and in love—you don't quite know how to get about things. And you're so terribly in earnest that you probably do the wrong thing because you want so much to do the right thing."

Janice looked at her with eyes that were bright and retrospective.

"And when you were very young Leslie, did anyone come along and play the fairy godmother, and make you a free gift of their best young man?"

"No, they didn't," said Leslie, "and I agonised and stumbled and blundered and made a fool of myself and lost him in the end. Perhaps it was for the best. I saw him the other day, and





# MEN and ANGEL

•—By Fanny Heaslip Lea

**D**ARIS, gay, irresponsible Paris, called to Angela Todd, beautiful small-town girl with a talent for sculpture. Breaking her engagement with Horace Pendleton, her rich but unimaginative lover, she departs for the French capital. On the boat she meets Captain Talmadge, late Air Force, and now of the American Embassy in London and Paris.

Talmadge falls in love with Angela, and in Paris there is Neville, an old acquaintance. The men are jealous of each other, and Angela is unable to make up her mind. The first round goes to Neville, and Talmadge, believing Angela a flirt, returns to London. Neville enjoys the situation he has created, but Angela is furious with him.

Captain Talmadge returns to Paris, and he and Angela meet again.

His return enrages Neville, who provokes Angela into asking Talmadge to take her with him to St. Malo, but news of a serious accident to Neville takes Angela back to Paris, where she learns that Horace is an expected visitor.

Now read on—

**T**HE day after Horace's arrival, Angela stood at the salon window, waiting for him to come and take her to dinner. She hadn't seen him; she had only spoken to him over the telephone. But he had been as friendly, as affectionate even, as if she had never dropped him grubbing for it.

"Well, Angela, here I am," he had said cheerily over the wire. "Hope La Belle France hasn't made you forget me."

He was stopping at the Georges Cinq. The "George Sank," he called it. At any rate, it sounded prosperous enough. Alko, he had said:

"We'll go somewhere very hoity-toity. What do you say?"

Angela thought perhaps he hadn't heard of her grandmother's death, but it seemed he knew all about it. "Poor old lady! She'd been having a very bad time with her heart, so it was not at all unexpected. Don't distress yourself. Really a great mercy."

"And how is my grandfather?" Angela inquired.

"Splendid—just splendid!" Horace had replied enthusiastically.

It seemed entirely likely, Angela couldn't imagine her grandmother's going as making any great difference to her husband. He might feel the loss of an audience, perhaps.

"Be ready on the dot," he had said. It was one of his hobbies—punctuality—so Angela stood at the window and waited. She saw on the Quai below a shiny, black limousine draw silently to the curb, a liveried chauffeur nimbly open its door, then Horace stepping out carrying gloves and a cane.

## Association

EVERY flower holds for me  
Some persistent memory;  
Bright petunias in the wind  
Bring back old songs keenly  
thinned;  
Yellow roses hold for me  
Essence of lost ecstasy—  
Heavy, wet—a peony  
Has the power to stagger me;  
Purple asters in the rain  
Start an old remembered pain.  
Any garden walk will bring—  
Swift and sure—another spring.  
—Grace Noll Crowell.

He seemed over-well turned out, Angela thought: "Ready for the gay life."

She turned back into the salon and went down the stairs to meet him. He seemed genuinely glad to see her. Almost touchingly so, she thought.

"Well, well!" he kept saying, and "Here we are again!" and "Who'd ever have believed it?" Things like that. In the car, he took her hand, held it warmly though a trifle moistly. "You're looking simply splendid!" he said.

He suggested Larue's for dinner, but Angela persuaded him to take her to a place in the Bois. Quiet and cool, not too glaringly lit. She managed

Illustrated by  
**BOOTHROYD**



"Here I am," said a husky voice, "with my ticket clutched in my hot little hand... Why, Miss Todd—of all people!"

"I don't like to boast, but it's pretty obvious, isn't it?" said Horace, despatching his ice pudding with relish. "That story about the bathroom mirror," he added calmly, "doesn't hold water, of course."

Angela said: "How fond you are of each other—you and your brother!" The waiter took away the sweet and brought coffee.

"To come back to our own affairs," said Horace. "You've probably been wondering what brought me here."

"I had no right—" said Angela hurriedly.

"Nonsense. The best right in the world. You brought me here."

"Horace—I wish you wouldn't—" She thought: "I might have known—Neville said so."

"I want you," said Horace, solemnly. "To do three things. First, give up wasting your time in Paris; second, come back home; third—" he paused, leaned closer—"I want you to marry me." He leaned back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, and smiled with a fine display of white teeth.

Angela said: "I can't—it's very nice of you, Horace, but—"

He waved her into silence. "Take your time, take your time; take all the time you like. Think it

"Oh, Horace! It's the most charming old house."

"It's in the wrong part of town," said Horace. "Plenty of modern flats, more centrally placed, and among the right people. Over there you're among failures."

"I don't want a modern flat," said Angela.

"What you need is not a flat at all. You need your own house—and I've come all this way to tell you it's waiting for you—still waiting for you to move in."

**F**OR Horace it was an almost poetic outburst. Angela was touched. She said: "I'm sorry. But money and luxury and all that don't mean as much to me as they do to a lot of women. I've never been happier in my life than I have in that place on the Ile St. Louis."

"Oh, we could rough it a little ourselves sometimes," said Horace soothingly.

"It isn't any use," said Angela. She thought: "Better be definite and get it over." She said: "I'm terribly sorry—I am, honestly; but you have not a chance in the world with me."

"We won't consider that final," said Horace brightly.

The waiter came with the bill—a

"I met on the train," said Horace, "an old friend of mine. Fine chap. Has a sister over here who is a very attractive girl. Smart as new paint, and with heaps of friends."

"Do you know the sister?" asked Angela doubtfully.

"Met her yesterday," said Horace. "And you arranged for the brother and sister to meet us to-night?"

"No," said Horace. "The brother has an engagement for to-night. When I told the sister I was having dinner with a girl from home she suggested joining us later. She's like that. Very modern. Always ready with an idea."

"And I think," he added reassuringly, "she'd be a very good contact for you."

Angela thought it was going to be a strange party. She had no particular fancy at any time for a two-girls-and-one-man arrangement. However, she forbore to dampen Horace's enthusiasm, which was obviously running high.

"You'll like her. She's no dashed witty. Keep your roaring," said Horace.

The cafe was one of the larger and gayer ones. Moving between crowded tables on the pavement, Angela felt Horace start and turn aside.

"There she is!" he said eagerly. Slick black hair and scarlet mouth, long eyes capably mascaraed.

"Here I am," said a husky voice, "with my ticket clutched in my hot little hand—Why, Miss Todd—of all people! Must this be? Isn't it simply too poignant?"

Horace and Miss Browne whom Angela had met with Talmadge and Mr. Nicholas.

"Poignant indeed," said Angela.

## Horace's Surprising Friend

over carefully. You owe it to yourself to reconsider—"

"Consider, cow, consider!" said Angela. When he knotted a handsome brow over that she explained mockly: "An old song."

"Never heard of it," said Horace.

"This is a serious matter, Angela."

Angela looked at him over the rim of her coffee cup.

"Be that as it may," said Horace, "he's no good and never will be. Been like that from the start. He and I had the same advantages, same opportunities, and yet—"

He shook his head. "It's very strange."

"The difference between you?" said Angela.

large one. Horace checked it at length and closely. He seemed a little disappointed at finding no overcharge.

"Now," he said briskly, "how about dropping in at a cafe on the Champs Elysees—for a liqueur?"

He rushed her along without waiting for a reply.

In the car he became admonitory.

"Another thing, Angela—do you see as many English people as you should? You must be careful not to lose your point of view. Now this evening I've arranged a little surprise for you."

"Yes?" said Angela. She disliked surprises.

**W**ITHIN a week Angela had had opportunity enough, if not more than enough, to be certain that her first reaction to Miss Browne's species of modernity was justified. Horace, with a fastidiousness rare even in him, insisted on luncheon—tea—dinner. "Just the three of us. She's such a personality." Eventually he arrived at a request. "Why don't you ask her up to your studio for tea?" He insisted upon calling the flat on the Ile—Angela's studio. Achieving perhaps thereby some feeling of vicarious Bohemianism. He had not himself seen the place. Angela had not wanted him there. Now she seemed to have no alternative.

Please turn to Page 32



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait.  
sketched by Petrov

## SUITED for SUMMER!

Versatile outfits that go happily from shopping to parties

Most versatile and useful of items in the summer wardrobe is the suit. Fashion has travelled far from the days when a suit meant the regulation tailored skirt, coat and blouse.

To-day, suits come as a dress and jacket, either matching or contrasting skirt and jacket, which can be worn without a blouse or a skirt in a different fabric and color. Suits can be sporty or dressy enough for cocktail parties and dinners, and with change of accessories one suit can be made to do duty for several occasions.

FOR summer suits, linen, cottons and crepes are the ideal fabrics. For spectator and active sports, for travelling and for town wear there are trim tailored affairs in coarse linens, in crepe linens, that do not crush.

These consist of a skirt with inverted pleats, eleven or twelve inches from the ground, a fitted jacket with pockets, with or without a belt, and with long or short sleeves. Single-breasted styles are the most popular.

White is the leading color, combined with navy-blue, tan or coral. Cream, natural, grey, navy-blue, and all pastel shades are good. Dark or bright blouses are universally worn with white and pastel suits, while white and pastel blouses go with navy, grey, black or brown suits. Jackets that button rather high can be worn with their matching skirts as a two-piece dress, with a scarf in place of a blouse.

An example is sketched in the lower left-hand corner of this page. Red-and-white striped seersucker is used for this belted suit with four pockets. Wear it as a dress with or without the scarf, or as a suit with a red or white short-sleeved handkerchief linen blouse with a little Peter-Pan collar.

The next sketch shows a suit of pearl grey tweed linen, suitable for any sporting occasion. It has the smart contrast of white pique blouse, white pique flowers, and white hat, shoes and gloves. For a change replace all these white accents by navy-blue ones. Other good colors with grey are coral, lime-green, bright yellow, raspberry, or dirty-pink—



● RED-AND-WHITE striped seersucker for this morning or sports suit. The fitted jacket can be worn with or without a blouse.



● GREY tweed linen suit with the new sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder. White pique blouse and flowers, white accessories.



● OVER a dress of black crepe is worn a tailored jacket in black-and-white print. The jacket has a firm lining and is machine-quilted.



● PRINTED linen for this three-piece suit. The matching blouse is separate. The jacket is edged with white gros-grain ribbon.



● BROWN-AND-WHITE printed alpaca for this afternoon suit, consisting of a dress and loose jacket. Brown-and-white buttons and fabric flowers.

all these can be used for the blouse, flowers and hat.

This same type of suit, with long sleeves if you wish, can be made in oatmeal, white or pastel linens. A navy linen suit is very chic with white pique accessories.

You might like to introduce three colors into your ensemble. Good combinations would be: a navy linen skirt, navy hat and shoes, a red sheer linen blouse, white linen jacket; white skirt, navy-and-white spotted pique blouse and jacket, four emerald-green carnations as a buttonhole; skirt, blouse and jacket in three shades of blue; black linen skirt, white blouse, bright yellow jacket.

Cotton suits may consist of a short-sleeved or sleeveless dress and a matching or contrasting fitted jacket, thus the dress itself may be worn for active sports and the jacket added for town wear. A linen dress, with a printed or plain linen jacket. A pique dress with a spotted pique or striped seersucker jacket. A plaid seersucker dress with a plain pique jacket.

### Color Schemes

WHITE linen dress with navy-and-white floral linen or red-and-white print jacket. Pink or blue linen dress with brown or navy jacket. White pique dress with navy-and-white spot blouse. Yellow dress with brown and white spot jacket. Grey dress with raspberry jacket. Green dress with floral linen jacket. Navy, white-and-green plaid seersucker dress with a navy, white, or green, pique jacket. Many of these cotton dresses are made completely buckless or with very low décolletés, so that when the jacket is off you have a sun dress for tennis or holiday wear.

For the first time we see plain and printed silks tailored into suits. These consist of a plain dress with a fitted jacket, the jacket in the same material, or a print. A print dress and matching jacket. A plain skirt and blouse and a print jacket, a print skirt and jacket and plain blouse. The heavy crepe-de-chines and artificial crepes are suitable; if the material is too thin it will not hang well.

The black dress on this page has a black-and-white print jacket in liberty crepe-de-chine. There is an inter-lining of bandage cloth on to which the crepe is machine-quilted in large squares. This lining and quilting gives the necessary firmness to make the jacket look tailored. This idea could be carried out with any plain or printed jacket.

### Useful Hints

IF the dress is dark, have the background of the print in the jacket light, with the pattern well spaced. With a navy dress have navy flowers on a white or pink ground. If the dress is light have a dark ground with a light pattern for the coat. A pink dress, the tailored jacket in print with a brown ground and pink and lime-green flowers. The jacket can match the dress if preferred or be in a darker tone—pale blue dress, dark blue jacket.

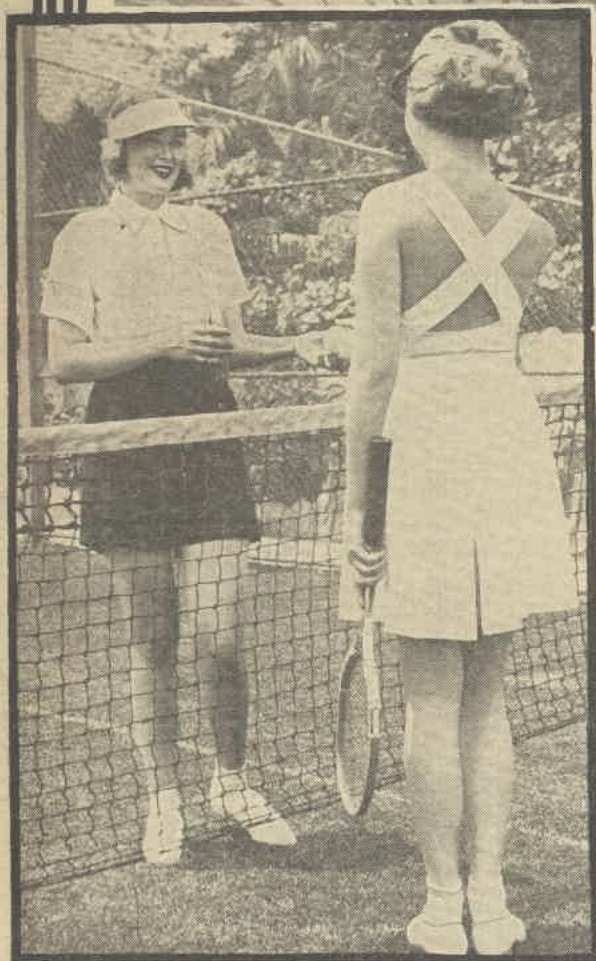
With print jackets dark skirts can be worn with chiffon or net blouses. A black skirt, black chiffon blouse, white printed black jacket. Navy skirt, pink chiffon blouse, pink printed navy jacket.

Printed crepes make entire dresses with matching jackets, printed dresses with plain jackets or printed skirts and jackets with plain blouses.



# SUNLIGHT SIMPLICITY

Expressed Charmingly in Cottons



●GAY and fresh for summer mornings is the striped seer-sucker frock of red, blue, and white, shown above. It is made in the popular shirtmaker style with yoke back.

●DIVERSE tennis styles are seen above. On far side of net player wears shorts of cardinal-red linen with white linen sports blouse, and her opponent favors white linen tennis frock with pleated shorts to form skirt, and crossed shoulder-straps at back of blouse.

●SUITABLE for sailing are the two linen frocks at right. Bright red anchors adorn the white frock, and red is used for the peak of the nautical cap. The green knoppe linen suit is finished with white facings and a white bone anchor



●CHARMING for a summer garden party is this frock of embroidered white organdie made with puff sleeves and skirt flaring from knees. The picture-hat is deftly turned at back and adorned with a pink rose.

Photos by Women's Weekly fashion photographer. Fashions by courtesy of Grace Bros. Ltd.



"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant."

Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable.

Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs,'—'Calfig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning.

You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness.

If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once.

Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realize that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2 1/2 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

**"California Syrup of Figs"**  
"NATURE'S OWN" LAXATIVE



## An Editorial

DECEMBER 28, 1935

## BACKWARD AND FORWARD



AND now good-bye to 1935! Good-bye to a twelvemonth that has meant much to the world at large and to Australia in particular. A year, perhaps, of no great achievements; but still a year of some progress, or, at any rate, showing definite signs of return to the happiness and solidities of a time we had almost thought gone for good.

Statisticians will produce you evidence to prove all this—swollen savings-bank figures, bigger foreign trade balances, increased retail trade turn-overs, and the rest of their box of slide rule tricks. But the proof is not in this and these, it lies within our own feeling that, compared with the more recent years, a better time was had by most of us.

There is, without doubt, a decided "lift" in the outlook of most of us: a readiness to go forward and, what is more to the point, an expectation of going forward. It seems so very recently that in place of this, everyone was not only ready to retreat, but actually retreating, and not even fighting on the retreat. The will to do so had gone out of us. Now we are realising that since we have got used to doing without the things our parents never had and our grandmothers never dreamed of, we have come, at the very least, into a sense of mental prosperity.

Also we have to admit that a big minority of Australians, in a manner of speaking, cultivated the depression, insofar as they imagined had to be worse, and went to parsimonious extremes with their caution. By now, most of this class have realised the senselessness of their temporary panic: that things were never really so bad as they made them out to be. So they, too, are "loosening up" in an atmosphere of fresh-found confidence.

For these and all others could a better example of the virtue of courage in doubtful times be had than in the triumphant success of The Australian Women's Weekly? Launched on the most troublous waters of the depression, it has sailed into the haven of success: so much so that in the new year it will expand its voyaging into the seas of morning paper journalism. We quote that enterprise out of many such, simply because it is the more familiar to us and to our readers to whom so much is due for its accomplishment.

And the moral is? Start something yourself in 1936 and keep on keeping on.

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## Figuratively Speaking

A FRENCH mathematician has worked it out that the average person eats for six years, and puts in 18 months of his lifetime parting his hair.

Many a woman could prove that if all the times her husband was home late for dinner were added together, he might just as well have not come home at all.

## The Tie That Binds

BUTLER UNIVERSITY, Indianapolis (U.S.A.), has established a Chair of Matrimony.

As Indianapolis heads the world divorce figures with 40.55 per cent., the new faculty seems to be thoroughly well indicated.

In announcing the move, the University authorities said: "We have become convinced that some special degree of education is required for happiness in marriage."

As against that, L. W. Lower has always argued that if a man were properly educated he'd never get married.

## Youth and 1936

WITH the hour of another New Year on the eve of chiming, the pressing problem of youth becomes even more compelling. Leaders of thought the world over are seeking a solution.

John Buchan, novelist and Governor-General of Canada, says:

"We are making a hobby of education. Parents deny themselves to send their sons to school. We have an educated youth, but no work for it, an academic proletariat, distressed and bitter."

Our own Bishop Moyes, of Armidale:

"After the war, the first generation, under shock of the horrors they had known, were content to 'eat, drink, and be merry.' After them came those who thought there was a chance to mend the folly of the world's ways. And now, again, was coming a more cynical generation who were reverting to the 'eat, drink, and be merry' code."

Statesman and cleric have stated the position. A Mussolini finds a temporary solution in giving youth a war. Hitler, with his compulsory year's work in factory or on the land, is making a more substantial move towards an answer. An adaptation of his scheme to Australian conditions of industry might well be worth serious trial.

## Lyric of Life

## What Is Life?

What is life?

Ask the bus conductor, the driver in the tram,  
The early morning shopper in a bargain jam;

Ask the tired salesgirl when her long day is done,  
And the poor little flapper with her tin-cheap fun;

Ask your pompous business man, mel-  
lowed with success,  
And wives who have secrets they are  
frightened to confess.

What is life?

Ask your local clergy who talk about  
your soul,  
And the man whose children were born  
into the dole;

Ask the dreaming poet, conjuring with  
words,  
Musicians subtly snaring melodies from  
birds;

The sculptor forming life from stone  
with iron tools,  
Ask the good and bad, ask the wise men  
and the fools...

They'll be pleased to tell you and each  
one will expound  
Aged and threadbare theories they  
think that they have found.

And you'll know when you've heard  
their different refrains  
Life's just a paradox that only death  
explains.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## Two Quotations

REV. W. J. GRANT, of the Randwick (N.S.W.) Presbyterian Church (from the one sermon):  
"When we compare the modern girl with our mothers, at least let us remember that our mothers have so spoiled many of us by their unselfishness that no modern girl has any chance of equalling them in our eyes."

Then:  
"Whatever may be said of the 'modern miss' of to-day, she has quality, and behind all the changed interests and habits there is that something which some day will be revealed—womanhood."

Nothing like having a "bit both ways," even in the pulpit.

## Home Grown

THERE has been considerable technical argument before the Tariff Board recently on the subject of artificial flowers.

Mr. Bradford Potter, manufacturer of artificial flowers, declared that it was the custom of the



THIS "BICYCLE" exercise pictured above is excellent for reducing hips and waist. Lie on the floor with legs upraised so that the whole weight of the body rests on the shoulders, and have one hand on the hip as a support. Now move the legs in the air as if riding a bicycle.

Australian artificial flower trade to give flowers the appearance of having come from abroad, because women felt flattered if the flowers looked as though they had been imported.

Without suggesting a sudden cult for waratahs and gigantic lilies, mightn't our womenfolk combine patriotism and taste in developing a demand for our boronia—a wide range in themselves as to color and fragrance? The smaller red bottle brush is another brilliantly decorative flower, and a dozen others come to mind. There may even be a certain chic in chickweed!

## Truth and Fiction

A RESPONSIBLE officer of the Sydney Town Hall staff regrets the spending of money upon the purchase of fiction for the Municipal Library.

It is well to remember that the fiction shelves of this and other Australian city municipal libraries are patronised largely by women and children residents of the inner metropolitan areas, who would otherwise have no access to light reading.

Surely it is not suggested that they should be content reading the debates among the city fathers, however much they might read like fiction.

## Millions Spent Every Year On Beauty

## 'National Health Insurance,' Says Doctor

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

British women spend £6,000,000 a year on beauty.

This amazing fact has just been revealed by a study of the returns from the factories that have recently sprung up all over the British Isles for the manufacture of face-powders, creams, shampoos, lipstick, and scent.

"THOUSANDS of men, women and girls are employed in making aids to beauty," a factory inspector told me. "Within the last few years new factories have been opened in all parts of the country, and everywhere they are besieged by girls wanting to work amid the sweet scents of face creams and hair lotions."

"The factories are all built on the most up-to-date lines, with air and light enough to please the most fastidious worker. Every beauty preparation is made under ideal conditions of antiseptic cleanliness. Salves and perfumes which used to be the exclusive property of other nations are now being manufactured in Britain with ever-increasing success."

## Bare 1200 Tons

IN Early Victorian times the amount of make-up used by British women could have been measured in pecks and pounds; now it is dealt with in tons.

Last year some 1200 tons of face powder and rouge and about 7000 tons of lipstick were manufactured by British firms. Nearly 800 tons of bath salts were sold in the shops, and 1600 tons of face cream and skin food were patted on to the faces of British maids and matrons.

Here are some of the items in the national beauty bill:

Tooth paste and powder	£1,400,000
Hair preparations	£1,000,000
Face creams and skin food	£750,000
Rouge and face powders	£550,000
Shaving soap	£390,000
Talcum and toilet powders	£380,000
Bath salts	£325,000
Shampoos	£270,000

Of course men, and even babies, help in keeping up the nation's expenditure on beauty, as will be seen from the round million that is spent on hair lotions, and the vast sums that go in tooth pastes and toilet powders.

Men will use any advertised preparation to keep baldness at bay, and mothers clean their children's teeth and powder their babies all over every day, and so the money goes!

"How much does the average woman spend in your salon every week?" I asked a well-known London beauty specialist who has concentrated on giving the middle-class woman first-rate beauty culture at moderate prices.

"Let me see. Madam usually comes in for a shampoo, set, and wave about once a week—that's from 5/6 to 6/6. Then, while her hair is drying, she has a manœuvre at 1/6, and sometimes a face pack at 2/6, and then there are eyebrows to be grimed, and often she wants a fresh pot of cream or a refill for her compact. Altogether it would come to about 14/- or 15/-."

"The business girl does not usually spend quite so much—probably 8/- would cover her beauty bill, as she generally manœuvres her own nails, and shampoos her hair herself. But women all feel that it is money well spent, and not one of them grudges it."

"In the early nineteenth hundreds the shiny noses and wigs of hair used to make me shudder, even though I was only a child, so I decided to help women to make the best of themselves."

Then I went to a doctor and asked him what he thought about the colossal sums being spent on cosmetics. "Splendid," he said surprisingly. "Any money that is spent on keeping the body clean and beautiful is a national health insurance."



## BLONDIE

Sea'scape





# PROTECTING the Future — but at WHAT A COST!

## The Trials and Tribulations of Trying to Get Insured!

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist



Illustrated  
by  
WEP

I nearly got insured the other day — until after the Christmas and New Year holidays.

An insurance canvasser followed me around for weeks. He told me I might be walking across the street one of these days when —bingo! someone throws a tram at me and I pass into the Great Beyond, uninsured.

"And then," he said, "what will happen to your poor, sorrowing wife and family? Starving in the gutter while you're blowing your harp." He got me that way that if anyone cracked a peanut near me I used to leap in the air and not come down again until I thought it was safe.

ANYWAY, I gave in at last and was led along to a doctor to be examined. At least, I think he was a doctor, but I'm not sure that he was not a detective.

"Have you ever had any grandparents?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "Two."

"Both alive?"

"Grandma's dead."

"Hmm. What did she die of?"

"She fell off her velocipede at the age of twelve."

"Hmm. Grandfather pretty fit, I suppose?"

"He won the standing high jump with a leap of four and a quarter inches at the Old Men's Home last week?"

"Hmm. Any sanity in your

family?"

"Not an ounce."

"Hmm. Not subject to fits, are you?"

"Who's Fitz?"

"I mean, are you an epileptic?"

"No, I'm a Presbyterian."

"Hmm. What is your occupation?"

"I'm a journalist, doctor."

"Is that so? I wonder if you could get me a couple of free tickets for the fight to-night?"

"Sorry, doctor, but the Editor scrounges all the free tickets for his relations."

"Hmm. You're a pretty heavy smoker, aren't you?"

"No, I'm only ten stone seven."

"I mean, you smoke a lot of cigarettes."

"Oh, no!

There's a chap in the office who saves me from smoking too much. I'm lucky if I average two to the packet."

"Suffer from colds?"

"Frequently, doctor, thank you."

"Hmm. That's bad. Take your shirt off."

While I was taking my shirt off and trying to hide the place where it's torn at the back he said, "Did your grandfather ever suffer from any lung trouble? Does he go in for deep breathing or anything of that sort?"

"He plays the mouth-organ."

"Ha! Tell me, does he blow more than he sucks?"

"Well, I've always regarded him as a bit of a sucker, doctor."

"Hmm! Let me look at your tonsils."

"Hmm. They're in a very inflamed condition. You should have them attended to. Your heart's very irregular. Ever get attacks of dizziness, a sort of feeling as if you were going to drop dead?"

"No, doctor."

"Hmm. That's strange. Breathe in deeply. Now breathe out. You've been eating onions!"

"How on earth did you guess, doctor. Ah, well, I don't suppose you spent six years at the University for nothing."

"Your kidneys are in a frightful shape. It's a wonder you're able to walk. Did you ever have curvature of the sclerosis when you were a child?"

I shook my head. I could feel that my kidneys were very bad and I expected an attack of dizziness any minute, and I seemed to have stabbing pains in my tonsils. If I'd known where my sclerosis was I'd have developed a curvature straight away.

"All right, put your shirt on."

Then he put a card over one of my eyes. "See if you can read the bottom line on that card on the wall."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't understand the language. I've got a slight smattering of French, but I'm blown if I know what ABPSZMOQTLU means."

"Hmm. Astigmatism."

"Well," he said, going to his desk, "I suppose I may as well fill in the form. Don't look so glum, old chap. The premium will probably be pretty heavy, but you're lucky in a way. Your wife may be collecting within a couple of months. Most of them have to wait years."

"Thank you, doctor," I replied, hoarsely.

"And, by the way," he said, as I was going out, "don't commit



L. W. Lower learns the worst about himself.

suicide, old chap, because the company is dead against it. There's a heavy fine for committing suicide."

"I won't forget, doctor," I moaned, and left.

When I got outside I said to myself: "Who'd insure a decrepit,

physical wreck like me? I ought to be ashamed of myself for thinking of it."

Just then I had an attack of giddiness and my tonsils gave a sharp yelp of agony. I am writing this in bed. I don't think I'll last until the New Year.

## Why is she so sure to Enjoy Her HOLIDAYS



SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and is certain to enjoy every minute of her holidays—all because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

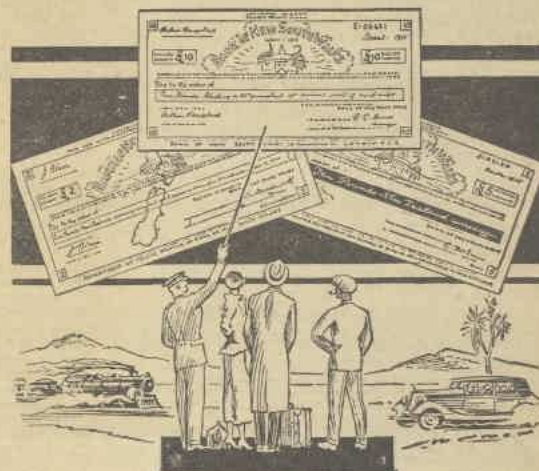
Start taking Bile Beans to-night and so make sure of being at your best for your Summer Holidays.

# BILE BEANS

1/3 & 5/- EVERYWHERE

"I like nice gowns and frocks, and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outsize. As a result of my nightly Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in weight and feel much better for it. Besides reducing my bust and my hips by four inches, my arms and ankles are much slimmer."—Mrs. F. W.

"Even when my patients have got rid of their surplus fat I always advise a continuance with Bile Beans. I tell them that Bile Beans are the safest and surest means of preserving a youthful figure and keeping them healthier too."—Nurse F. E. R.



## Travellers' Cheques

When travelling, there are many occasions when it is inconvenient to go to a bank to draw money. Bank of New South Wales Travellers' Cheques are then especially handy, as they are accepted by the principal hotels, tourist bureaux, steamship lines, and other transportation companies.

Bank of New South Wales Travellers' Cheques are issued in amounts of £10, £5 and £2 in English, Australian or New Zealand currency.

Travellers' Cheques in Australian currency are for use in Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands; cheques in New Zealand currency for visitors to New Zealand only, whilst those in English currency can be cashed throughout the world.

## Bank of New South Wales

(Established 1817)

1920-1935







## Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged. We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Horderns.

### GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS  
C. A. GIBB, Optometrist  
Hotel Australia Building, Martin Place,  
(5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)  
And at NEWCASTLE.  
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist  
378 PITT STREET  
(Opp. Anthony Horderns)

## CHAMPION'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

BREWED FROM A 200 YEARS OLD RECIPE!

## RECOMMENDED HOLIDAYS

### VISITORS TO ENGLAND

The Women's Weekly Bureau can arrange for you to be met at Marseilles, Toulon, or London and advise on all Continental travel.  
MARSEILLES (OR TOULON), VIA NICE, MONTE CARLO, BY CAR, OVER THE GLORIOUS FRENCH ALPS, TO CHAMONIX, GENEVA, MONTREUX. £38/15/-  
PARIS, AND LONDON, INCLUSIVE INCLUDING EXCHANGE.

### COLOMBO

If visiting England and calling at Colombo en route, or contemplating a holiday in Ceylon, call or write the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, who can arrange details for your stay at that fascinating island.

THE ENTRANCE SPECIAL: By car via Hawkebury, Mooro-Mooro, Gostford look-out, Terral, with 8 days' accommodation and return by car. Leave January 2, 3, 4, and other dates... £4/4/-

BARRIER REEF WINTER TRIPS. Don't be disappointed. Register your name now for particulars of fascinating coral reef holiday. Early registration strongly advisable.

Seven days in Sydney, with visit to Jordan Cove, Bear Farm, Hawkebury River, Bull, National Park, etc. With accommodation at... £5/7/6

Comprehensive fortnight's trip to Tasmania, leaving Sydney Jan. 15th, 22nd, 29th, Feb. 7th. Return... £20/9/9

TASMANIA, various dates, 12 days Sydney to Sydney. Wonderful inclusive holiday for... £15/10/-  
First class, April 10th to 14th. Easter cruise to Lord Howe Island and return. Other accommodation... £8/-/-

FOR ALL LOCAL HOLIDAYS AND GUEST HOUSE ACCOMMODATION

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU  
RADIO HOUSE 300 PITT ST., SYDNEY TEL. MA4496

### NEW ZEALAND

PARADISE FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS. Tell us when you wish to go, approx. length of holiday, and amount you propose to allot and let us work out an itinerary for you in this amazing country.

Leave Sydney Dec. 25th, Myall Lakes, Port Stephens, Tuggerah Lakes, Barrington Tops by car. Plenty of excursions, splendid fishing, all accommodation, Shal Bay, return by day, Jan. 5th. Inclusive price... £11/18/-

Leave Sydney Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st. Three days' trip to Melbourne. Xmas night at Canberra. Nearly six days in Melbourne and return by sea, first-class. Price, inclusive of accommodation throughout... £14/10/-

Country holiday. Leave Sydney various dates by car. Orange via Jenolan Caves and Bathurst. Eight days' stay in Orange. Return by car... £5/10/-

Six days' cruise. Sydney-Hobart-Melbourne and return. Leave Sydney Feb. 15th, return 24th. Accommodation also at sea... £7/10/-

COUNTRY VISITORS TO SYDNEY. Arrange all your night-seeing trips through your paper's own bureau. Trips everywhere.

# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## American Novelist Lewis Flays Dictatorship

Sinclair Lewis, like good wine, needs no bush. One of the finest novelists America has produced, and one of the big figures of modern world literature, any new book of his is in the nature of an event.

His latest novel, "It Can't Happen Here," will not be claimed, either by Lewis or by critics, as his greatest. Artistically it will not be placed on the same level as at least several of his predecessors. Nevertheless it is a splendid piece of work.

"It Can't Happen Here" is a fierce and effective attack on dictatorship, a biting satire on American politicians and the people who are hoodwinked by them. It is at the same time a good story.

Using Germany and Italy as his model, Lewis has pictured the establishment in the U.S.A. of a dictatorship on Fascist or Hitlerite lines by a cunning politician, Buzz Windrip, who first secures power by making high-sounding promises to an incredulous public and then maintains it by means of a private army of "minute men" which supplements the regular troops and the police.

If it were not for the cable messages that we have had from time to time from Europe—despite a strict censorship—the state of affairs that develops following Windrip's accession to power would be incredible, even in a novel. But the gagging of a free Press, the assaults, ravinnings, murders and lootings of those who do not subscribe to the new doctrine, the use of castor oil and the establishment of huge concentration camps for recalcitrants—all these fruits of the Windrip camp are taken from existing models.

Giving the book its title the author chooses a phrase that is a commonplace in every country that is still managing to carry on along democratic lines. An ordinary Englishman reading of Fascist or Nazi activities is quite convinced that such things could not happen in England; an Australian would tolerate such a government; Americans no doubt feel the same.

Lewis, however, has shown how easily in his own country, at all events, such a revolution could come about; and if Australians think that they are any different, that thought should be shaken by the recollection of events which took place not so many years ago. Yes, it might happen here all right!

### Well-drawn Character

THE central character in the story is Doremus Jessup, a small town newspaper editor, not particularly heroic, but with that inner core of hatred for injustice and oppression which forces him to work actively against the new regime. Brutally beaten and robbed of

his newspaper for an editorial flaying Windrip's administration he is cowed for a while, but later becomes involved in underground anti-government activities.

Detected by spies, Doremus receives another series of beatings and is thrown into a concentration camp, thus allowing Lewis to describe the salubrious conditions that prevail in such establishments. Escape and a retreat to Canada are managed after some months of incarceration, but, undeterred by all he has been through, Doremus Jessup, without any heroics, returns to carry on propaganda work against the dictatorship.

This little sixty-year-old man is one of Sinclair Lewis' best creations. He is very human, a real person, whether among his family, with his mistress, going wobbly at the knees when danger threatens or, carried away by fury, laying into his enemies.

The other characters are equally well done.

### Liberal Democracy

THE revelation this novel affords of the author's personal political views is very interesting. His dislike of dictatorships is not confined to those of the Fascist variety; a Communist dictatorship is equally abhorrent to him.

He realises that any effort towards regimentation of a whole people must be uncomfortable for the individual. He is all for liberal democracy.

Further, in an age when it seems to be an intellectual necessity to subscribe to some formula for creating a happy and contented humanity, he is original enough to take a realistic stand and to come out with cold common sense to the effect that whatever political nostrums may be poured down the collective throat of the people they will be very much the same five hundred years hence as they are now, neither happier nor more unhappy.

"It Can't Happen Here" is a stimulating book, stimulating in the indignation it arouses in the reader and stimulating in its irony and satire. The references to actual figures in American politics, conservative and radical, are very barbed and will not make Lewis any too popular in either camp.

A reading of this novel would do



SINCLAIR LEWIS

anybody a whole lot of good. It may be called propaganda; it may be propaganda, but it is a good story, an interesting story, and the propaganda is pretty evenly distributed against the two opposites, Communism and Fascism.

Moreover, there must be quite a few people who agree with Doremus Jessup's conclusions:

"There is no solution. There will never be a state of society anything like perfect. There never will be a time when there won't be a large proportion of people who feel poor no matter how much they have, and envy their neighbors, who know how to wear cheap clothes showily, and envy neighbors who can dance or make love or digest better."

A pretty sound conclusion, Jonathan Cape; all bookellers.

## SHORT... REVIEWS

### "HENRY IV." J. D. Griffiths Davies.

This new work by Mr. J. D. Griffiths Davies will be eagerly welcomed. It follows close on his fine story, "Henry V," and in that the appetite was whetted for a more intimate detailed glimpse of the man who figured as the father of the spectacular and brilliant monarch of whom he then wrote. (Arthur Barker, 10/-)

### FOLLOW YOUR STARS TO SUCCESS

(June Marsden) may be described as astrology without tears. It has been written in a clear, non-technical manner, and will challenge your interest even if it does not convince you. Miss Marsden is well-known in the radio and newspaper world in America, Canada, and Australia, and the many letters which have been inspired by her regular articles in The Australian Women's Weekly are themselves proof of the popularity of her methods.

Chief attractions in "Follow Your Stars" are the parts which relate to the individual reading the book, or to his friends and relatives. Much amusement can be derived from these sections, for our virtues and weaknesses are displayed according to our stars without prejudice, for all the world to read and realise.

### "LITTLE MEMORIES OF BIG PEOPLE."

Max Montrose. There have doubtless been hundreds, or more correctly thousands, who have not seen the memoirs this book contains when they were published as separate articles in a West Australian newspaper. That omission should be rectified immediately. It is a most entertaining book, brightly written, and about interesting people, ranging from Ellen Terry, O. Henry, Masterlinck, Paul Robeson, Gaby Deslys, and President Wilson. (Robertson and Mullens, 5/-)

### Some New Thrillers

PUBLISHERS are putting out a big crop of "thrillers" at this season, and many well-known and favorite authors are figuring on the list.

There is a new Phillips Oppenheim, "The Battle of Basinghall St." (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6), and from the same publishers comes "The Emerald Spider," by Gavin Holt (7/6), and a very good novel by N. A. Temple Ellis, "Dead in No Time." (7/6).

R. C. Woodthorpe is another expert in this type of story-writing, and "The Shadow on the Downs" (Dyer Nicholson and Watson, 7/6), is most entertaining. "Satan's Mistress" bears the imprint of the crime-book society, and its author, Bruce Graeme, has a lot more to tell of the exploits of Inspector Allen. (7/6. Our copy, Swains.)

**BRAN TUB No. 36**

**LARGE NUMBERS WERE INDULGING**

**£50 WON**

**RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 33**

The winning Competitor in this contest is:—  
Mr. W. A. ANDERSON, 27 Esmy Avenue, Homebush, N.S.W.  
His solution, containing two errors, was the most nearly correct one received, and the Prize of £50 in cash is therefore awarded to him, and will be posted on Friday, 10th January.

**BRAN TUB No. 36**

**£50 MUST BE WON**

**Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?**

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worked paragraph about **SUNBATHING**, which appeared in an Australian newspaper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Large numbers were indulging..." will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest the wording is simple, and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

**"BRAN TUB," No. 36V**  
**BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY**

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.** All entries must be postmarked not later than **FRIDAY, JANUARY 2nd**.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly," Sydney. A postal note of 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal notes.) Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on **SATURDAY, JANUARY 15th**.

**SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 33**

The boat was lowered, maintop sail hove back, and a gallant crew pulled away into the shade of night towards the sound. There was found a water-logged boat, with four men clinging to her, whilst every wave rolled completely over them.



# PEACE on Earth.. Goodwill to All



FOR PEACE AND GOODWILL can anything surpass the Australian bush, teeming with Nature's bounteous gifts of beauty? This sightseer, charmed by the magic of a mountain valley, is lost in contemplation. But what is happening beyond the horizon at this time of the year? Let's take a camera flight round the world.



IN SPAIN, this is one way they have of bringing the Christmas tree, presents, and carols right to your door—per motor-float.



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS building at Geneva, where statesmen have talked of international peace for years. They are still talking, but to what effect?



CHRISTMAS EVE on a transcontinental train. What fun! Will Santa pop in through a carriage window or down the engine chimney, and what will he leave these young travellers, whose curiosity has given way to sleep?



CHRISTMAS AT SEA has a special significance, so it is a case of "extra care over the toilet before donning that Paris creation," for milady must look her best to-day.



THE DISAPPEARANCE of Ellsworth (inset) and his companions during their Antarctic explorations has mystified the world. Hopes of rescue are held by their companions, who are spending their Christmas Day in the freezing wastelands.



THE DIVINE BOND that links the peoples of the world at Christmas is expressed by this group of peasant women (left) at prayer at an open-air service in Switzerland, and—



THE THOUSANDS congregating at Westminster, adding their voices to the prayer that echoes round the world, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to All."



## The Intelligent Woman Anticipates . . .



## Special Occasions

In every woman's life there are special occasions when it is vital that her power of attraction should be at its zenith.

Her future happiness may be in the balance and the lightest straw may weigh that balance in her favour.

The intelligent woman anticipates such an occasion and prepares for it; and foremost in that preparation is the care of her complexion.

This woman makes no attempt to save a few pence when buying face creams—her real anxiety is that the beauty aids she chooses should be the most effective that modern science can produce.

Hedley's two creams—Skin Food and Powder Base—though priced at only 2/6 per jar—are being purchased by an ever widening circle of discriminating and appreciative women. Ask your chemist or store to-day for these two complexion creams and test them for yourself.



Hedley's two creams, Skin Food and Powder Base, are priced at 2/6 per jar.



Hedley's Face Powder provides the perfect "finishing touch." Write for test sample—natural, rachel, or suntan—post free.

Hedley's (A/asia.) Ltd., Australia House, Carrington Street, Sydney.

Please send trial sample of Hedley's Face Powder.

FREE AND POST FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

## NEW YEAR'S EVE REVELRY

AT THE

## Wentworth Hotel &amp; Ballroom

Special New Year's Eve Dinner 6.30 to 8.0 p.m. . . . . 3/6

Supper Dance New Year's Eve 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. . . . . 12/6

See the Old Year out — See the New Year in

THE WENTWORTH'S FAMOUS BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

Make Your Reservations Early to Avoid Disappointment.  
Telephone BW1361

## WHAT GLORIOUS HAIR "GRO-GROW" CAN GIVE YOU



Rub GRO-GROW in nightly with finger tips to the roots of the hair, then freely brush. 5 minutes daily will work wonders for you. Look your best and better!

12/- per jar everywhere or post free, on receipt of price, by Moline & Co. Ltd., Sydney.

"Miles better than Brilliantine"



AND from what Dan said Freda was utterly devoted to Bill. Wherever he went she went, too, whenever it was possible. Otherwise—she just waited until he came back.

Not really much in a life like that for a woman, Marise told herself.

And yet—

Marise did not have to go to the office the next day, and Dan said he would be back early.

Peggy was very quiet. She did not mention Christmas, but when Marise came into the sitting-room just before lunch she found her little guest standing by the window, her nose glued to the pane, staring intently at a delivery van unloading parcels on the opposite side. There was something so wistful in the expression of the small face that her hostess looked away hurriedly.

During lunch she was moved to ask: "Where did you spend last Christmas, Peggy?" and could have bitten her tongue off the moment the words were out.

But Peggy answered quite calmly:

"In an hotel near the British Museum, auntie. It wasn't much fun—Mummy says you can't have a real Christmas in an hotel. That was why we had the flat this year. It's not exactly our own flat 'cause the furniture belongs to someone else—but it would have been rather nice. With a turkey and a teeny weeny tree—" She broke off, looking fixedly down at her plate, and Marise felt that she could have kicked herself.

Then Peggy looked up again, and though her eyes were suspiciously bright she smiled cheerfully. "I don't really mind," she added, fidgeting poltely, "and it's very kind of you to have me here. 'Course I mean I don't mind as long as Daddy and Mummy don't stay away too long."

Blessed infant! Marise thought, a sudden lump in her throat. She's trying to make me believe she isn't disappointed because she thinks we are too hard up to have a turkey and a tree!

Which was precisely what Peggy, who had been brought up never to hurt people's feelings, was doing!

Marise had originally intended not to go out at all that day. She knew the streets and the shops would be thronged with last-minute shoppers, and she told herself that everything worth having would be gone.

BUT in the early afternoon she suddenly made up her mind, and leaving Peggy in the charge of Ada, who was not going off until after tea, she put on her hat and sallied forth.

She was longer than she had expected or intended to be. When she returned, Ada was ready to depart, and informed her that Mr. Southern had telephoned to say he was sorry, but he might be kept late.

Going into her bedroom to put away her parcels, Marise was aware of an odd disappointment. Surely Dan could have managed to get away earlier on Christmas Eve!

Then she remembered—of course, they had decided to treat this Christmas just like any other ordinary time. Peggy was quite ready to go to bed early, and she was safely tucked up some time before Dan's key sounded in the lock.

He came in, a rather shamefaced expression on his good-looking face, his arms full of parcels.

"I've been in an absolute football scrum," he said in an apologetic tone. "You know, Marise—" Having put down his parcels, he turned, and stood still, his mouth ludicrously open: "What the—what on earth's that?"

She felt herself actually blushing. Her tone was deliberately careless: "It's a Christmas tree—just a little one. It did seem rather—"

"By Jove!" Dan grinned, still a little sheepish. "You felt that way, too. Well, as the kid's here"—he glanced at the parcels—"I thought I ought to do a bit of shopping. By the way"—he felt in his pocket—"I

took this from a boy on the way up. Old Bill's out of danger. I sent a reply saying the kid was O.K."

"Fine," Marise did not confess just then to the fear that had been tugging at her heart all day.

"Let's see what you've got," she said. "I did a little shopping, too—not much left though—so late."

However, they did not seem to have done so badly between them. And when the tree was decorated, there were still things over to fill stockings.

## UNINVITED Guest

Continued from Page 5

door of the kitchenette wagging an accusing finger.

"You fraud of a woman! Turkey and plum pudding, and all the doings. When you said—"

"But, Dan," she excused herself, "how could we—with Peggy in the house—after all Christmas is the children's treat. When I thought about it, I didn't see that there was



THIS AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE is of navy-blue-and-white printed crepe. Molyneux adds a huge white taffeta bow to match the white off-the-face hat. Long white gloves complete the outfit.

And having broken their resolutions sufficiently to make as many purchases as that, it was only natural that they should have bought each other something.

There were lovely filmy georgette hankies and a string of jade beads for Marise—a new fountain pen and a pipe for Dan. Only the parcels were not to be opened until to-morrow. They were thrust beneath the tree with a great deal of laughter.

And it was only then that Marise suddenly realised what a long, long time it seemed since she and Dan had laughed together. They always seemed too busy—or too tired—for laughter.

Was that one of the things she had missed in this new home of hers?

The worst was not yet discovered however—it came when, finding that it was late and they had forgotten all about dinner, Dan insisted that she was to sit down while he raked something out of the refrigerator.

The next minute he appeared at the

anything else to be done. After all!—in self-defence she became a trifle aggressive—"If people will park their children on you—"

He went back without another word of comment, and Marise, leaning back, closed her eyes.

She realised that for the last few hours she had felt happy—really happy in a way that she had almost forgotten. The way that belonged to the first days of her marriage. They hadn't had nearly so much money then—only three years ago! And now both of them were almost at the top of the tree, and—

"Marise—what are you crying for?" Dan set down the tray he had brought in with a bang. "Darling, has it been so awful for you—do you hate it so much?"

He was kneeling beside her. She looked down at him from tear-drenched eyes.

"Hate it!" she echoed. And then suddenly her head was on his shoulder and his arms were about her. "I was thinking of—our first Christmas," she sobbed. "We seem to have travelled such a long way on the road since then—and we're travelling separately. I'm frightened."

"I never knew you felt like this," he told her.

"It's all very well trying to be modern," said Marise, with sudden wisdom. "But your mother's right. Old-fashioned marriages are the best." "Settlement—how lovely of you to find it out," said Dan with great content as he took the salt of her tears on his lips. "Don't cry any more."

"I'm crying now," gulped Marise, "for all the happy Christmases I've missed—and all the miserable ones that might have been if Peggy—bless her!—had never been parked on us. It took a child in our home to show me what a blind idiot I've been!"

Somebody else's kid! thought Dan as he held her closer still. Perhaps some day—

But on that subject Marise had already made up her mind. (Copyright.)

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PATTERNS. See special notice on the Pattern Page. Readers desirous of getting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every 600.



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by ..... L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Who's the big gun at your office?"  
"Jones, he's been fired six times."



MOTHER: Now, I don't expect Father Christmas will come in until you're fast asleep.  
BOBBY: Why, is he working late at the office again?



"Your son just threw a stone at me."  
"Did he hit you?"  
"No."  
"Then he wasn't my son."

JULIET: Oh, I think you are just lots better looking than your daddy.  
ROMEO: I ought to be. I'm a later model.



"Do you think radio will ever take the place of newspapers?"  
"You can't swat flies with a radio."



FAIR ESKIMO: Isn't there a hot wind blowing?

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WHY do you put the dog's food under the wireless?  
"He won't let anyone go near it."

DENTIST: How did you break your tooth?  
Motorist's Son: Changing gears on a bullseye.

WIFE (visiting scene of their youth): There's the corner where you used to wait for me every night.  
Husband: That "Safety First" notice wasn't there then, though!

MOTHER: I hope you didn't ask for a second piece of cake at the party?  
Bobby: No. I only asked Mrs. Smith for the recipe so you could make some like it, and she gave me two more pieces of her own accord.

WHAT do you think of the two candidates?  
"I'm glad that only one can be elected."

HOW is the boy getting on as a doctor?  
"Fine. He can now afford to tell some of his patients there's nothing wrong with them."

BROTHER: What did Daddy call out, "Robert" or "Bobby"?  
Sue: He said "Robert."  
Brother: Then I'd better go and see what he wants.



MOTHER: Castor oil is the secret of health, my boy.  
TOMMY: Well, you keep it, Mum!



# TICKETS for the Stalls



CHRISTMAS in Binchester was invariably celebrated by, among other things, a visit of the Olympian Opera Company, which for a fortnight played to crowded and enthusiastic houses.

The Opera Company's season was a fashionable occasion of no mean importance, so that when the taxi bearing young Arnold Boardman and his elegant friend, Roger Ward, drove up to the Theatre Royal, it had perforce to wait its turn in a slow-moving queue of private cars, limousines, and other vehicles of all kinds and sizes.

"What's up now?" demanded Mr. Boardman restively, as he peered through the blurred window at the rainy darkness outside.

"We're stuck," responded Mr. Ward with a yawn. "We've got to wait till the swells in front clamber out of their Rolls-Royces. By the way—sure you've got the tickets?"

Mr. Boardman did not reply for a moment. The taxi had come to a halt immediately opposite a closed doorway, over which hung an electric sign bearing the words: "Early Gallery." Adjacent to this doorway, a dampened queue of enthusiastic but impetuous music-lovers were waiting to hear "Carmen" for the reasonable sum of half-a-crown, and it was upon someone at the end of this queue that Arnold's roving eye had lighted.

"Sure you've got the tickets, old man?" repeated Roger anxiously. "They were the very last two stalls, you know—Row D, 22 and 23. If you've forgotten 'em—"

Mr. Boardman turned a radiant face from the window. It was obvious that he hadn't been paying the slightest attention.

"Found!" he announced, in tones of deep thankfulness. "At last!"

"Good!" said Roger, with satisfaction. "I was afraid you might have forgotten 'em. If you had, we'd never have got in."

Arnold regarded his comrade with faint impatience.

"Look here," he demanded irritably, "what are you talking about?"

"Eh? The tickets, of course. Don't forget that Row D, Number 22 and 23 were the very last two stalls to be—"

"Blow the tickets!" said Arnold, in disgust. "Don't I tell you that I've found—"

"That's all right, then," said Roger, soothingly. "I only wanted you to make sure."

"Idiot! I've found her at last!"

"Eh? Found whom?"

"Why, that girl, of course!"

"What girl?" demanded Roger in amazement.

Arnold breathed hard.

"What girl?" he said. "You have the cheek to sit there and ask what girl, when for the last three weeks I've—"

"Oh, I see," said Roger understandingly. "It's only that girl who was stuck inside the revolving door at the Great Northern Bank with you, that day when it jammed."

"Only!" exclaimed Arnold. "Only! I like that! Why, man, for three solid weeks I've been looking high and low for that girl, never dreaming that I should find her again here, of all places—waiting at the end of a queue for the Early Gallery. There she is, with the green hat and the fair hair. Well, cherie, Roger!"

"Eh?" said Roger. "Here! Where are you going?"

"Cheerio! See you at the office in the morning!"

Mr. Boardman clambered out of the taxi, and hurried across the streaming pavement towards the queue for the Early Gallery. Somewhat daunted by this unexpected manoeuvre, Roger remained gaping in his seat for a full half-minute before he was able to protest.

"Here, I say—" he began, and broke off abruptly as the taxi jerked forward and then drew up opposite the brilliantly-illuminated entrance to the theatre vestibule.

A PORTLY commissionaire opened the door with a flourish.

"Here, I say," said Roger, "hold on a minute, will you? My pal—"

"As quickly as possible, sir, if you please," requested the official deferentially. "There's a lot of traffic waiting to-night, you know."

The taxi-man sounded his horn impatiently, so Roger, ceasing to protest for a moment, paid him and he promptly drove away. Roger turned once more to the commissionaire.

"My pal—" he began.

"Stand back, sir," said the commissionaire, as another taxi drew up before the theatre.

"But my pal's got the tickets!" shouted Roger.

The commissionaire, busily engaged in performing an extra flourish as he opened the taxi door, paid Roger no

heed. He extended a hand into the gloomy interior of the taxi to assist the occupant to alight, and as the occupant did so Roger ceased to protest, and fell abruptly silent.

The girl who stepped from the taxi was attired in a pink evening-gown underneath a theatre-cloak trimmed with rhinestones; but Roger saw neither of these things. He saw only the girl's wavy dark hair, large brown eyes, slim ankles and tiny feet; and as he stood staring at her, the girl walked by him fumbling with the little silver handbag that was attached to her wrist.

Roger ceased staring, and went suddenly into action. The girl's little silver handbag had fallen open and something fluttered to the ground. Roger darted forward.

"Oh, bother!" said the girl. "My ticket! Oh, thank you so much."

"Don't mention it," said Roger.

"Quite a pleasure, I assure you. Er—it's a bit muddy, but perfectly good. And I say—it's Row D, Number 21!"

"So it is," assented the girl politely. "I hadn't noticed."

"But I mean to say—that's spiffing!" announced Roger brightly.

"Really! Is it a good seat?"

"A good seat? I should say so! Why, it's right next to mine!"

The girl blushed almost as pink as her frock.

"I'm sorry—but it was the only one I could get," she explained roguishly.

"Sorry," said Roger. "There's nothing to be sorry about, because I shall actually be sitting next to you all the evening! We—"

HE stopped, his eyes on a small, brass-buttoned infant who was holding out his hand in an expectant and uncompromising manner.

"Tickets, please," said the brass-buttoned one firmly.

The girl handed over her rather muddy slip, which the boy scrutinised narrowly and returned to her. He then transferred his attention to Roger, who looked a little pale.

"Arnold's got it," he explained rather hurriedly.

"Beg pardon?" said the boy.

"My pal has the tickets," pointed out Roger. "He's just fooling about outside somewhere."

"Well, you can't wait for 'im 'ere," said the boy. "You're blockin' the passage."

"That's all right," said Roger. "I'm going in with this lady."

"Not with no ticket, you're not!" retorted the boy promptly. "If you've got one, hand it over."

By this time, the girl with the dark hair and the brown eyes had passed from sight into the theatre, and Roger realised that the only thing to be done was to go and find Arnold.

But there was no time for dalliance, as the theatre was filling up rapidly; so, turning up the collar of his overcoat, Roger left the vestibule and plunged out into the rain again.

The queue for the Early Gallery had swollen considerably by the time Roger reached it; and, furthermore, the doors were now open and the rain-soaked procession was filing inside. Roger had a momentary glimpse of his comrade's tall form as he stepped up to the pay-box, immediately behind a girl with a rather striking green hat.

"Hoy," bawled Roger excitedly.

"Hoy, Arnold, you ass!"

If Mr. Boardman heard, he showed no sign of having done so. Ticket in hand, he darted off up a steep stone staircase in hot pursuit of the girl with the green hat, and disappeared from sight.

Panic descended upon Roger, and he commenced to elbow his way desperately into the press. There was an immediate protest from the crowd.

"Here, what's the game?" demanded a youth who had received one of Roger's elbows in his ribs.

"No shoving in 'ere!" growled another truculent individual in Roger's ear.

"Take your turn!" shrieked a female voice, and somebody laid hold of Roger's overcoat and pulled him back.

"My pal!" panted Roger feverishly. "He's got the tickets!"

"Bosh!" rumbled the truculent individual. "That tale won't wash 'ere."

"Take your turn at the end of the queue!" Roger was requested, and by a united voice on his overcoat, he was hauled bodily out into the rain again.

Baffled by this unexpectedly hostile attitude of the crowd, he resigned himself to the inevitable and departed, fuming, to the end of the waiting

line, where he was received without marked affection.

Still, Roger reasoned, once inside the Gallery, it would be comparatively easy to obtain the tickets for the stalls, tell the eccentric Arnold in a few terse words just what he thought of him, and wriggle out again.

For five minutes the queue made slow progress towards the lighted doorway—and then, suddenly, it seemed to melt away as if by magic. Considerably cheered, Roger stepped up to the pay-box, to discover hanging over the aperture a large notice bearing the words: "Gallery Full." A frowzy doorman regarded him with faint interest.

"Too late, old man," remarked this individual, with a yawn.

"Eh?"

"No more room upstairs. We're full up."

"But my pal!" grieved Roger. "He's got the tickets!"

"In that case," observed the doorman, "you're unlucky. Your place will have been took by now."

"Tickets for the stalls—you idiot!" roared Roger.

THE doorman eyed him warily. The idea of a man with tickets for the stalls taking a seat in the gallery was so improbable that he could be pardoned for regarding Roger as a troublesome sort of practical joker.

"Shove off," he growled.

"What?"

"Hook it! We ain't got no time for acting the goat 'ere!"

"But I tell you—"

The doorman did not stop to hear. With a final disapproving glare at Roger, he commenced to mount the stone staircase. Roger hesitated, on the point of following; but, since the doorman was a burly person and the stairs were steep and hard, he returned bitterly to the vestibule, and, as a last resort, accosted one of the brass-buttoned youths with pill-box hats.

"Sonny," he said winningly, "I want you to get me a seat in the stalls—"

"Borry, sir," replied the boy. "They're all sold out."

"I'll make it worth your while," wheedled Roger.

The boy shook his head, and there was genuine regret in his voice as he said:

"There ain't even one to be got—not for love nor money, sir. Sorry but—"

Roger was visited by an inspiration. "Look here, son, would you like to earn half-a-crown?"

"Oh, sir!" murmured the boy bashfully.

"I want you," explained Roger eagerly, "to take a note to a man in the gallery."

"In the gallery?"

"In the gallery," confirmed Roger.

## Complete Short Story

By H. GIBSON WARWICK

"A man with a shiny nose and big ears—"

The brass-buttoned youth gave Roger a pained look, and pointed out, in effect, that looking in the gallery for a man with a shiny nose and big ears was several degrees more complicated than searching for a needle in a haystack.

"I'm 'uvy," Roger admitted. "But— I've got it! He's practically sure to be sitting next to a girl with the green hat!" He brightened wonderfully at this cheering reflection, and went on animatedly to the boy: "Now, listen carefully. Look for a girl with a very striking green hat—rather a pretty girl, fresh complexion, fair hair, and a colored scarf. Think you can find her?"

"I'll try," said the boy dubiously.

"Good! Give her this note, and wait for an answer. See?"

Having scribbled a note on the back of an old envelope, Roger spaced it, together with the promised half-crown, into the messenger's hand, and gleefully watched him depart. Then, feeling considerably cheered, he sat down on a settee to wait.

MR. ARNOLD

BOARDMAN sat in the sixth row of the gallery with an unhappy expression on his face. His overcoat was saturated, and he was tightly wedged in his seat; but his physical discomfort was as nothing compared to his mental anguish.



SUNSHINE AND SMILES—Two charming Australian girls who are spending the holidays on the beach.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Although he sat in very close contact to the girl whom he had sought for three whole weeks, to all intents and purposes he might just as well have been a thousand miles away from her.

Now, Mr. Boardman was an ingenious young man, well versed in all ordinary methods of making the acquaintance of a pretty girl. To this end, he had dislodged and picked up both her gloves and her programme—and had been thanked each time in words of one syllable. He had criticised the weather, and, in a toneless voice, she had agreed with him.

In a particularly brilliant moment, he had inquired whether she had ever been to the opera before, and she had answered: "Naturally." Arnold had then subsided and was now waiting without much hope for inspiration.

It came from an unexpected quarter. At the far end of the sixth row there suddenly appeared a diminutive and liberally be-topped young man. He was dispensing urgent directions concerning something that was being passed along the row from hand to hand.

"That girl up there—green hat—fair hair—colored scarf—that's it. Wait for an answer."

In this unusual fashion Miss Marion Daresbury, the musical young lady in the green hat, suddenly found herself in possession of a crumpled envelope.

She unfolded it curiously, and read the following scribbled message—

"Miss Green Hat—The silly cuckoo with the ears, who is sitting next to you, has two tickets for the stalls in his possession, but he was so excited at finding you again that he followed you into the gallery and forgot to give me mine. So please get him to hand it to bearer, or I shan't be able to get into the theatre at all. It's important."

"With apologies,"

"ROGER WARD."

Miss Daresbury surreptitiously scrutinised her morose neighbor, and, finding his eyes upon her, passed him the envelope.

"Perhaps you'd better read this," she suggested, trying hard not to smile.

"Oh—er—thanks," said Arnold, scarcely able to believe his good fortune. "Is it really for me?"

"It certainly seems so," replied Marion, the smile getting the better of her efforts to suppress it. "It appears to be from a friend of yours."

Arnold skimmed rapidly through the note. In the exultation consequent upon the girl's smile, it is doubtful whether he derived from those scribbled lines the slightest idea of his friend's awkward predicament. All he realised was that this was genius of a high order on Roger's part. The man must somehow have divined that he, Arnold, would be stumped for an introduction, and had devised, all unaided, this absolutely first-class scheme for

effecting one. Sending the girl a note like this was a truly talented piece of work on Roger's part.

"I—I say," he remarked to Miss Daresbury, "awful cheek of old Roger to send you messages for me, like this."

"Oh, not at all," smiled Miss Daresbury, relaxing at last. "Don't mention it. I'm always pleased to help, if I can."

"And—you'll think it awfully cheeky of me to follow you into the gallery when I already had two tickets for the stalls," continued Arnold, looking guilty.

Marion blushed faintly.

"I—I suppose you're entitled to come up to the gallery, if you prefer to," she murmured. "Personally, I can't afford the stalls."

"The fact is, I've been hoping to meet you again ever since that day when we got stuck in the revolving door at the Great Northern Bank," confessed Arnold. "Do you remember?"

Miss Daresbury blushed deeper still, but did not reply.

"Do you remember?" demanded Arnold, in a thrilled undertone.

At this moment the lights went down, and the orchestra struck up the overture. Simultaneously a minor disturbance started at the far end of the sixth row.

"Ask that there feller if there's any reply," called a youthful voice. "I can't wait 'ere all night."

"Do you remember?" Arnold repeated earnestly. "Because—"

"The—the boy wants to know if there's any reply," murmured Miss Daresbury, in confusion.

"Because—what's that?" said Arnold with faint irritation. "Oh, blow the boy! Here, give him these."

Carelessly taking the coveted tickets from an inner pocket, he handed them absently to Marion, who passed them back along the row towards the gesticulating youth in the brass buttons.

"Now, what were we talking about?" pursued Arnold, dismissing Roger and similar unimportant matters from his mind. "Oh, yes, as I was saying—"

At this point the curtain went up.

WHEN his messenger reappeared in the vestibule, Roger arose from the settee and gave him quite an effusive welcome.

"Ah, here you are! Did you find that girl with the green hat?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Good. And the silly ass sitting next to her gave you the tickets, didn't he?"

"Y-yes, sir, in a way. That is, 'e passed 'em along the row from 'and to 'and. But it was that dark, sir, that some idjit went and dropped 'em—"

"Eh?"

"—And afore you could say 'Jack Robinson, sir, they was completely lost under everybody's feet—"

"Wha-a-at?" yelled Roger.

"I tried to get 'em back for you, sir," said the boy, "but everybody started 'shushin', and a big, 'airy feller threatened to chuck me downstairs if I didn't shut up. Sorry, but there ain't no way of gettin' at them tickets now, until everybody clears out of the gallery."

"I—I see," said Roger faintly.

He placed a trembling hand to his brow, and sat down weakly on the settee.

Please turn to Page 24



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



**READERS, NOTE!**

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

### DAYTIME WEDDINGS

COMING from England, where daytime marriages are the rule—in fact, the law—I fail to see a single good reason why such a number of girls cram their wedding "day" into a few short hours at night. The only one I ever asked told me she would "just hate to go away in the daylight!"

My ideal is a private and solemn morning ceremony (in church, of course), with a heart-to-heart talk by the minister that can be remembered for the rest of life; then to let friends in on the reception festivities which may be prolonged or shortened at will.

This gives ample time for the wedding gown (which may never be worn in just that form again) to be seen and admired, for the breakfast and other social amenities, for a fair start and a leisurely trip to the honeymoon destination, or the first stage of it—even time on arrival to pick up the confetti on the point of a pin if desired. Such is, to my mind, the perfect day, justifying all time spent in previous preparation and anticipation.

What is the case for the other side? I should like to know.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. Wathen, Redland, P.O. Box 29, Casterton, Vic.

### YOUR FILM FAVORITE

AS we have had favorite poets and authors on this page, I'll complete the trio by asking readers who their favorite film stars are.

Give me Ronald Colman, Conrad Veidt, and Leslie Howard in the actors, and Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, and Claire Trevor in the actresses. I prefer players who make a favorable impression in one or two films to those who are in second-rate films for a long time, then suddenly become "stars."

Miss M. C. Floyd, 14 Cleveland Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

### HATS OFF FOR WOMEN!

WHY is it that women and girls do not take more kindly to the idea of going about hatless?

There seems to me to be no reason why, even on a city shopping expedition, one should not be at least perfectly "head-free," except, of course, on very hot or windy days.

Women, on the whole, must be given great credit for the rapid strides they have made in the direction of rational dressing, though we still have to go some distance before we reach perfect comfort and perfect health. The idea of dispensing with as far as practicable, tightly-fitting, ill-ventilated headgear (or any other kind for that matter) is yet another step towards this final goal.

This applies particularly to business women who are confined within doors most of the day. The journey to and from their work might well be made with bare heads in order to give the sunlight and fresh air a rare chance to penetrate the over-protected curls and waves.

For that matter, why should such added attractions be hidden when it costs so much money to get the desired effect?

So let each one of us resolve to be the first to start the sensible, hygienic, and attractive idea of discarding our hats whenever possible.

Miss M. Read, 105 Collins St., Melbourne C1.

### CHRISTMAS "THANK YOU"

SO many people are very slow at acknowledging a gift, some even failing to acknowledge it at all. They say: "I'll write to-morrow," and "to-morrow," of course, never comes. The donor commences to worry in case the gift did not arrive safely. When she discovers it has, she naturally thinks the recipient either rude or ungrateful.

So I say: Acknowledge a gift by return mail. It is not necessary to write a lengthy letter. A mere few lines, or a postcard would be sufficient. And, no matter how busy one might be, one could do that.

Anne Elisabeth Christie, Orange Grove, Lower Portland, N.S.W.

### Do Dad and Dave Traditions Harm our Authors?

I WAS interested to read Anne Elisabeth Christie's letter (7/12/35) on the attitude many people adopt towards the works of Australian authors.

I, too, have found the same slighting references to Australian literature as being in the "Dad and Dave" category. But could anyone truthfully place such novels as Penton's "Landtakers," Stewart Howard's "Forty-six," Leslie Haylen's "Brierley Rose," "Burnt Sugar," by F. E. Baume, and "Pageant," by G. B. Lancaster, on that list?

I think Australian authors are producing work that in second to none, and our women writers are outstandingly brilliant. What other country can lay claim to four such brilliant authoresses as Helen Simpson, Katharine Susanah Prichard, Henry Handel Richardson, and G. B. Lancaster? Let us discard that inferiority complex with regard to our writers. There is absolutely no need for it.

Miss Eileen Arundel, 154 Beattie St., Roselle, N.S.W.



THIS UNIQUE CLUBHOUSE is a discarded tram-car in which members of the Home-makers Club of Atlanta (U.S.A.) hold their regular meetings. The car is located on a plot of ground donated to the club by the city. The ladies have made good use of the paint-brush, and have added curtains, shades, pictures, and wall vases. A completely-furnished kitchenette may be seen at the back of the car. This picture was made during a meeting of the club.

### Splendid Stories

I QUITE agree with Anne Elisabeth Christie (7/12/35) that the general public should drop their patronising attitude towards Australian authors. I have read several books by Australians, and they always hold appeal, as they are nearly always written around this lovely country of ours. Over the air I have heard several radio announcers reading Australian stories written by local authors. If people would listen to these stories, I am sure they would lose the old idea of "Dad, Mum, and Dave," and would begin to choose Australian authors when purchasing or borrowing books.

Mrs. D. Nicholls, 4 Shaftsbury St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

### Does Give Wrong Idea

I QUITE agree with all that Miss Anne Christie says regarding Australian stories. The "Mum and Dad and Dave" type of book gives quite a wrong idea of Australia's literature.

Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's "We of the Never-Never" and the works of Ethel Turner are splendid examples of what we can do.

My mother, who has travelled in England, tells me that all the English people she met believed that Steele Rudd's stories were typical of Australian literature and life.

Anne M. Ringwood, East St., East Albury, N.S.W.

### Stout Defence

I DO not agree with A. E. Christie's friend (7/12/35), who dislikes Australian authors.

Where shall we find anything better than Henry Handel Richardson's trilogy, "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," and Vance Palmer's book, "Men Are Human." I am sure these two authors will compare favorably with any writers in the world.

Mona Lennarde, 51 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane.

### Australia's Great Men and Women Chosen

SURELY no list of Australia's great men would be complete without mentioning John Hunter, the wonderful young medical professor, who was so prematurely cut off a decade ago. He went through the University at an age when most boys are still at school, and was a fully-qualified doctor studying abroad in his earliest twenties.

As professor at the Sydney University, his medical researches astonished the world, and it was anticipated that in his prime he would discover the antidote for cancer and attain fame as wide as Lister's. When he died, this famous Australian was only twenty-four.

Muriel Desaix, Norwood Court, Moore St., Bondi, N.S.W.

### Melba Was Great

RUNNING your mind's eye, Mrs. Wheatley, over the list of Australia's prominent men and women, instantly there leaps into prominence the name of Melba, whose golden voice was heard in

### Where is the Dark-Haired Fiction Heroine?

MISS MEYER in The Australian Women's Weekly (7/12/35) asks why heroines in stories are so often blonde. I believe that this is merely a long, long hang-over from the Victorian period. Before then (note particularly Sir Walter Scott's novels) the brunette was more popular, but Queen Victoria's fairness started the new fashion, first in dolls. Our grandmothers never saw a doll other than blue-eyed and flaxen-haired. The fashion then affected the fiction heroine. Queen Elizabeth before that of course ousted the dark heroine for a time. Heroines in ballads then ceased to have raven's-wing tresses, and were fair or auburn-haired. During this period, according to historians, the brunette was considered plain.

And, of course, being descended in the main from Saxons, our racial ideal is fair, so that blonde heroines are not surprising.

But is the hang-over still so much in evidence?

Do our classic writers to-day dote so much on Miss Blondie?

Constance Clyde, 54 Merton St., South Brisbane.

### Brunette Prefers Blondes

I AM a brunette myself, but were I an author I think that I, too, should make my heroines blondes. Perhaps it is because there is a wistfulness about them that appeals to even the hardest heart. They seem so delicate and frail. In general, they always seem to be so cool and fresh, even on the hottest day. Women all over the world "go blonde" from the peroxide pot, but I've never yet heard of the blonde who went "brunette."

Yes, so long as books are written, the heroine will always be, nine out of every ten, a creature with eyes of azure blue; hair the color of golden corn framing her face; while the villainess will be brunette, with hair of a shining smoothness. In this week's instalment of our serial, Fanny H. Lea describes Angela's hair as the color of "just-opened daffodils." Yes, blondes are indeed the winners.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

### A MIGHTY PLAN

WHAT would other readers of The Australian Women's Weekly do if they were able to wield the power of a Mussolini here in Australia?

If by some miracle I attained that power, I would begin by giving women equal pay for equal work, and raising the school leaving age to sixteen. I would prohibit the building of flats, except for a specified number in seaside and similar districts, and would somehow find the money to finance a gigantic alum clearance plan, in which no two houses standing together would be alike. I would introduce a university course consisting of history, economics, oratory, and the like, for would-be politicians, conducted on a scholarship basis. Lastly, I would institute a campaign for bigger and better families, together with some form of eugenics.

What do readers think?  
Kena Croley, 66 Albert Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR

VERY soon now, old 1935 will be no more. For many of us it has been a profitable and happy year; for others of us a very disappointing one. But, joy-filled or sorrow-filled, it will soon sink into the recesses of the past, to live again only in memory.

Let us hope that 1936 will see a renewal of world-wide peace, the advent of prosperity and hence more employment, and let everybody remember 1935 not for its economic troubles and its unhappy stories of disturbances overseas but for the friends we made since 1934 who proved faith and understanding.

Jeanne Allison, 24 Prince St., Mosman, N.S.W.

### ADVICE FOR BRIDES

RECENTLY, at a pre-wedding evening, a novel competition was held. Feminine guests were invited to make a speech, giving useful advice to the bride-to-be. The winning speech was: "Feed the beast well, and he'll never wander far from home."

Likewise, the men were asked to give the bridegroom-to-be some hints. The winner said: "Do nothing, say nothing, look cunning, that's all."

Readers, what would you advise?  
Mrs. T. Marshall, Jun., Ferny Grove, Dayboro's Line, via Brisbane, Qld.



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You all have heard of the wonders of Wireless Waves, and it is now an every-day occurrence to sit down and listen-in each night to the music that comes to us from afar. Without the aid of wire or cable, out of the ether come the waves that produce sound.

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From week to week we shall inform the public of the remarkable results achieved by Wireless-Waves or Thermo-Ray Treatment.

Should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

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## LONELY MEN AND WOMEN

Send stamped, addressed envelope to obtain a free illustrated booklet and confidential particulars of my Matrimonial Correspondence Club. Make acquaintance all over Australia.

MISS ROWENA F. RUSSELL,  
Commercial Bank Chambers,  
Haymarket, Sydney, N.S.W.

# PUTTING FATHER CHRISTMAS Over the Air

## Studio a Toy Workshop...

### Dorothy Wood to Fly Home

This Christmas radio personalities have been busier than ever spreading the message of happiness.

A peep at Aunt Val's rooms earlier in the week revealed a sight very like Santa Claus' workshops in those colored talkie cartoons.

ARMED with brushes and pots of lacquer, red, green, blue, striped and spotted, Bimbo and Kath Jordan were transforming old toys into new. Used tennis balls were covered with bright knitted jackets for the tiny-tots, toy soldiers were given new uniforms, and trains and motor-cars were made as bright and spick and span as when they were first created.

On the Monday and Tuesday before Christmas, Aunt Val, Bimbo, and Kath Jordan set off in Miss Jordan's car to play Santa Claus to the various orphanages and kiddies' hospitals that had been singled out for their visits.

## What is Relativity?

IF you have ever wondered about relativity, tune-in to Professor Henry L. Brose from 26rs on Sunday, December 29, at 7.40 p.m., when he will discuss the question that has puzzled scientist and layman alike—"Is the Universe Boundless?" In other words, what would happen if a traveller were to go on and on forever. Would he just go on and on, or would he eventually return to the place he started from without

losing his own track? Professor Henry Brose, who is doing research work in conjunction with the Sydney University, is another Australian who has climbed to the top of the tree abroad. He left Australia close on 22 years ago as a Rhodes Scholar, and conducted important researches into the theory of relativity.

## Announcers' Holidays

ERIC COLMAN has just returned from holidays, and the locale was home and Balmoral Beach, where he achieved a delicate suntan. Next to go will be Mrs. Steiner, who will be touring and rehearsing with her husband. At the same time Jack Lumsdaine is off to somewhere or other, destination not stated. After that Bimbo takes his holidays, but if latest rumors are correct, he will probably spend his time exploring the ether with his new short-wave radio set, getting Russia, England, France, etc.

## Going West

DOROTHY WOOD, 2GB's musical director, is also off on holidays in the near future. She is planning to fly to West Australia, so that she can spend as much of her holiday as possible with the home-folk. The 2GB community singers are giving a send-off to Miss Wood. She will appear on the



KATHLEEN JORDAN  
Popular 2GB announcer, who will distribute toys to sick children at Christmas time.

Wednesday before she leaves, and will sing "Silver Wings Carry Me Safely Through the Skies," with a chorus of aviators, consisting of Reg Morgan, Albert Russell, Uncle George, Cyril James, Jack Davey, Harry Dearth, and Noel Judd. She flies on Friday, January 10, and listeners will wish her luck on her 2394-mile journey.

## Uncle George's Escape

UNCLE GEORGE, of 2GB, has been keeping it a dark secret—but he had a narrow escape from drowning recently. It had been blowing a cold southerly gale all the morning, but Uncle George decided to go for his usual dip at Nielsen Park. He bravely struck out for the shark-proof net, and while scrambling on to a float he struck his leg against the side. He didn't notice it at the time, but on the return journey he was attacked by a severe cramp, and after going under a couple of times, and giving up hope of ever saying "This is Uncle George calling" to a microphone again, he was spied by another swimmer who rushed to his rescue. Fortunately he was a strong swimmer—a physical culture instructor it turned out—and managed to get Uncle George ashore safely.

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**AUNT MARY'S  
BAKING POWDER**

It's a definite certainty your Christmas Cake will be an absolute success if you use Aunt Mary's. THE BAKING POWDER.

Being a pure cream of tartar product, Aunt Mary's Baking Powder is the perfect leavener for cakes, sponges, scones, biscuits and pastry.

## HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS CAKE

Clean fruit well, and make sure that it is quite dry. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then fruit and brandy, and lastly sifted flour and Aunt Mary's Baking Powder. Line a cake tin with two or three layers of paper, greasing the last. Put the mixture in tin, three parts filling it. Put into a steady oven and cook for 3 or 4 hours.

This is only one of the hundreds of tried recipes in Aunt Mary's Cookery Book, a copy of which will be forwarded on receipt of Postal Note or Stamps to the value of 1/2 (one shilling and two pence) to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney.

**AUNT MARY'S**  
CREAM OF TARTAR  
**BAKING POWDER**

## SAVE THE LIDS

When you have a fresh lid from the tin of Aunt Mary's Baking Powder send it to Tillock & Co. Ltd., with your name and address and you will receive Aunt Mary's Surprise Packet Free.

## 2GB ENTERTAINMENT

### I. For Christmas Eve

#### HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

On Christmas Eve, at 10.0 p.m., 2GB will present a beautiful drama portraying the true Christmas Spirit. It tells of a convict who has been a model prisoner. He is released before his sentence expires, and arrives home just before Christmas, only to find himself faced by a deeper tragedy. A boy has stolen from his employer so that his sister may have her sight restored for Christmas. There is only one way out, and the convict takes that way.

### II. For New Year's Eve

#### THE NIGHTINGALE SESSION

Here are happy memories for some and heart-aches for others. In a special New Year's Eve presentation at 11.50 p.m., 2GB will present the singing of a nightingale, the most beloved of all songsters of the home-lands. The session will close with "Auld Lang Syne," and so we will bid good-bye to the Old Year and a welcome to 1936.

### III. And The New Year

#### "THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"

Following the successful broadcasts of many of Charles Dickens' famous stories, listeners are now to hear "The Old Curiosity Shop" each week-night at 7.50 p.m. This is the story of the wanderings of Little Nell and her Old Grandfather, and it introduces some of the strangest and most lovable characters that Charles Dickens ever portrayed with that marvellous pen of his.

• THE NATION'S STATION



# What Women Are Doing

## Countess' Cats

In the pretty Dorset village of Longham lives Britain's busiest Countess—and she cares for more than 100 cats.

She is the Countess of Hardwicke, who, single-handed, runs a "cattery," where champion Siamese cats are being bred.

The Countess has won no fewer than 200 prizes at cat shows. She runs a little hospital for sick cats and takes in cat "boarders."

## Lady Anderson Has Big Link With N.Z.

LADY ANDERSON, wife of Sir David Anderson, who is to succeed Lord Gort as Governor of New South Wales, will probably be anxious to go to New Zealand as soon as is possible after she arrives in Australia. In the South Island many of her relatives, the well-known Teesemakers family, live.

Her brother, Mr. Cecil Teesemaker, has just arrived in New Zealand, and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Norton Francis, who are relatives. Her cousin, Mrs. G. Hampton Rhodes, lives at Riccarton, Christchurch. Her father, the late W. H. Teesemaker, used to live at Taiupo, Maheno, Oamaru.

## Associated With Many Philanthropic Movements

FOR many years now the name of Mrs. C. V. Harcourt has been associated with most of the philanthropic movements in Hobart.

Mrs. Harcourt has many interesting reminiscences to relate concerning the early days of the Queen Alexandra Hospital, and particularly in connection with the Alexandra Hospital Ladies' Aid, of which she was the first secretary. This post she held for 16 years. This organisation came into existence at the instigation of Lady Edeline Strickland, then president of the Alexandra Hospital, and Mrs. Gregory Sprott was its first president.

Mrs. Harcourt became president after the death of Mrs. Sprott. She held that office for four years. She was then made an hon. life-member. Mrs. Harcourt has also been president and secretary of the A.W.N.L., founder and first president of the Women's Auxiliary to the General Hospital, a member of the Child Welfare Society and Free Kindergarten since their inception. She still maintains her interest in these organisations, and also in the Lyceum Club.

## Blind Girl Broadcasts Greetings to America

MISS ETTIE HARVEY, Brisbane, the blind girl who was chosen this year to broadcast a message on behalf of her fellow-blind in Australia to blind listeners in America, was very pleased at the honor bestowed upon her.



Miss Ettie Harvey.  
—Herald Studio.

She had frequently been in concert that had been broadcast but this was the first time she had actually sent a message so far away. She was not a bit nervous, and her voice recorded perfectly.

Miss Harvey has no fewer than 40 or 50 pen-friends scattered throughout the world—all sightless like herself, but able to converse in one common language, so it gave her an added thrill to think that some of them would be listening-in.

Miss Harvey leads a very busy life teaching Braille to quite a number of people, and attending the Institute for the Blind every day. She is very fond of music, and recently contributed several humorous elocutionary numbers at the annual concert given by members of the Club for the Blind.

## Greek Civilization Round the Mediterranean

ONE of the many academic women about to leave for travels abroad is Miss J. S. W. Webb, who is off to England before the end of December.

Miss Webb is lecturer in Ancient History at Melbourne University, and this is not her first trip.

Ten years ago she worked in Greece with the British School in Greece, and her experiences have been the subject of many entertaining talks. After she reaches England she has plans for another trip. She hopes to follow Greek civilization round the Mediterranean.

## Interesting Appointment

MRS. W. F. KENT JOHNSTON, of Christchurch, New Zealand, has been appointed New Zealand director of the International Federation of Home and School for the next two years. The federation has as its object the bringing together for conferences and co-operation of all agencies which concern themselves with the care and training of children in home, school, and community, and with the education of adults to meet these responsibilities.

The appointment was made at a meeting of the board of managers of the federation at Oxford, where the biennial conference of the World Federation of Education was held.

## Cleanings from a Returned Traveller

MRS. L. D. EDWARDS, of Brisbane, has just returned home after a world tour.

She came back enthusiastic about Germany, which she describes as a beautiful country full of happy women who were expert linguists and used very little in the way of make-up.

When in Chicago she stayed at the Stevens Hotel, the biggest in the world, and to obtain her night's sleep she was compelled to put cotton wool in her ears and bury her head in her pillow to shut off the noise of traffic.

Brown was worn for bench wear in America, and was often combined with white-striped tops.

## Soloist at Brisbane's Big Orchestral Concert

MRS. L. A. LITTLE, of Brisbane, who was the soloist at the State and Municipal Orchestra's concert in the Brisbane City Hall on December 9, has had an interesting musical life.

Before her marriage to Dr. Little she was Miss Freda Colthoun, and received her early training from Ivor C. Boushead, Melbourne's well-known teacher of voice production. She has made many public appearances, frequently appearing with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society in oratorio, and she was highly complimented by Dame Clara Butt when that singer was last in Australia.

Since Mrs. Little has been in Brisbane she has done recitals with E. R. B. Jordan, and was contralto soloist with the State Choirs when they performed Mozart's Requiem in 1933.

Mrs. L. A. Little.  
—Herald Studio.

## Written a Survey of Charities in Victoria

YOUNG and attractive, with pale golden hair and a fair for smart clothes, Marjorie Goodison believes her looks, for she has just achieved a survey of charities in Victoria.

Written to be on sale before Christmas, it is in book form, and is crammed full of interesting and useful information about the various charities in Victoria. Every charity is tabulated and explained, and the book, which will probably find its way to the shelves of almost every organisation in that State, should do much to solve the problem of what charity to approach in any given emergency.

Miss Goodison, who has already done a social science course, recently sat for some subjects of an Arts course which she is doing as a side line.

In the meantime she undertook all the publicity for the recent Charity Queen Carnival held in Melbourne, which raised a record sum for non-medical charities.

The most important thing Miss Goodison is planning for 1936 is a trip abroad, with a possible post-graduate course of social science at the end of it.

## Another Woman Member of Canadian Upper House

MRS. HOWARD T. FALLIS was recently elected to the Canadian Senate, making the second woman to serve on that important body. The first was Mrs. Catherine Wilson.

Mrs. Howard is a farmer's wife, which reminds one of the fact that the first woman Parliamentarian in Canada, Miss Agnes Macphail, came from a farm. Miss Macphail was elected to the House of Commons in 1921, and has been returned at every election since that date.

## Knows Modern Germany Intimately

WHEN Miss Ethel Cooper delivered an address on modern Germany to the S.A. members of the Lyceum Club, they could rely upon her observations, as Miss Cooper knows Germany intimately.

On revisiting that country last year, her first impression was that of Youth Under Hitler, the youth of Germany is granted from two to three weeks' holiday each year, and travel in separate bands all over Germany. The travel is so organised that in even a tiny village on the Rhine 2000 young people might pass through daily, leaving their train and seeing the sights of the village. In a bigger town they might spend as much as four days. They are marched about in formation, meals are provided in tier-gartens for them, and they are quartered at night in schools. The girls, hatless invariably, have reverted to the long, full, bellflower frocks that are picturesque and charming. Funds are collected for the Hitler Youth Movement, as it is called, by the incessant sale of little paper flags at 1d. each in the streets.

But while the youth of Germany is so full of hope and sees the greater, more powerful, peace-loving but strong Germany that Hitler visualises for them, there is a pervading despair about the older inhabitants, according to Miss Cooper.

Miss Cooper has been living for eight years in Greece, and visited Germany very frequently. She has done a lot of refugee work and knows many German families intimately.

## Young Pianist-Composer To Go Abroad

MISS JOYCE SUMNER expects to leave South Australia for England about next July, and when her three years' piano and composition study at the Royal College of Music is over, she hopes to give a recital of her own works to an English audience.

This musician is only eighteen, yet she is an L.A.B. and L.M.A., the lucky possessor of perfect pitch, and the composer of several mazurkas, laments, and songs. She left school in the middle of this year to give all her attention to music, and the "A" tennis team at the Adelaide High School was bereft of its able captain.

The Elder Scholarship, which is to take her to the London College, is a fine climax to the many prizes and scholarships she has so far won.



Miss Joyce Sumner.



## Hundredth Birthday Party At Inglewood

MRS. JOHN BYWATER'S hundredth birthday falls on December 27, and her daughter, Miss Florence Bywater, well-known teacher of music, and her granddaughter, Miss Vida Legg, Mrs. Bae, whose pianoforte and vocal numbers are often heard over the air, planned a centenary rally to be held at her home in Brooke St., Inglewood, Vic., on the great day.

The birthday cake, with its hundred candles, bears a model of the Merchant Prince, the sailing ship in which Mrs. Bywater, her husband, and her parents took four months to come from England to Australia in 1852. For contrast, there is also a sugar aeroplane to emphasise the vast changes in travel that she has seen.

Mrs. Bywater has resided in Inglewood for more than 60 years, and was one of its first Mayors, filling that office on two occasions. The Mayor and councillors of Inglewood planned to visit her on her birthday, and to present her with an armchair on behalf of fellow citizens.

Like many other pioneers, Mrs. Bywater went straight to the goldfields on arrival in Australia, and her father, an engineer, supervised the construction of the first engine on the Jersey Reef, Inglewood.

Mrs. Bywater remembers many interesting incidents in a life that has seen the reign of four British Sovereigns—King William, Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George.

## Working Hard to Establish National Theatre

THE National Theatre Movement was recently formed in Melbourne at a meeting attended by 65 representatives of organisations, associations, and bodies of all kinds.

A constitution is at present being formed, and this will be presented at a huge meeting to be held early in the New Year.

The movement is receiving strong support from many sections of the community, and if a national theatre is established in Melbourne within the next few years it will be chiefly due to the efforts and eloquence of Gertrude Johnson, the well-known coloratura soprano, who is the founder of the movement.

The five other well-known women on the large committee of the movement are Mrs. Harry Emmerton; Mrs. Britomarte James, of the Victoria Centenary Club; Mrs. Fossett, president of the A.W.A.; Miss Pauline Bindley, well-known singer; and Miss Eunice Weston, who is known throughout Australia as a dancing teacher.

## Young Doctor to Study in England

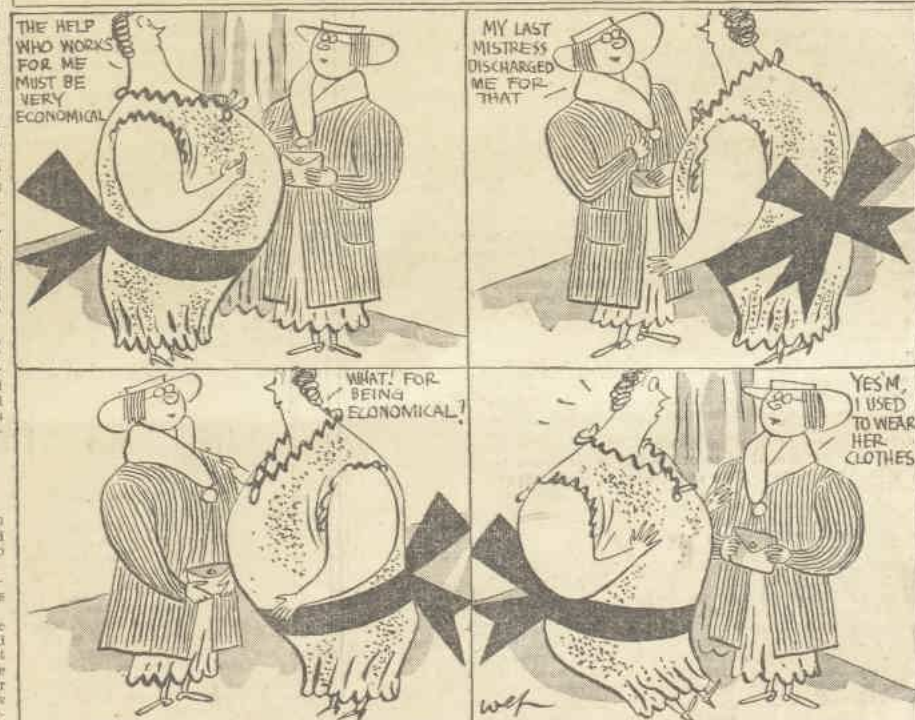
DR. MARGARET CLELAND, Adelaide's youngest woman doctor, is to go for further experience to England next February. She has been a resident medical officer at the Adelaide Hospital this year, but she does not know yet where she will be able to work in England, because so many hospitals there closed their doors to women doctors when the war was over. So her proposed two years overseas will be somewhat of an adventure.

Dr. Cleland is a member of a scientific family. Her brother is a doctor, one sister is Master of Science in Zoology, and her father is a well-known authority on the natives of Central Australia.



Miss Johnson.  
—Ray Photo.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP





# PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

## ★★★ LOVE ME FOREVER

Grace Moore, Leo Carrillo. (Columbia.)  
HAVING missed the first Grace Moore production, I can't say whether this picture is better or worse; sufficient for me, however, that Columbia have done a really first-class job; have provided a story that would rank an fair even without the music, and—almost unique distinction—have resisted the temptation to vulgarise a fine voice by burdening it with tenth-rate melodies from the studios of modern Hollywood musicians.

Miss Moore only sings one number written especially for the film, and that is so short an interlude as to be almost negligible. The rest of her offerings, with two exceptions, are operatic, and she makes the most of them. Her voice is of fine quality; the end of the picture, virtually made up of a large section of "La Bohème" transferred en masse to the screen, is worth, without anything else, the price of admission.

Connoisseurs of music could fault the tenor who sings Rudolph to Miss Moore's Mimì; he is not particularly robust. On the other hand, few musicians bring to light better voices than his, and the day has not yet arrived when two Metropolitan stars can be heard in one production.

Both Grace Moore and Leo Carrillo are acting successes, although acting is a minor point. The thing to remember is that it is a very good show, with singing that outclasses any that, up to date, we have had from any other female screen star.—State; showing.

## ★★★ CHINA SEAS

Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Berry. (M-G-M.)

ACTION, humor, splendid photography, a story that is unusual and thrilling without being incredible, and capable settings—can one ask more of a film? Perhaps one can, but the ordinary picture-goer would be well satisfied if every movie he, or she, paid to see combined these qualities. "China Seas" does; and if it is not a box-office success, I'll give up prophecy and take to knitting baselava caps for the poor, dear Abyssinians.

Clark Gable is cast as the tough skipper of a ship plying between Hong-kong and Singapore. Two women enter the story, one a loud-voiced, pretty blonde (Jean Harlow), a show-girl with whom he has been making whoopee during a few days ashore, the other a "lady," a ghost from the past, the woman with whom he fell in love during his Royal Navy days, but from whom (she being married) he fled to the China coast. A very intriguing triangle, you'll agree.

The elimination of one side of this geometrical diagram is worked out against a background of typhoon and piracy. It is exciting; very. It is also exceedingly well done and realistic. You won't be disappointed in this picture. It is first-class entertainment, and includes a perfect screen drunk.—St. James; showing.

## ★ PAGE MISS GLORY

Marion Davies, Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell. (Warner Bros.)

SLOWLY, sadly, and reluctantly the single star is placed into position. As a picture, this offering should have made the two-star grading, but, in spite of the effort that has been put into it, despite the bright work done by Marion Davies early in the piece, it can't qualify as "good."

To begin with, there's Powell. This lad bluffs you for one or two pictures, but after that his smug, self-satisfied grin does its job, and you feel like treating him as you would a precocious schoolboy who has all the assurance in the world but is still well behind the ears. No; I'm afraid the more I see of Dicky, the less I like him.

Then comes Pat O'Brien. One day he may become an actor, but that day appears to be far distant. It will be more distant still if he continues to talk, as he does in this picture, like a machine-gun run mad.

Leaving personalities and coming to the production; it is too long. So long that, before the end, even without the aid extended by Messieurs Powell and O'Brien, it would become wearisome. The film is kept up to a reasonable level until the moment when Marion Davies is transformed from Loretta, bedroom-maid in a large New York hotel, into the beautiful Miss Dawn Glory. From that point on the amusement flags—possibly because Marion is far better as Loretta than she is as the glamorous Dawn—Plaza; showing.

## ★ THE GUVNOR

George Arliss. (Gaumont-British.)

A WHIMSICAL, lovable, cheery, Samuel Smiles kind of character is The Guvnor. A philosopher-tramp who talks about the little flowers and the birds, and insists all the time that he is "going south," while the baser element in the audience feels that it is rapidly going west.

In the very early days of the film industry, anything went, so long as the

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.  
★★ Two stars—  
good films.  
★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars . . . no good.

story ended happily. Modern audiences, however, insist on at least the illusion of credibility in the scenarios dished up to them, and whether they will be able to swallow even Mr. Arliss, in the role of an uneducated tramp to whom five francs is a fortune, telling the sharpest financial brains in Paris, is doubtful.

The comedy that has been injected into the picture is mediocre, at times gawky. Regarding the acting: Arliss is, as always, stogy. His comrades in sentimentalism get by without doing anything that will bring about a glut of fan-mail to the G-B studios.

In spite of all this, the picture may be a fair money-maker. It has just that sugary quality that, nauseating as it may be to 25 per cent. of picturegoers, is quite likely to go big with the other 75.—Embassy; showing.

## ★ SPECIAL AGENT

Bette Davis, George Brent. (Warner Bros.)

RACKETEERS, who, despite the repeal of prohibition, are still managing to milk their fellow business-men of a few million dollars per month in the land of the stars and bars, must be getting all self-conscious. The films are giving them so much publicity.

There is very little in the way of new ideas in this latest expose of criminal cunning and audacity versus dogged perseverance on the part of the hounds of justice. The said hounds triumph in the end, but neither George Brent, as Bill Bradford, Federal agent nor Ricardo Cortez, in the role of Carston, the big-shot law-breaker, does anything in the process that hasn't been seen before. And the gangsters might be twin brothers of those who have made their debut in previous films, but I suppose a gangster is just a gangster the world over.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

## ★ MURDER IN THE FLEET

Robert Taylor, Jean Parker. (M-G-M.)

THIS is a mystery story, including two (or is it three?) murders, that just manages to grab one star. Only just.

The action takes place on one of Uncle Sam's cruisers, to which a new fire control device is being fitted, but the setting is about the only thing that differentiates the picture from any one of the half-million odd murder mysteries that have preceded it.

In this instance all the possible murderers are rather heavily unscathed (except, of course, the actual perpetrator), and this results in the onlooker dismissing these possibilities as utter impossibilities. Another weakness is the terrific amount of talking and shouting that goes on, slowing up the action, and making the film a trifle heavy.

Per contra: The comedy supplied by Ted Healy, Una Merkel, and Nat Pendleton is fair enough; and the acting, generally, is thoroughly capable.—Cameo; showing.

## ★ AGE OF INDISCRETION

Paul Lukas, Madge Evans. (M-G-M.)

THIS picture is unfortunate. Not quite good enough for two stars, it is above the average. Let's mark it down at one star plus.

Speaking for myself, I enjoy Lukas. He is minus the smugness that characterises so many of the younger male stars, and, despite his Hungarian accent, he manages to get conviction into his work, although I have never yet watched him in a scene which called for great acting.

This story suits him. He is called upon to enact the part of a man deserted by his wife, whom he loves deeply. His son is left to him, and he turns all his affection on the boy. Later, efforts are made by the mother to secure custody of the child, and this leads to the dramatic moment of the picture: the court-room scene in which Lukas, battling for the only thing left to him, realises that the fake evidence against him is too strong, and breaks out in a tirade against justice, the court, and the presiding judge. He does it well.

Madge Evans, as the typist who is in love with him, acts very enjoyably. The main flaw in the picture is the ending: it comes very close to anticlimax. But for every hundred film fans who notice this, there'll be a hundred who won't.—Cameo; showing.

# GLIMPSES of the TWELVETREES Fan MAIL

## Anzac Mothers Bodyguard

By LESLIE HAYLEN

Fan mail!

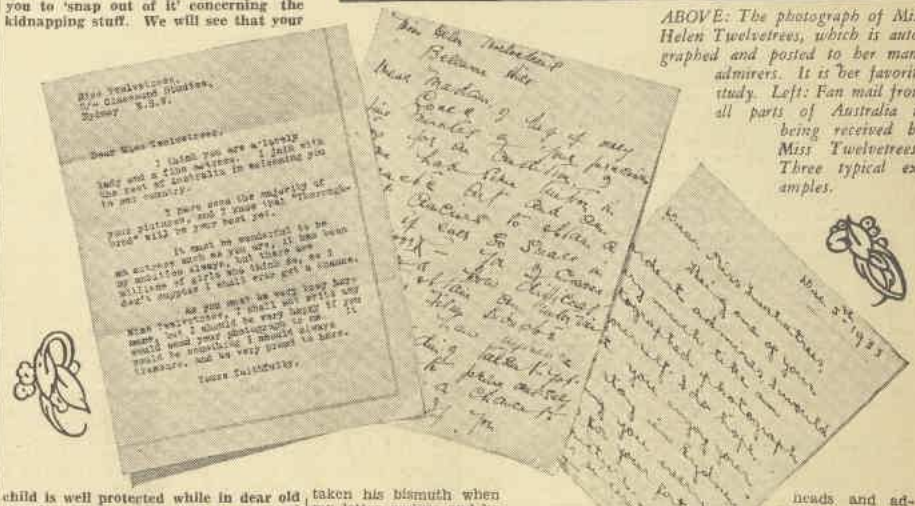
Little, human documents every one of them; some grave, some gay, and others strangely pathetic and moving, are flooding the flat of Hollywood actress, Helen Twelvetrees, who is making the Australian film, "Thoroughbred," for Cinesound studios. They are little vignettes of life these letters. Here is one from a movie-mad flapper, who is 5ft. 2in. high, and has lovely, brown eyes, whose family say she ought to be in the films; and there is another from a tired mother in the country, who gets her glamor at second-hand from the talkies.

ALMOST all the letters mention the Twelvetrees baby, and hasten to assure its mother that kidnapping is something that is "not done" in Australia.

Miss Twelvetrees reads all her fan mail, and her favorite to date is one from a woman living at Redfern. "I'm writin' to you, Helen dear, to tell you to 'snap out of it' concerning the kidnapping stuff. We will see that your



ABOVE: The photograph of Miss Helen Twelvetrees, which is autographed and posted to her many admirers. It is her favorite study. Left: Fan mail from all parts of Australia is being received by Miss Twelvetrees. Three typical examples.



child is well protected while in dear old 'Aussie.' I am a mother of Anzacs, and I can tell you that no one would dare to harm a hair of its bonny head. The Anzac mothers will see to that. We will form a guard for him if you like. Just say the word."

Miss Twelvetrees said that this letter will always be one of her most treasured possessions wherever she is.

## Stars Wanted

ANOTHER woman writes: "Stars! Stars! Stars! That is what we want in Australia. You are going to help us to develop our own film industry, and for that we will never, never forget you."

Hope springs eternal in the flapper breast. Here is a fervid little letter from Bondi to "Helen darling. I'm sure you don't mind my calling you that."

The letter concludes on a hopeful note: "Cheerio till I see you in your car somewhere in the city, and if you see a girl about 5 feet 5 inches high, with brown hair (it's wavy after about five years' training, and six perms), and grey eyes, I'm sure you'll know it is me and wave."

Another girl, from Marrickville this time, said that she had cut all the pictures of the star from the newspapers, and hung them over her bed with Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery. She asked for an interview with the star, and set out her reasons as under:

(1) I shall be filling a long-felt want.  
(2) I should have something to boast about.  
(3) I might be able to write an article for the newspapers.

## One For the Secretary

MOST of the girls ask for a photograph, and tell the actress how much they enjoy her acting. One was very anxious that her letter should get in the right hands.

"I suppose you have a mouldy old secretary with dyspepsia, who throws most of these letters into the wastepaper basket, but here's hoping he's

taken his bismuth when my letter arrives and he pokes it under your door."

A LETTER from the backblocks carries a pathetic note:

"I'd love to be in Sydney by the sea these days, and when I wasn't looking at the restful blue water, I would be on the look-out for a glimpse of you. Fancy me, a little bush mother, being able to come back home and tell them that I had seen a Hollywood movie star in the flesh. Even spoken to her."

Another note, equally pathetic in its way, is struck by the Australian actresses in the making. One of them epitomises their plight when she says: "I suppose you are being stormed at home and at the studio by people seeking work in films. Not the movie-struck, I mean the talented and gifted who seek a chance. It must be awful for you, but how are we to get our feet on the ladder if we never get a chance. There are a lot of film watchdogs, and the tragedy of it is that they sometimes bite the wrong people."

There is no note of envy in these letters. A case is just being stated, and there is nothing but admiration for the star.

## Home Town Boost

AUSTRALIANS under the hard shield of an outward cynicism must be the most patriotic people in the world. Many letters are simply propaganda sheets for the beauties and advantages of Australia, and carry a boost for the old home-town. One letter from a town in North-West Victoria says:

"I suppose by this time you have seen our 'Arbor, and the Sydney Bridge, but if you want a glimpse of the real Aussie and a smell of the gum-leaves you should come to our little town. We have turf wickets on the local cricket ground, and our saleyards are considered the best within 100 miles. 'Come up and see us some time!'"

A strange story is told in the letter-

heads and addresses of the writers. Some come on the august note-paper of Parliament House, others are written on sheets from exercise books.

Many simply ask for a signed photograph to mark a great occasion, while others just plumb the depths of hero-worship. One letter says: "Mother and I were very close to you when you visited the Arts Club recently, and I almost died of excitement and thrill." And yet another says: "I shook hands with you when you got off the boat; I'm sure you will remember me. I was wearing a purple jumper and black beret, and you smiled right at me."

## Wide Choice

A HANDFUL of letters taken at random from the pile disclose a note from a woman in the suburbs with a keepsake she is anxious to deliver personally to the actress: a letter from a professional astrologer offering to read the stars and assuring the fair Helen that a preliminary survey had shown her that "Thoroughbred" would be great box office; a neatly written, almost copperplate, epistle from a clergyman asking the star if she were acquainted with the pastor of the Lutheran temple at Hollywood or Los Angeles. Another one burst into poetry relative to the charm of the actress and expressed hopes for her success in Australia. Other letters are just friendly mother-to-mother notes, and refer to films not at all, but deal solely with the care and welfare of the Twelvetrees youngster.

Yet another said: "When they see you on horseback in the films people will say you are a 'dinkum Aussie,' and I can't think of anything nicer than that."

Meanwhile the postman who delivers the fan mail thinks it's a great idea. He considers that when we have our own Australian stars, the delivery of their fan mail will go a long way towards solving the problem of unemployed letter-carriers.



# Intimate Jottings



## Did You Know That—

Elaine Hamill, New Zealand beauty, wears jet-black wig in "Thoroughbred" as contrast to blondes in cast? Elaine's looks survive any treatment.

Mrs. George Dale, who flew to London from Australia, returns by ship? Panama Canal chosen route.

## Sara June's Birthday

BOXING DAY to be spent travelling by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern and daughter Sara June. Little girl will spend first birthday in Victoria. Family to be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Baillien, Mrs. Hordern's parents, at Colwyn, on heights of Portsea cliffs. Last season lovely home was used by Lord and Lady Huntingfield when they felt in need of sea breezes. Large party to be held in honor of Sydney visitors New Year's Eve. Sara will have birthday party first day of February.

## Much Too Young

COLLEEN GAYE HALL missing from party given in her honor and that of pretty mother at Elizabeth Bay House early in week. Colleen considered a trifle young yet for such sophisticated entertainment. Mrs. Neville Hall kissed her good-night prior to party in lovely frock of ice-blue satin cut on Grecian lines. Margaret Vyner, all trim and tailored in black satin with gold lame coat, Sir Peter and Lady Horlick, Commander and Mrs. Hutchison and Glan Satchells among dancers.

Betty Brennan arrives this week in Sydney from Brisbane. Will be the guest of Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax and go with family to Bowral for usual country Christmas.

## Cornish Coast

MRS. JAMES SHUTE and niece Valerie Daniel still enjoying life in London, and no homeward passage yet booked. Recently spent five weeks in Cornwall. Stayed with friends who motored them two thousand miles over countryside. Coastline and moors full of beauty to travellers. London most musically-minded and all great artists giving concerts in and out of season, much to delight of Australians.

## Inspired by Musketeers

THREE MUSKETEERS much enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hope Osborne, Henry Charles Osborne couple, and the "Dinger" Bodes during week. Mrs. "Dinger" Bode's mother is member of Osborne family. All ladies very soignée. Collared black cloak worn by English visitor in party inspired by musketeers' apparel. Severe in style, but well suited to wearer.

Social debut of the "Beverly" made at Hotel Australia during week-end. Name inspired by "Buttery," famous snackbar at London's Berkeley Hotel.

## Chic Bohemians

MUSICAL circles very smartly clad these days. At farewell party to Budapest Quartet not one head of leonine hair or flowing bow tie. Boyish Broadcast Commissioner, Charles Moses, and Mrs. Moses, in smart navy-and-white ensemble, circulated among guests. Mrs. Roismann, wife of first violin of quartet, looked particularly charming and sorry to say goodbye to so many friends. Mr. Cleary present with pretty daughter, also Bainton family. Visiting musicians sailed by Dutch boat to Macassar, where concerts to be held before further Eastern travels.

## Earl of Ranfurly

THE Earl of Ranfurly arrives end of February to take up aide-de-camp duties to Lord Gowrie of Canberra. Nobleman is just twenty-two and full of enthusiasm about first visit to Antipodes. New aide is great friend of Hon. Pat Hore-Ruthven, only son of Lord and Lady Gowrie, hence appointment. Family seat of Ranfurly clan is Northland House, Dungannon, County Tyrone, Ireland.

## Successful Art Student

SIR KESLO AND LADY KING delighted to hear praises of daughter Hazel from recently-returned travellers. Voice developing satisfactorily, and young artist making strides with musical studies. Maestro pleased with capacity for work. Hazel intends staying in London for indefinite period and finds much to entertain her in between studies.

## Linguistic Talents

JAMES OTTO SOBELL, holder of Italian Mol-lison Scholarship, is fluent linguist. Converses with ease in eight languages. Clever lad leaves for Italy and further studies early February. After few weeks with relations at Manly, Mrs. Sobell, student's mother, sailed for other side of globe, and will be in Europe to greet James.

## Supper on "Boulevard"

CONTINENTAL touches arranged for Christmas Eve party at Elizabeth Bay House. Awning erected and small tables dotted on lawns for supper had all appearance of Parisian Boulevards. Christmas tree piece-de-resistance. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly booked up for their Christmas party there. Mr. and Mrs. George White and Margaret Vyner also among list of revellers.



## Fishing Party

USUAL contingent of fishing fans from Vass district making for Narooma after Christmas. Roy Smith will no doubt hope for bigger and better sharks than Zane Grey hooks. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Milson and schoolgirl daughters from Frensham will be there, and Dora and Anne Triggs have high hopes of good sun-tanning at same resort.

Mr. Cramer entertained jolly Christmas party during week. Guests assembled at Arts Club for good cheer, then wandered next door to see host's compatriot play lead in "Third Floor Back."

## Russian Wedding

RUSSIAN traditions to be faithfully carried out at wedding of petite brunette Irma Forsyth and Constantine I. Kosloff early January. Assyrian Church used for occasion and priest with no knowledge of English to perform ceremony. Irma studies Russian in all spare minutes to be letter perfect. Prospective bride has Russian father and Spanish mother, and bridegroom speaks excellent English learned in Yokohama. Russian bridesmaids in apple-green will attend bride, who wears voluminous old-world moire gown. Own hair in plaits decorated with white flowers to set off white tulle veil. Breakfast of Russian dishes to be held at Russian Club for fifty guests.



TREES AND SHRUBS form the background to this photograph of Mrs. Kath Holden, taken in her garden at Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Holden's marriage to Mr. Ken Guest, of Melbourne, is expected to take place early next year.

—Women's Weekly photo.

## Golf-minded Couple

NILS STORACHER couple very golf-minded. Are building new abode as close to Leura golf links as possible. New golf house nearly completed is twice size of previous one. Has attractive tiled roof and interior arrangement of sliding doors that make it into huge reception room when necessary. Lovely dance floors intrigue younger generation, and generation not so young.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dennis on arrival of son and heir keeping interstate wires busy. Mrs. Dennis formerly Madeline Mackay Sim, now residing in Melbourne.

## Breezy Letter-writer

CARL THOMAS writes breeziest letters. Scribbles on just as he speaks. Carl made off for country in new car for breather before studying latest steps with London's best exponents. Traveller decided that mechanics not so hot, and will never forget first day behind wheel in London traffic. Open spaces of Scotland and Ireland much easier to cope with.

## Merry Medical Men

DOCTORS made merry at Forum Club at week-end party. Dance arranged by junior committee of Sydney Hospital Auxiliary great success. Gardenas for hair adornment definitely becoming vogue. One blonde dancer looked fetching with exotic flowers tucked in curls. Frock of blue and red-riding-hood cape of pink velvet gave pleasing effect. Dr. and Mrs. Holloway recently returned from abroad. Dr. and Mrs. Redvers Shute, and Dr. Greg Roberts entertained.

Mrs. T. F. Furber leaves for Australia this month after a year's travel abroad. She arrives via the Cape, last day of January.

## Canadians Foregather

FOR first time in Sydney Canadian residents having gathered to celebrate Christmas. Roy McMorris, recently appointed Australian manager of Canadian Pacific Railway, and jolly wife prime movers in party. No maple leaves or anything of sort, but Canadian accent gave correct atmosphere to informal party. Hotel Wentworth chosen for festivities.

## Viceroy's Surgeon

COLONEL AND MRS. McCOWAN, who recently spent holiday in Sydney, now in London enjoying furlough. Colonel is honorary surgeon to Viceroy of India. Couple were badly shaken in Quetta earthquake and recovering slowly from shock. Mrs. Basil Holmes, an Australian, also at Quetta during tragedy, sends Christmas greetings to friends from England. Husband, Major Holmes, still in earthquake zone.

## Have You Noticed—

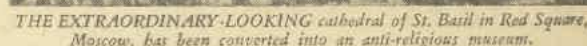
Blue hair affected by Madame Hans Fay to tone with grey frock and silver fox furs.

Jane Lane



ional Library of A

## ht



<http://nla.gov.au/nla>

The Soviet leaders are mainly concerned about the leisurely habits of the Russian worker in so far as it affects the heavy base industries. Modern warfare needs heavy industries to provide guns, munitions, tanks, transportation, and aeroplanes. Consequently, in these industries, workers are especially encouraged to improve their work and increase their output. In fact, next to the soldiers of the Red Army, these factory workers are the best off of the general population.

la.news-page460

Write your Social Telegram on the usual form, inserting the word "SOCIAL" before the address.



# Mandrake the Magician

MEET THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, is in Arabia, on the trail of **SAKI:** The world's greatest thief. The task is the hardest Mandrake has ever tackled, since Saki is a master of disguise; even the thieves he rules have never seen his true face; they know of his activities only by the little clay camel he leaves. The great magician, however, is all the more determined to hunt him down because

**PRINCESS NARDA:** a beautiful girl and old friend of Mandrake, has been robbed by Saki of her Crown Jewels. Accompanied by **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian slave, Mandrake penetrates into the Thieves' Market, and thence to the Thieves' Auction, to which inner sanctuary they are guided by **OLD KATE:** A charwoman. Bidding is going on as they enter. Now continue—





**TWICE AS  
LOVELY SINCE SHE  
GOT RID OF . . .**

**NERVES**

End "Mineral  
Starvation" and  
"Nervos"—put  
a sparkle in  
your eyes and  
colour in your  
cheeks.



Even if you've despaired of ever feeling fit again—if you've gone about nervy, listless and depressed—pale and lifeless—you can take heart, for what you are most likely suffering from is "Mineral Starvation," and that can be corrected pleasantly, safely and quickly with Bidonak. Our ordinary diet lacks vital food minerals—iron, lime, potash, sodium, phosphates, and glycerophosphates. These are the minerals needed to create new rich blood, a keen sharp brain, buoyant muscles and a first-class digestion—and Specialists have been able to incorporate them in Bidonak in a pre-dissolved liquid form for quick assimilation.

Bidonak has been described as "The Tonic of the Century" because it has been so universally successful in relieving cases of nerves and depression. It tastes nice—contains no drugs—is not habit forming and it is safe for children.

It improves your looks and makes you feel good. Get a bottle today.

**BIDONAK**

The Tonic of the Century for  
"Nerves, Brains, and that  
Depressed Feeling"

3/- at all Chemists and Stores

Product of the Douglas Drug Co., Distributors by the Douglas Drug Co., Sydney (S. C. Park, Manager); Douglas Drug Co., Adelaide; Roche-Townsend Ltd., Melbourne; Wood, Son & Co., Perth and Broken Hill; Fairbairn & Co., Launceston.

### "Search for Film-Stars" Competition No. 13

#### RESULTS

Eight entrants submitted fully correct solutions and therefore share the prize, £25 cash, each receiving £12/6.

MRS. E. BELLDEN, 28 Morrisville St., Bathurst.  
MRS. C. HANDFORD, 5 Elizabeth Plains, Artarmon.  
MR. F. PARKER, 23 Claremont St., Campbell.  
MRS. A. D. COLE, 16 Carlisle St., Ashfield.  
MRS. J. MURPHY, 2 "Whispering Court," 5 Undercliffe St., Neutral Bay.  
G. HUNTER, 220 Osborne St., Williamstown, Vic.  
T. W. CHARLES, 360 Station St., Box Hill, Vic.  
E. A. EVANS, North Shore, Geelong, Vic.

#### SOLUTION

1 John Baker; 2 Constance Bennett; 3 Natalie Tshandava; 4 Leonard Carter; 5 Frank Fay; 6 Jack Howard; 7 Jack Holt; 8 Fay Weay; 9 Jack Ocker; 10 George Raft; 11 Clara Bow; 12 Reginald Denny; 13 Katharine Hepburn; 14 Pranchai Toner; 15 Charles Farrell; 16 Janet Gaynor.

No. 16 Competition will appear in the Next Issue.

### Those Unsightly Grey Wisps

Beautiful hair provides one of the chief attributes of femininity, and Allen's Medicated Walnut Shain restores the natural shade with such perfection that it is used exclusively in the leading beauty salons. Application is so easy that private treatment is safe and sure. Allen's Shain provides an inexpensive way to make the hair rich and glorious. All Chemists, 4/- per bottle in brown or black. Made by Fulton, Grimshaw, and Durand, Ltd., Melbourne. 3-3-3.

### "This is no time to look plain," says clever Mrs. M—

"This is the time when husbands and sweethearts need cheering up . . . the psychological effect of a plain, dowdy woman is depressing in the extreme! How right she is in what she says—and does! Night and morning Mrs. M— applies pure mercolized wax to face, neck and arms. This simple care rids pores of dirt and powder, entirely removes particles of dead skin, keeps the complexion free from freckles, roughness, and blemishes of any kind. She refuses to ruin her hair with soapy shampoo. Just a teaspoonful of stallax granules in warm water keeps her scalp so healthy that her pretty hair is always bright and shining. Occasionally she touches her greying hair with tannalumi. This simple but amazingly effective lotion harmlessly restores grey hairs to their natural colour. To give a healthy, natural colour to the cheeks she uses collindium. For the excess fat she took a course of Ovisol Bervin, which soon took the ugly fat away. The annoying superfluous hair on chin and lip was melted away with Pheniminol, and the regular use of the new Dearborn Face Powder has given her an appearance she is really proud of. 3-3-3.

AFTER which, they would whistle through the letter box, and then run off laughing down the street. What awful Scrooges people were really. She had a present for Michael. She would give it to him to-morrow.

A light clear laugh came from the corridor outside, and then a clear young voice: "Mike, you ass, Mike, you are an ass!" Then Mike's voice, "Well, dear idiot, Jan's got the Christmas spirit—the house is full of mistletoe!" There was the sound of running feet, light feet, followed by heavier ones—and a burst of laughter.

Jan looked at herself in the glass again. Her face was more ivory white than usual. Leslie poked her head through the door. "Coming, Jan my love? Jan! you look wonderful!" She laughed breathlessly. "Jan, this is a lovely party. The house looks lovely—more Christmas than anything I've ever seen. Come on, Jan, let's play our old game of contrasts and go down together. My dear, how long is it since we first started it? Heavens, how many years?"

"Be quiet," said Jan harshly; "for heavens sake Leslie, let's forget the years!"

They went down. The room was full of shiny candles and mistletoe whose pale moons gleamed against the mirrors, and Michael was laughing down into a girl's face. The others were talking, and for a second no one noticed them. Then the girl who laughed back at Michael saw them and gave a little gasp.



THE NEW INTERNATIONAL fencing uniform (pictured above) is now being worn by women in various parts of the world. It consists of white breeches and a white padded jacket.

"How lovely you look!" she cried.

To Jan's sensitive ears there was a hint of surprise in the girl's voice, a tone of youthful, intolerant amazement that anyone who had passed thirty could look lovely. And Jan detected a challenge in the wide agate eyes with their soft brown lashes, in her lifted head with its halo of red-gold hair. She was young and shingled and her frock of pale green chiffon was a floating, swirling thing; and she had the world before her. And Michael—Michael left her and came over to Jan.

"Jan," he said.

Janice smiled at him, the famous smile which had made her name known as a charming woman as well as a clever novelist.

"Do you like my party, Mike?"

"It's a marvellous party."

He was so very dear to her. The short thick wave in his hair, the blue Irish eyes, the strong cleft chin, and the Irish voice with the old songs in it. Then the girl, Clive Darrel, was at his elbow.

"Oh, Mike," she said, "isn't it a lovely party? And outside it's snowing, and at twelve the waits will come."

"Let's dine," said Jan in her slow lazy voice. "And after dinner—we'll play."

AFTER dinner they came back to a room that was cleared, where the candles quivered in scones and the red holly berries looked like cherry stones beside the frothy mistletoe. Even the blazing fire couldn't warm the mistletoe berries. Outside the snow piled up noiselessly on the balcony. Jan went up to see Dennis. He was sitting in bed, his mouth twisted. The curtains were drawn back so that the thick snowflakes as they sailed past the window looked strange and uncanny.

"Party going well?" he asked.

"Beautifully," said Jan, "can't you hear them?"

She sat with him for some time, feeling furiously tired and remote. The sound of the party downstairs was like the sound of an off-stage party in a play. How tired she felt! All through dinner she had been conscious of strain, the necessity to talk and talk—to keep Michael's attention from straying. She had been aware of a

## CHRISTMAS PARTY

Continued from Page 6

think I'm a fool for interfering—but—"

"It's all right," said Janice. "I'm going to bed."

SHE went very slowly upstairs, and at the bend where the boy and the girl kissed each other she stopped and pressed herself close to the wall. Michael was speaking.

"You see, little Clive, we can't do it. Jan—Jan, well, she's different to you. I've loved her for years, and in a way I shall always love her. I can't let her down."

Clive's voice was thick with tears. "Mike—darling, I wouldn't want you to; but Mike—I love you so!"

"Little Clive," he whispered. "How long ago was it since she had heard those caressing tones in Michael's voice? Two years? She walked on to the landing. 'Hello, children,' she said, 'come downstairs. We're going out to see the Christmas dawn break.'"

They followed her downstairs. Tony was still playing the piano. She went over to him. He raised an eyebrow. "Janice," he said, "why did you give this party? It's not going well, and you look like a death's head."

"Tony," she said, "just how long has Michael known Clive?"

"Dunno, Jan. Bout six months, I suppose."

"He's known me for five years."

She looked at Tony with a queer intent look, and his thin, haggard face flushed.

"Yes, Jan—?"

"Well, what do you think, Tony?"

"Jan, my dear, you know better than I. They're neither of them got a penny, but—"

There was suddenly a scream, a flurry, and a blaze. The amber curtains were wreathed in scarlet snakes. Two frantic thoughts sobbed hysterically in Jan's head—Dennis and Leslie.

She ran blindly through the choking smoke, and out into the hall where the smoke was beginning to wreathe, and up the stairs. As she ran she gasped, "Dennis! Oh, Dennis, my dear—my poor dear!"

She didn't know she was saying it. When she got to his room, Dennis was half sitting, and his manservant was trying to get him out of bed, but he waved him back when Jan came into the room, and a queer brilliant smile flickered over his face.

"Jan!" he said.

There was something in his voice that caught at her heart; a sort of relief, as though something he feared had been miraculously vanquished.

"Jan!" And she stumbled forward and took his hands.

"Dennis," she cried, "let Timothy and I help you down. Oh, quickly!"

But he still held her hands, and would not let her go. Over his shoulder to Timothy he said:

"Jan!"

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But he still held her hands, and would not let her go. Over his shoulder to Timothy he said:

"Jan!"

"Dennis," she cried, "let Timothy and I help you down. Oh, quickly!"

But he still held her hands, and would not let her go. Over his shoulder to Timothy he said:

"Jan!"

## "SEE how things are

—they may have got it out." And as Timothy scintilled to the door Dennis looked at Jan again, searchingly, and she looked back at him.

"What were you afraid of?" said Jan at last.

"You know," he said, "I have always been afraid of it. But I shall never be afraid again."

"You were right to be afraid, Dennis," she said, "I didn't know myself that there was any need for you to be afraid until to-night."

"It's all right, sir," said Timothy from the door, "they're getting it under."

"Go to bed, Timothy," said Dennis.

The manservant withdrew.

"I think," said Jan, "that for so long I have been seeing myself as a wonderful person; and I did love Michael. But I suppose that at the back of it all I really loved you best. That takes a lot of my virtue doesn't it? My renunciation wasn't really a renunciation."

"I couldn't have blamed you," said Dennis.

She stood up and drew back the curtains. It had stopped snowing, and London was white and still.

"Merry Christmas!" said Dennis.

"Happy Christmas!" she said, and kissed him. "I must go down now. Den, and look after people."

As she went into the room she saw Michael standing by Clive, and he looked at her with miserable ashamed eyes. She stood by the door and held out her hands. "A happy Christmas!" she said, and her voice was as cheerful as a blackbird's. "And hadn't you better come down to the dining-room, and forage for food and drink?"

As the others went off she went over to Michael, who was sitting with Clive, and held out her hands.

"Mike," she said, "neither of us looked for the other! That shows, doesn't it? And it is our Christmas present to one another."

He kissed her hands, and then she took their arms and walked down to the dining-room with them; and as they went the queer quirk of humor that kept her vision in perspective attacked her. They were all admiring her and telling each other what a wonder she was, what a good loser; and to the end of her days she would let them think it—they would never know she had lost nothing.

Leslie came up to her.

"Jan," she said soberly, "now that you have given Michael his little girl, he doesn't want her. Look!"

Michael was staring at Jan, his eyes aghast and longing. She shut off her personality, as one turns off a tap, and presented to him a shining strange presence. Then she turned, and went upstairs to Dennis. And as she went, she thought, "Poor child! I was right when I told Leslie that everybody has to fight through."

She knocked at Dennis's door.

"May I come in?"

"Jan," he said, "Jan, my dear!"

She opened the door and slipped in.

(Copyright)

## TICKETS for the STALLS

Continued from Page 16

A SOLITARY, sodden figure was waiting by the gallery exit when the crowd commenced to pour out, three hours or so later. It was Roger! He was almost unrecognisable, by reason of the fury which disfigured his normally pleasant features.

Presently there came into sight down the stone staircase the lengthy figure of Mr. Arnold Boardman, laughing and talking animatedly with a girl in a bright green hat, and apparently oblivious to the rest of the world. Not for long did he remain in this blissful condition, however, for no sooner did he emerge into the open than his arm was seized in a vengeful clutch.

"Oh, here you are, Roger," said Mr. Boardman, in a pleased voice. "You're the very fellow I've been looking for all night."

"Oh!" snarled Roger. "Oh! So you've been looking for me, have you?"

"Yes—couldn't see you anywhere," said Arnold innocently. "I want to congratulate you, old man. That was a fine idea of yours."

"A fine idea?"

"Sending that note, I mean. It was genius, Roger. I shan't forget it."

"You—you—" Roger sneezed heartily, and glared with watering eyes at the cheerful Arnold.

"This, Roger," continued Arnold, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "is Miss Daresbury. I told you about her. You remember—the revolving door at the Great Northern Bank. This, Marion, is Roger Ward, my faithful friend from youth up. A stout fellow—we owe everything to him," he added fervently.

"Pleased to—pleased to meet you," wheezed Roger feebly. "Atishoo!"

Mr. Boardman made as if to move on, but remembered something.

"By the way, that reminds me," he remarked. "Would you like to do me another favor to-night, Roger?"

Mr. Ward tried to say something, but sneezed instead.

"Ed—Ed like to—atishoo!"

"Good!" said Arnold blithely. "You see, it concerns my cousin, Claire."

Roger wiped his eyes.

"I haven't seen her for ages, but we happened to look over the balcony rail between the acts, and there she was, in the stalls!"

Roger lowered his handkerchief.

"Sitting in the fourth row, near the middle," Arnold went on conversationally. "I recognised her straight away by her curly dark hair, and she looked awfully nice in a pink sort of frock with a white chinchilla wrap—"

"Wha—a-ah?" gasped Roger.

"En?" I said pink frock and chinchilla wrap," repeated Arnold, in surprise. "Now, the least I can do is wait and wish her the compliments of the season and so on, but—" he glanced meaningfully at Marion—"as it happens I—er—haven't time. Now, Roger, I was wondering if you'd mind—"

A damp and trembling hand was laid on his arm.

"What?" demanded Roger huskily, "did you say her name was?"

"En? Claire, Claire Boardman, of course."

Roger closed his eyes dreamily for a moment.

"Exquisite!" he murmured. "Heavenly! Who'd have thought it?"

"But! Thought what?"

"That a gorgeous vision such as she could be related to a silly idiot with a shiny nose and big ears like you!" said Roger, lost in wonderment.

"Why, you cheeky chump!" said Arnold wrathfully. "Look here—"

But a glimmering pink figure emerged at that moment from the vestibule and stood hesitating in the group of people who were waiting for taxis. It was Claire. Roger drew a deep breath and charged purposefully through the crowd in her direction.

(Copyright)



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

December 28, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

25

## Adorable Baby Linens for the New Year!

Bertha Maxwell uses Rosebuds most enchantingly for a lovely little Pillow-case and Cot-cover

JUST a little conventional rose in the corner of the daintiest pillow-case, the kind of rose which is made for stitchery and shows the beauty of handwork so well; and then a few leaves and wee bits of cutwork. All small and fairylike for a baby's special possession. And on the cot or pram cover, the same touch of work used only twice, with a few stitched dots and an initial letter.

So delicate and yet so strong, these baby linens will satisfy your love of the beautiful for your treasure, and yet endure the hardest wear and frequent laundering.

WHEN you wheel your baby out for his walk, when you invite a friend to see how beautiful he is asleep, your pram or cot linens will reveal your character as nothing else will; babies are tiny for such a short period that everything they possess and use should be as good and pretty as possible. Just an hour or two now and then with your needle will bring these lovely things to your hands.

for working. In linen (same as quoted for pillow-case). Price, 3/9.

Pink or blue Cesarine, 3/3.

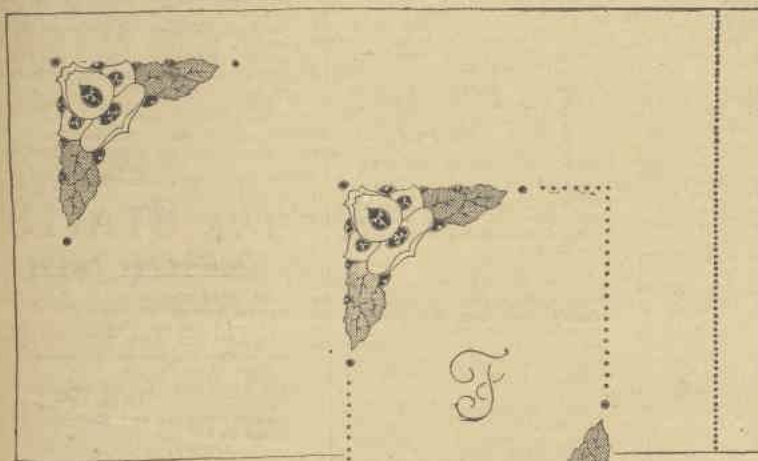
### Alphabets

If you would like an initial letter on the cover, send for one of the pretty alphabets at 9d each, either the quaint Chinese letters which are so easy to do, or the curving, graceful script letters like the letter F in the illustration.



THE PILLOW-CASE and cot-cover as presented by Bertha Maxwell will give happy service for as long as is required by your babe. They will come from the tub and iron fresh as new always, and will stand up to the hardest treatment.

LEFT: CLOSE-UP of the rosebud design showing arrangement on cot-cover and pillow-case. You may have these adorable baby needs in linen or Cesarine. In white, cream, pink or blue linen, or in pink or blue Cesarine. See article for prices.



Nothing for baby wear is better than handworked linens or cottons, and these which we offer combine those other necessary features of utility and constant freshness from tub and iron, for they will stand up to the hardest treatment and look all the better for it.

We have prepared for you a little pillow-case, all in one piece. The dear little stitchy design is in one corner away from the opening, and all you have to do is to embroider it, and then sew up the small case to cover the wee pillow stuffed with down, or the finest chicken feathers. The cot-cover measures 27 inches wide by 36 inches long, with the design stamped in the centre; finish the edges to suit yourself.

These are the materials and prices:

Stamped baby pillow-case with cut edges, stamped for embroidery, in white or cream linen, or in blue or pink linen. Price, 2/6.

Stamped cot-cover, 27 x 36, cut edges, with panel in centre

### Making Up the Case

If this is made up after the embroidery is finished, it will be easier to manage; the method of making is the same. Stitch up the two seams on the long sides, and make them as fine

### WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE?

If there is anything you would like to make, write to Bertha Maxwell at this paper and describe it. Replies will be sent to letters with a stamped envelope, and your wishes will be carried out if possible in the lovely series of designs which we are planning for your next year's work.

French seams by sewing first on the right side, trimming closely, and sewing again on the wrong side. The opening at the end is then hemmed as you wish.

If you are having hemstitching, you will, of course, put this together to suit your own crochet or lace; may we suggest that a baby's pillow-case is better without hemstitching? The slight ridge which hemstitching forms is always apt to print a pattern on a baby's delicate skin, and may even cause irritation.

Good flat machine sewing is satisfactory, and there is nothing better than fine hand hemming and seaming—it takes such a little time to do on these dainty things.

### The Cover

NARROW hems all round are always good, or whipped-on lace or crochet. The top hem of the cover may be fastened with satin dots on the right side to match the dots in the panel design; take a ruler and pencil

and make marks one-quarter of an inch apart, then stitch over these.

### The Embroidery

RUN a thread round all the lines and buttonhole finely and firmly. Watch the illustration, if necessary, to keep the cut places correct; make a picot on the bars if you wish, but they will not appear in the linen stamping, as they are sometimes too small for the little tools which make the patterns for you. Snip out the small cut bits when the work is finished, and press well.

### Without Cutwork

If you wish to work the design without cut effects, you can get a most lovely appearance by filling in the cut pieces with tiny seed stitches or dots. Work them first on the lines which you do not wish to buttonhole for cutting, then fill in the rest of the space by going round and round with your seedings.

## Clever IDEAS

**IMPROVED STEAMER:** If you haven't a proper steamer, here's an idea that will do just as well: Take a piece of strong muslin, put in it the vegetables to be steamed, cover with lid of saucepan you will be using for the steaming, and tie the corners of the muslin over the top of the lid. Place lid on saucepan. Thus the vegetables will be between saucepan and lid, and will get the maximum of heat while meat, etc., is being cooked below in the saucepan.

**MENDING BROKEN CHINA:** You may quite simply mend broken china yourself. Wash and dry the broken edges carefully, and brush over a little white lead. Now press all parts firmly and carefully together and hold them together with elastic bands or string. Allow a month for the white lead to set and harden. After this time you will be able to wash the china in hot water without any risk of breakage.

**KITCHEN GLASSWARE:** If glassware is being used in the kitchen—and you can buy some very attractive and sturdy utensils in glass—place it in a pan of cold water, and let it come to the boil slowly. The glass will then not crack so easily.

**TEA THRIFT:** As soon as you get your tea, empty it out of its container on to greaseproof paper, place in a warm oven for a few minutes. This not only improves the flavor of the tea, but makes it go further.

**FOR LINOLEUM:** When linoleum is looking shabby give it a coat of varnish—but don't be too lavish with the brush. Leave for requisite time without walking on it.

**PASTRY CUTTERS:** Instead of throwing away empty tins, keep the lids at least. Then you will have an excellent variety of shapes and sizes for pastry cutters.



**EVENING GARDEN**  
FACE POWDER



2/6

Send 1d. stamp (to cover postage) to 491 Kent St. Sydney, and we will forward you a free sample!

by **Imex**

### DRINK VICTIM SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness, and home—his wife relieved him with "DRINKO". This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your mental health. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE P.T.Y., 333 George St., Sydney.

### INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments INVISIBLY MENDED and Cleaned and Pressed at SYDNEY WEAVING CO.

90 PITT ST. Phone: BW9952.

**HORLICK'S**  
"COLD" . . . Give it to all the family for Summer Vitality.. Buy a tin to-day!

# TREATS for the NEW YEAR

## Prize-winning Recipes in Our Best Recipe Competition

Here are recipes from readers to stir the palate after the Christmas feast. They are prize-winners in our weekly best recipe competition, for which each week we award £1, 10/-, and four prizes at 2/6 each.

If you have not entered a recipe, start the new year well, and send in now. Just write your entry out clearly, mark the entry and envelope "Best Recipes," and forward to this office.

Note the simplicity and tastiness of these recipes:

### SPAGHETTI BEEHIVE

One rabbit, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 onion, pepper and salt, tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs.

Wash rabbit and allow to stand in salted water for three hours. Cut into joints and cook in a saucepan with two cups of water, salt, pepper, and sliced onion. Cook until tender. Remove bones, cut meat in slices. Line a mould with cooked spaghetti arranged in beehive fashion, fill with sliced rabbit, tomato, and sliced eggs; pack firmly. Dissolve gelatine in hot stock and pour into mould. Chill. When set, set on plate surrounded with shredded lettuce. Salmon, chicken, or other meats may be used instead of the rabbit.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Wickfield, 5 Thomson St., Hamilton, Vic.

### PRESERVING FRUITS WITHOUT SUGAR

Fruits can be preserved without sugar. Use patent jars with rubber rings and screw tops. Choose sound, ripe, dry fruit, free from all specks and blemishes. Place fruit in colander and wash it by allowing the tap to run over it. Shake gently to dry as much as possible, but do not bruise the fruit. Fill the jars with fruit and pour in cold water to the very top of each jar. Adjust the rubber ring and screw on the cap, lightly—one turn will do. The caps must be left so that the air can escape during

boiling, otherwise the jars will burst. Stand the jars in a large pan, or a kerosene tin cut lengthways. Fill the pan with cold water to reach as far as the necks of the jars. Bring the water gradually to boiling point, and let it boil from 30 to 40 minutes; if you are bottling plums, damsons, apricots, cherries, gooseberries, etc., but for softer fruits, such as strawberries, currants, or raspberries, 20 to 25 minutes' boiling is adequate. Watch the fruit during the boiling process, so that it is thoroughly cooked without losing its shape. When the jars are removed from the pan, screw down the tops very tightly immediately and leave until cold. Store preserves in a cool, dark place.

Fruits can also be bottled without patent jars. Choose ordinary wide-necked bottles or jars and make them perfectly dry by putting them in the oven to get hot. Fill with any kind of fruit, so long as it is not too hard, and pour over the fruit the following mixture: Boil together 1 lb. loaf sugar, two pinches of salicylic acid, and a gallon of water, for six minutes, and use at once for covering fruit. Tie down with parchment paper or bladder while still hot.

Second prize of 10/- to Mrs. H. Schneider, 575 Ruthven St., Toowoomba, Qld.

### SARDINE CIGARETTES

Take a few sardines and scrape them. Roll out pieces of pastry very thin; cut into sizes 3 1/2 inches long and 1 1/2 inches wide, just large enough to wrap round sardines. Roll up each sardine in a piece of paste, with edges wet to join nicely. Fasten the ends. Brush with egg, roll in crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain and serve hot, or, before rolling, dip each sardine in grated cheese or curry powder. They are delicious for bridge evening.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Brennan, Alma St., Wew. Waa, N.S.W.

### LITTLE SHIPS

Four ounces flour (sifted), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons of grated cheese, a little pepper.

Mix all ingredients together. Rub in one tablespoon butter, make into a stiff paste with one egg-yolk and a little water; roll out, put little boat tins near together, lay paste on them, then run rolling-pin over; they are then easily cut. Prick well. Bake in medium oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cold fill with hard yolk of egg mixed with a little cream and cheese and little curry powder to taste. Decorate with shredded lettuce, diced beetroot or tomato. Stand three thin pieces of celery up in the mixture



in the boats. Arrange lettuce leaves for sails and the result is very pretty and tasty, and easy to eat without getting messy. They can be filled with any tasty fillings.

An ideal savory for the supper and bridge party.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Jones, Abbott St., Dungog, N.S.W.

### RUM PUDDING

Grate 3 ounces of stale breadcrumbs, and pour over them as much rum as will moisten them. When they are well soaked, beat them up with six ounces of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, and first the yolks, and afterwards the well-whisked whites, of four eggs. Pour the mixture into a buttered mould, and let it steam until done enough. Turn it upon a hot dish, pour half a tumblerful of rum over it, set light to this, and serve immediately. Time to steam the pudding, one hour.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Freda Giles, 31 Glen Osmond Rd., Eastwood, S.A.

### DATE PUDDING

One cup chopped dates, 1 small cup sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 large teaspoon carb. soda, 1 large teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup boiling water.

Put dates in bowl with sugar and soda. Pour in water and stir well, add flour (sifted) and cinnamon, butter (melted), and egg. Stir well, put in greased basin, and steam three hours. A delicious, rich pudding, enough for ten people.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. M. Peet, 123 Hopkins St., Moonah, Tas.

## GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

From Our Needlework Dept.

If you want to wish a Happy New Year with a gift, send to The Australian Women's Weekly for one or all of these charming needlework items listed below.



### CUTE "BUNNY" SET

COMPRISING feeder, traycloth, and envelope in good quality huckaback with "bunny" fast color applique patch, and hollyhock design, traced ready for simple outline embroidery. Neatly bound with strong material. Only 2/- for the set.

Dainty little "Betty" pinafore made of fast color linon and pretty crotches to tone. Size 18 inches. Price, 1/3 each. Prince George Souvenir Apron in wonderful quality crash for only 1/3 (post free), traced ready for work and bound in attractive colors. If you want a purely utilitarian apron and haven't time to embroider, the first tubbing will remove the design.

Natural-colored crash bridge table-cover, piped in brown with appropriate bridge motifs. Price, 2/9.

Large-daisy Apron in hard-wearing crash, piped, and traced for working in rapid lacy-daisy and outline stitchery, for 1/6 (post free).

Bowl Apron in best British calico, showing smart patchwork bowl already embroidered on to the apron. Prettily bound. Price, 1/6.

Send at once to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



Set lovely WAVES and CURLS like these at home!

Amami Wave-Set adds charm to even the loveliest hair. In just five minutes this fragrant lotion will give you a perfect setting. Deep glossy waves and wonderful little curls. 6 settings from the smaller sized bottle! Ask your Chemist or Stores for Amami Wave-Set when you buy your Amami Shampoo. Amami is essential to hair health and beauty.

**AMAMI**  
WAVE-SET & SHAMPOOS



DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

**DALTO**  
STICKING PLASTER

FOR FIRST AID - ALL CHEMISTS

Woman's "Nervous Breakdown" Averted

She was on the verge of a "nervous breakdown" when her Doctor recommended Wincarnis—the tonic wine that brings serenity to jangled nerves, rich blood to the veins and restful, refreshing sleep. Now she's a new woman. You, also, will be greatly benefited by Wincarnis. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

**WINCARNIS**

Puts Young Blood in your veins

**COCKROACHES CONTAMINATE**

Filthy Cockroaches vile flies, mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, ants and moths. All menace health or property; all should be killed, quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox.

Refuse all substitutes.

**FLY-TOX**

**LEG ULCER DISAPPEARS**

Another "VAREX" Success

"Just a line to tell you that 'Varex' treatment has been quite a success in my case."

writes one grateful user. The ulcer, with its consequent pain and swelling, has now

disappeared, and the leg is quite normal."

"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No rest is required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet, Varex Ltd., Pharmaceutical Chemist, 4343 George Street, Sydney, and 523 Collins Street, Melbourne.\*\*\*

**ASTROLOGY**

WHY I always be unlucky?

When will my conditions improve?

Will I realize my ambitions?

What are my future prospects?

An answer to all your questions and

Full Astrological Reading for 2/6

Send P.N. 2/6. Stamp, Birth-date, to

A. MOORE

Box 317H, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Incapacitated and Wounded Sailors and Soldiers' Association

SPECIAL NEW YEAR CROSS-WORD No. 7

£165 MUST BE WON

1st. £125 — 2nd. £25 — 3rd. £10

£5 will be paid to the competitor sending in largest number of entries.

Closing Date: MONDAY,

13th JANUARY, 1936.

Initial Entry Fee of 1/-, Each additional entry 6d. each.

£125 will be paid to the competitor who sends in a coupon giving the correct solution of the Crossword puzzle given below, or, in the event of no correct solution being received, the prize will be awarded to the competitor having the nearest solution to the correct one. In the event of a tie the prize of £125 will be equally divided between those competitors whose coupons contain the fewest errors. Second and third prizes shall be treated in like manner. ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON.

### CONDITIONS

FILL IN coupons in ink and your name and address in Block Capitals. You may send in as many diagrams as you wish. Extra diagrams

### No. 7

CROSSWORD CLUES  
All words in Chambers' 10th Century Dictionary and Supplement.

DOWN.  
1. Subjects.  
2. Vegetable.  
3. Prefix.  
4. Short for Ed-ward.  
5. Wrinkle.  
6. Concealed.  
7. Substit.  
8. Child's Parent (Abb.).  
9. Endowed.  
10. Boy's (Abb.) Name.  
11. Boy's (Abb.) Name.  
12. Boy's (Abb.) Name.  
13. Appendages.  
14. In Sometimes injured.  
15. Simply.  
16. A Third (Abb.).  
17. Large (Abb.).  
18. Not Easy.  
19. Child's Play - things.  
20. Place (Curtained).  
21. Neatly.  
22. Distress (Abb.).  
23. British Independence (Abb.).



Owing to this issue going to Press prior to closing of No. 6 Crossword, correct solution and prize-winners will be published in next issue.

Name .....

Address .....

(If Both Coupons used, send P.N. 1/6.) P.N.s to be made payable to the I. & W.S. & S. Association, and crossed. If Postal Notes unavailable, 1d Stamp Preferred.



# OH DEAR... Must We Eat AGAIN?

That will surely be the cry after the crowning achievements of Christmas—when, much feted, a little jaded, we face left-overs!

But Here Are Tasty Dishes To Be Made From Those Self-same Left-overs... Try Them!

MORE or less sated with richer foods than usual, appetites fade if the "wreckage" is not disguised in some way or other to restore to the palate a new interest in food. Remember that any reheating of meals should be done in well-flavored sauces, and it is most important that they should not boil in the reheating.

IN addition to the ordinary odds - and - ends, left - overs embrace the foods deliberately

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

RIGHT: Ham pasties—a rather intriguing breakfast dish can be made from the left-over Christmas ham.

planned for by cooking ahead in order to save time and labor.

The following ways of using up left-overs are only suggestions and many others may spring to the imagination of the cook who is interested in her work, and is not afraid to try new dishes.

Left-over meat, fish, poultry, etc., may be made into creamed meat, curry fritters, hash or ragout, jellied, meat loaf, pie, mince, rissoles, sandwiches, savory toast, soufflé, stuffing for vegetables or tomatoes.

## VEGETABLE LEFT-OVERS.

The throwing away of cooked vegetables, especially potatoes, is one of the commonest forms of waste. However small the quantity they can be used up. Whole cooked potatoes can be sliced and used in salads, or reheated in sauce and served "au gratin" with cheese or curried. Two or three kinds of vegetables can be mixed in a pleasing manner. Softer vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, mashed potato, turnips, etc., can be reheated in butter. Cold potatoes can be used for fish cakes, potato balls, covering a pie.

## LEFT-OVER PUDDINGS OR COLD SWEETS.

When any dessert is to be served for the second time, it should be transferred to a clean dish. Put rice or milk pudding into a glass dish, pour custard over it, and serve with stewed fruit.

Reheat steamed pudding over not water, or cut into slices and heat in the oven, or fry in hot butter. Serve with sugar.

Left-over jelly will look better if broken into small pieces and served in small glasses, decorated with cream; or melt the jelly, and when keeping to set, whip to resemble lemon sponge.

Remains of stewed or tinned fruits can be added to jelly to make a fruit mould, the syrup being used as part of the liquid. Small quantities of fruit can be used for fruit cake.

## GRILLED TURKEY LEGS.

Divide the legs at joints, and cut the meat across in shallow cuts with a knife. Brush over with melted butter, season with salt and cayenne, brown on both sides under a grill and serve very hot.

## TO REHEAT TURKEY.

For those who do not like made dishes, turkey can be reheated like a fresh roast. Wrap in buttered paper and place in hot oven just long enough to heat through. Cut into neat joints and serve with grilled ham, vegetables and gravy.

## DEVILLED TURKEY LEGS.

Grill the legs as previously, and serve very hot with the devilled sauce and boiled rice.

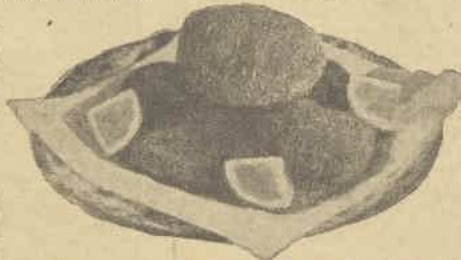
## DEVILLED SAUCE.

Melt one dessertspoon butter in saucepan, add 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, clotted cream, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, to taste. Cook for two minutes, rub through a fine strainer, reheat and serve at once.

**ANCHOVETTE**  
FISH PASTE  
SANDWICHES ALWAYS POPULAR  
-DELICIOUS ON HOT TOAST TOO!



CHICKEN PASTIES in course of cooking. For best results use a fry basket.



## REHEATING PLUM PUDDING.

No. 1: Cut the pudding into thin slices and place in a well-greased pie-dish. Pour over a custard made with one pint of milk and three eggs, sugar to taste. Bake in a slow oven till set. Serve hot or cold with cream.

No. 2: Cut the pudding into slices half an inch thick. Put on a buttered baking-dish. Dot with butter, cover with greased paper. Place in oven till thoroughly reheated, or fry in frying-pan. Serve with cold sauce.

## COLD CHICKEN SALAD.

Half pound cold chicken, 1 lettuce, 1 piece of beetroot or 3 tomatoes, salt, cayenne, salad dressing, hard-boiled egg.

Cut the chicken into inch squares, wash and dry the lettuce and break up into small pieces or shred finely with a knife.

Place the chicken in a glass dish, then add the lettuce. Garnish with slices of tomato or beetroot. Pour the dressing over and garnish with white of egg and grated yolk. Serve very cold.

## CHICKEN MOULD.

Slices of cooked chicken, 3 table-spoons minced ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 pint stock, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, salt, cayenne.

Cut the eggs into slices and arrange in a plain wetted mould. Lay in the slices of chicken and minced ham. Dissolve the gelatine in the stock; add salt, cayenne, and coloring if necessary. Pour carefully into the mould. Leave on ice till set. Turn out and garnish with salad vegetables.

## GIBLET PIE.

Giblets, 1 onion, salt, cayenne, bacon, 2 hard-boiled eggs, short-crust or flaky pastry, water.

Wash the giblets well. Cut into convenient-sized pieces; also cut onion and cook in water till tender. Put the giblets and onion in a pie-dish. Add the sliced eggs and bacon. Pour over a little of



CREAMED CHICKEN is one of the tasty dishes to be made from left-overs that will give you a new interest in food. The simple recipe is given on this page.



FRIED TO a golden brown, served hot on an attractive dish and decorated with parsley, chicken pasties will meet with immediate success.

the stock. Cover with pastry in the usual way. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve very hot.

## CHICKEN PASTIES.

Cold chicken, 2oz. ham, 1 cup white sauce, salt, cayenne, flaky pastry, frying fat, parsley.

Make the white sauce. Add to it the chopped chicken and ham, making a thick, stiff mixture. Season with salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley. Roll the pastry out very thinly; cut into rounds with plain cutter. Place a spoonful of the mixture on each round. Damp round edge and fold over, pressing edges securely. Place in fry basket. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve at once on paper doily. Garnish with parsley.

## DRESDEN PATTIES.

Bread, 6oz. cold poultry, 1 small onion, 1 gill brown gravy, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, frying fat, 1 tablespoon flour, breadcrumbs.

Cut bread into slices two inches thick. Stamp in rounds about three inches in diameter, then with cutter two inches smaller mark out a round. Hollow out the centre so as to leave neat case. Dip in milk, drain, brush over with egg. Coat with breadcrumbs. Wet fry. Drain. Chop fowl, mix with flour, onion, parsley, salt, and cayenne; add gravy and stir over gas till it boils—cook for three minutes. Fill the case with the mixture, heaping high in the centre. Place in oven for few minutes to ensure thorough heating. Sprinkle with the chopped parsley. Serve at once.

## CHICKEN CREAM.

Cold chicken, ham, white sauce, chopped parsley, salt, and cayenne.

Mince the chicken and ham. Add to the white sauce, with parsley, salt, and cayenne. Pour in scallop shells. Place in hot oven for a few minutes to reheat. Serve at once, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

## CURRIED FOWL.

One pound cooked fowl, 1 apple, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon sultanas, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 banana, lemon, 1lb. boiled rice.

Cut fowl into small pieces. Peel apple and onion and cut into dice. Melt fat in a saucepan, fry the onion and apple till brown, add the sultanas, sliced banana, flour, curry powder and sugar, then the water all at once. Stir till it boils and thickens. Cook for 15 minutes, add fowl, salt and cayenne, and

## Luscious Cherry Recipes

Before cherries, the most tempting of all summer dessert fruits, disappear, try these novel, delicious dishes and attractive ways of preserving them.

## CHERRY SPONGE.

Soak 4 level dessertspoons of powdered gelatine in 1 pint of cold water. Wash and stone, using 1 pint of water, 1 pound of cherries, and let them boil till very soft. Press through a colander. Let boil again, add 9 level tablespoons of sugar. Meanwhile, beat the white of 8 eggs to a stiff froth. Add the gelatine to the boiling mixture, and when it is quite dissolved pour all over the egg-white. Beat all through—let stand till near setting, then beat till it is all light and spongy. Pour into a wet mould to set and serve with boiled custard.

## CHERRY CREAM.

Stew 1 pound of cherries in half a pint of water, to which 4ozs. of sugar has been added. When soft, rub the fruit and liquid through a sieve. Melt 1oz. of gelatine in half a gill of water. Strain it into the fruit puree and add the juice of half a lemon. Whip half a pint of cream, and stir it into the fruit mixture. Color with a little cochineal, and

put into a mould rinsed with cold water. Leave to set in a cool place. Turn out, and garnish with crystallised cherries cut in half.

## CHERRY JAM.

Wash and stone six pounds of cherries, and return to pan with the cherry water. Boil till quite soft, then measure, and to each pint of fruit and liquid add 1lb. of crystal sugar. Put on fire again and boil till it thickens when tried out on a saucer. Bottle and cover with airtight covers.

## CHUDENBERY STEAM PUDDING.

Stone 1 pound of cherries and stew gently till soft. Add six tablespoons of sugar. Crumble 1lb. of bread into the mixture. Add a well-beaten egg, the rind and juice of a small lemon, and 2 tablespoons of butter. Beat all well with a fork and, just before cooking, add 1 rounded teaspoon of baking powder. Put into a greased mould and steam one hour. If the mixture seems too firm, add a little more water.

thoroughly reheat. Make a border of the cooked rice on a hot dish, pour the curry in the centre. Garnish with thin slices of lemon and sprinkle with yolk of hard-boiled egg and finely-chopped parsley.

## HAM CAKES.

Half-pound cooked ham, 1lb. potatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, parsley, cayenne, yolk of egg, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, fat.

Chop ham and eggs finely, add chopped parsley, mashed potato, cayenne, bind with beaten yolk of egg. Form into cakes, using a little flour to prevent from sticking. Dip in egg glazing. Toss in crumbs, then wet fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve at once on paper doily, garnished with lemon and parsley.

## HASHED DUCK OR GOOSE.

Put 1 cup stock into saucepan, add 1 carrot, 1 onion, and piece celery cut into small pieces. Simmer till tender, add tomato, and cook again till soft. Rub through a sieve. Thicken with blended flour. Cook for 1 minute. Add the duck or goose, salt, and cayenne to taste, either minced or cut into small pieces. Thoroughly reheat. Serve on hot dish with apple sauce, and garnished with rounds of fried bread.



A TRULY delightful dark plum Jam exclusive to Rosella. Packed in gold lined, hygienic cans, the 47 Rosella pure fruit Jams and Jellies are healthy and delicious, offering many ever welcome changes to brighten our summer meals. They also include:

ORANGE MARMALADE  
STELLAR PLUM  
RASPBERRY  
STRAWBERRY  
SEEDLESS STRAWBERRY  
QUINCE

**Rosella**



"I never realised that FLYWIRE could make so MUCH difference!"

"Up to a year ago I hadn't thought of imagining what life would be like without flies and mosquitoes in summer. But last spring my husband covered the windows, doors, chimneys, front verandah and back sleep-out with 'Cyclone' flywire. What a difference it made... to have no flies in the kitchen, no blowflies hunting the meat, no mosquitoes or moths. It was the best-tempered summer we've ever lived! Fitting the flywire did it—such an obvious, simple thing to do, and the cost is negligible."

**Cyclone**

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for seaside and the tropics. ZINCOD (Electric Galvanised)—standard weight, in widths from 10 in. to 48 in. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

## Mothers



These new fruit flavoured Junkets digest twice as easily as milk!

Enzyme in Junket breaks milk into soft fine curds that make it easier to assimilate and digest—that's why clever mothers see that children get Hansen's Junket every day! Besides, these new Hansen's Junkets—with the flavour and colour of fresh ripe fruits, are tempting to "fussy" young appetites—children who "won't drink milk" get their full quota in this delightful, healthful form. Hansen's Fruit Junkets are easy to make—no failures.

• If you prefer plain junkets, Hansen's Junket Tablets are obtainable at all grocers.

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**HANSEN'S**  
Essence for making  
**FRUIT JUNKETS**

ORANGE—LEMON  
RASPBERRY—VANILLA



# THE STARS in Their COURSES

This is the Month of  
the Goat People!

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society of Australia.

If born between December 22 and January 20, you belong to the sign Capricorn, whose zodiacal symbol is The Goat.

As the name implies, you are extremely agile, both mentally and physically, and are never content unless you are on the peak of things, or holding positions above others and attempting seemingly impossible climbs to the goals of success and prosperity.

**YOU** are powerful, dogmatic, shrewd, capable and ambitious. You are naturally reserved, persistent and cautious, so that you generally attain your desires. Your self-reliance and ability to organise earn you the respect and esteem of others, while your reliability and high sense of honor bring you the trust and love of those who need your advice and help.

You are well fitted to hold a responsible position, and to control the financial side of business matters, for your prudence, tact, and economy act as safeguards against unnecessary losses. Your main faults are a tendency to be suspicious, dogmatic, over-economical, and to look on the dark and melancholy side of things.

Your weak parts of the body are usually the bones, knees, teeth, and intestinal condition.

Capricornians are usually good at many vocations, and well-fitted to make money, so that they usually prosper.

In speculations, keep to solid, unsectacular things, such as land, insurance,

mines, leather, and old-fashioned goods or methods.

As likely as not, you will decide against marriage, or else desire to delay it until youth has passed. You demand

almost too much of the partner, and thus often prove the means to your own unhappiness in the marriage state.

Those born under the signs, Taurus (April 21 to May 22), and Virgo (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23) will usually prove the best partners, although those born under the signs, Pisces (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21), and Scorpio (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23) also understand you well.

MISS JUNE MARSDEN.

tures, make changes, especially on the 30th and 27th Dec.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Avoid delays and upsets on the 26th and 27th.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Get busy on the two last days of the year.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): You can utilise the 24th and 25th.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): The 23rd Dec. ushers in your birth, so make hay while the sun shines. Things should go your way on the 26th and 27th of Dec., so plan ahead.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Your days this week will be the 28th and 29th.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): End the year well by planting affairs for Dec. 30 and 31.

Test these dates for yourself. Do not accept them blindly.

## The Daily Diary

**ARIES PEOPLE** (Mar. 21 to April 21): Be careful after the 22nd of Dec., though the 24th and 25th should be quite fair.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Good news. A good month begins for you this week, so plan well ahead. Try to use the 26th and 27th Dec.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 23): Your affairs improve on the 28th and 29th, but live quietly on the 24th and 25th.

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): It is your turn to live cautiously for some weeks. Try to avoid losses, especially on the 26th and 27th. Slightly better on Dec. 30 and 31.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Make the most of the 24th and 25th.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Plan well ahead for 30 days. Start new ven-

tures, make changes, especially on the 30th and 27th Dec.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Avoid delays and upsets on the 26th and 27th.

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Test these dates for yourself. Do not accept them blindly.

# CAULIFLOWERS and CABBAGES! RAISE YOUR OWN

Two of the most nutritious greens...  
seed, planted now, will reach maturity  
in the months of May and June

— Says the OLD GARDENER!

Utilise a clear patch of back garden to grow cauliflowers and cabbages, two of the most popular and nutritious of green vegetables. Food experts say there are more vitamins in the leaf of a cabbage than in any other vegetable, while well cooked, both cabbage and cauliflower are delicious.

It is a fascinating thing to watch, under your careful guidance, the young cabbage hearts form and harden, the cauliflowers appearing.

**THOSE** people who wish to raise and grow their own cabbage and cauliflower this season should purchase the seed now and sow it immediately.

These two vegetables take many months to mature. They reach their maturity in the cool months of the year, so, if sown now, they will be ready for use during the months of May and June.

In small gardens they can be grown over a much longer period than in large areas. Most people think that along the coast and in warmer districts it is useless to try and grow them, but, if the seed is planted at the right time, the soil brought up to the proper condition with special care and attention through the growing period, quite good cabbages and cauliflowers can be produced.

Sow the seed in the nursery beds. Dig the plot over well, press down firmly with a flat board, then sprinkle the seed

over the surface. Cover with well-decayed manure, rubbed through a fine sieve. Give a good watering, and in a few days, the young plants will be through.

## When to Prick Out

**DO** not let them dry out, keep the nursery bed well watered. When the young plants have their third leaf, prick out into boxes, planting them an inch each way. Keep them well watered, and in a month to six weeks they will be ready for transplanting.

Then all you have to do at transplanting time is to carry the box to the plot, give the plants a thorough watering about half-an-hour beforehand. Then cut round each plant with a sharp knife, taking as much soil as possible with each plant. By this method, the transplanting can be carried out on the hottest of days without receiving any check whatever.

## They're Heavy Feeders!

**BOTH** cabbages and cauliflowers are heavy feeders, so the ground must be prepared thoroughly. Deep digging or trenching is advisable, and during this operation, add to the soil plenty of well-decayed manure or bush scrapings, old grass, leaves, refuse from the kitchen, or manure from the compost.

All this material adds humus to the soil, and the more humus the greater the water-holding capacity.

An ideal bed to select for this vegetable is where a crop of early potatoes has been harvested. When the bed has been thoroughly prepared, a scattering of blood and bone and superphosphate mixed in equal quantities, then forked in lightly, will give beneficial results. One double handful to the square yard will be sufficient.

## Transplanting

**OF** course, if possible, a dull or showery day is ideal for transplanting. If the weather is hot, late afternoon is advisable. If it is not possible at an earlier stage to prick them out into boxes and you should have to transplant direct from the nursery bed, a good plan is to have a bucket of thick, muddy water, and puddle the roots in this. There will then be a certain amount of mud which adheres to the roots, which will help them considerably during the hot weather.

Another good method is to make a trench where the row is to be planted, just as you would if you were planting peas or beans. Place the plants along the trench, running the rows north and south. The sides of the trench will give a certain amount of shade, and will also hold the water around the roots.

## Avoiding Pests

**AS** the plants grow, the trench is gradually pulled in around them. To give the plants a good start, and prevent the fly, grub, or cabbage moth from attacking them in the early stages, when transplanting them, have a bucket of water on hand, placing to every gallon of water one teaspoon of kerosene, holding the roots of the plants in the hand, and plunging the foliage into the water. Do not allow the liquid to touch the roots.

This kerosene mixture will remain on the leaves for several days and ward off all destructive insects. As the plants grow, give periodical spraying with permanganate of potash (Condy's Crystals), using half a teaspoon to four gallons of water, with just a sprinkling of kerosene to make the mixture adhesive. This will keep off all insects during the growing period.

**BABIES** are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, in the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.

# Summer means romance now



...Dot's learned to guard  
against ugly Cosmetic Skin!

"I'm having the time of my young life this summer," thinks Dot to herself as the men rally round.

"But gracious, what chances I used to take! Using cosmetics, but not removing them the right way! Leaving my pores choked with stale make-up... risking unattractive Cosmetic Skin!"

"I know I'm safe now, because I always remove make-up thoroughly—the way Hollywood does, with Lux Toilet Soap!"

Summer will never mean romance to the girl with ugly Cosmetic Skin! Use all the cosmetics you wish, but don't leave stale make-up in the pores to choke them—enlarge them, cause dullness, tiny blemishes.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather reaches deep into the pores, floats out every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Every night—and before you put on fresh make-up during the day—use this pure, fragrant beauty soap!



Use rouge and powder?  
Yes, of course! But thanks  
to Lux Toilet Soap  
I'm not a bit afraid of  
Cosmetic Skin!

JOAN BENNETT

A LEVER PRODUCT

6.209.11



# Make These THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## New Year Resolutions

...adhere faithfully to them and 1936 will see you at your loveliest!

ANOTHER year is fast running to its close and soon 1935 will be just a memory—a memory fraught with regrets and little sadnesses for some, happiness for others... But I wonder what 1936 has in store for you? Naturally, my main wish is that you will be happy, and that day by day you will grow more lovely. So here's to 1936 beauty care!

By  
Evelyn

DO you make resolutions for the New Year? If you don't, make this New Year an exception and add these to your list:—

(1). Closer attention to grooming. Make an effort to be immaculate always. A well-groomed appearance is necessary to success.

(2). Keep your skin soft, well-nourished, and firm with massage.

(3). Don't slacken on the "daily dozen"; exercise is an important item in the quest for loveliness.

(4). Pay more attention to the food you eat; eat more salads, more fresh fruit.

(5). Drink more water; water is essential to beauty—so drink at least 8 glasses every day.

(6). Get as much fresh air and sunshine into your life as is possible. If you have an indoor job sleep out at night. Fresh air and sunshine are health-givers, beauty-bringers.

(7). Get as much sleep as is necessary, and rest; relax whenever you possibly can. Remember we live in a "hurrying" age, and rush and tear are enemies of radiant beauty.

(8). Be kind to your eyes. Bathe them, rest them, care for them unceasingly.

(9). Don't, whatever you do, neglect hands and finger-tips—or your feet. And keep your teeth in perfect condition. Visit your dentist early in the New Year and, again, later in the year.

(10). Keep your hair shining; your scalp healthy. Remember your hair can be your crowning glory.

(11). Cultivate a greater charm and grace of manner. Be cheerful and courteous. Don't deliberately hurt others; but help when and where you can. Your face mirrors mind and soul.

Of course, I could go on and on, but I think I have listed the main essentials. If you are wise, you will cut out this list and hang it above your mirror as a daily reminder.

I will do my utmost right through the year to help you as I have tried to do in the past. I know that life for the majority is a hurried affair, but it is the wisest desire of every girl and woman to be beautiful.

For this reason beauty-drill has become a duty. And beauty-drill requires time and intelligence more than money.

So if you want to keep your good looks—or develop them—acquire the charm that will give you the sense of well-being



IF YOU WOULD have sparkling, radiantly youthful eyes follow in the footsteps of Mary Astor, petite First National star, who bathes her eyes night and morning.

and poise that comes through the knowledge that you are looking your best, you must give your time, energy, and, above all, your intelligence to the care of your looks.



CAN ANY WOMAN deny the fact that her mirror plays a large and important part in her general happiness? Grace Bradley, of Paramount, like all others, considers it an impartial friend. It records, happily, consistent beauty care, and upbraids you every time you look into it when neglect stalks by your side.

### THE NEW, MORE EXOTIC SAVAGE LIPSTICK

Silhouetted savages dance on the clever case... to tell you that within there is a bizarre, primitive mystery for your lips... if you dare! Jungle-ish? Perhaps, but oh how effective. It is a new transparent indelible lip colour with a much more exciting meaning. Really, you'll never know the thrill of excitingly lovely lips until you use one of the four stirring SAVAGE shades.

2/6

TANGERINE  
FLAME-NATURAL  
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### Soothes at a Touch! ONLY Germolene ENDS PAIN PAINLESSLY

The first cooling touch—and burning inflammation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's only half the story! The amazing speed with which Germolene conquers ANY skin trouble, however serious, is little short of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers have found glorious freedom from Skin Trouble with Germolene Skin Ointment. On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited, straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read it. Then get your tin for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PILES, SORES, ACNE, ETC.



RASH goes in 2 DAYS

"For weeks I have treated an irritating RASH with all sorts of things, but without improvement. Then a friend suggested Germolene Ointment. Within two days the rash had completely disappeared."  
—Miss H. S.

All Chemists and Stores

**Germolene**  
SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

### WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I have been told that the spinal cord is one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism. Would you give me some information about it?

THE spinal cord is that portion of the nervous system which runs from the base of the brain downwards and within the spinal canal of the bony spinal column. It is about eighteen inches long. At the end it forms a tail-like structure known as the "cauda equina" or horse's tail.

Whereas in the brain the nerve cells or "grey matter" are on the outside and the nerve strands on the inside, in the cord the relationship between grey nerve cells and white nerve fibres is reversed, the grey matter being on the inside and arranged in the shape of the capital letter "H."

The cord is protected, as is the brain, by three coverings, the "dura mater," the "pia mater," and the "arachnoid."

The spinal column is flexible and composed of a series of bones called vertebrae, which are set one on top of another with a pad of cartilage in between each. These pads are protective in nature and help to lessen such shocks as may be sustained in jumping. The bones are thirty-three in number.

#### Strange, But True

IT is interesting to note that during a waking day the pressure of the head causes these cartilage pads to become

### BY A DOCTOR

somewhat compressed and smaller. At night a person lies from a quarter to a half-inch shorter than in the morning. Likewise, the spinal column is not straight, but curved. This construction prevents shock to the delicate nerve structures which run through holes of the vertebrae and constitute the spinal cord.

The spinal vertebrae are arranged so that there is an aperture present on each side, one bone resting upon another.

It is through these that the spinal nerves pass to the arms, legs, and various parts of the body.

There are thirty-one pairs of these spinal nerves, and each nerve has two roots, one of which transmits sensations and the other motion. Impulses from the outside world on the skin, or impulses from the body may pass through one of these sensory roots up the spinal cord to the brain, then down again from the brain, through the cord, through another root to the hand or foot or some other part of the body.

#### Reflex Actions

IF you put your hand on a warm radiator, and your brain tells you that it would be unwise to hold it there too long, you will withdraw the hand, and the mechanism will have been set to work as outlined. If, however, you place your hand accidentally on a very hot radiator and you withdraw it instantly the brain has not told you to take the hand away. This latter is called a reflex act.

Many of our habits are built upon reflex actions. Walking is such an act. Standing upright is another reflex.

Deformities of the spine, such as "hunchback" condition, or a curvature to either side do not necessarily produce injuries to the spinal nerves.

When the spinal cord is broken from a fall or blow, and the nerves are torn, paralysis is likely to result.

N9—A long slim nightgown with empire top and flowing skirt. Alencon lace in a new contrast shade. SW, MW, W, 25/- FW, OS, 27/6

"POWDERFEET"  
Hand-cut Lingerie  
by Prestige





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## GRACE BROS.

SPECIAL DECEMBER GOLDEN JUBILEE VALUES



1. The Hat above is selected from a large range of **FINELY SEWN BRAIDS** in all wanted styles and colours. White included. Large and small brims are available—all individually trimmed with ribbon. Usual Price, 7/11.

JUBILEE SPECIAL 4/11

2. Ideal for Holiday Wear! One of many smart styles in finely sewn Pedaline, with the popular elongated brim. Also obtainable in Breton and Halo styles. All wanted shades and White. Usual Price, 10/11.

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Two Smart HOLIDAY! STYLES!

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Exquisite  
Trousseau Set

6. Exquisite **TROUSSEAU SET**. Beautifully embroidered, bias cut, form-fitting garments. Regular Value, 45/-.

BARGAIN PRICE, Set 24/11



7. **IMPORTED KIMONO**. NO. Lined throughout with Silk. Heavily embroidered on Crepe-de-Chine. Regular Value, 32/11. BARGAIN PRICE ... 26/11

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8. 2/11 **COURT-AULD'S DELUSTRA SELF - STRIPED BLOOMERS**. S.W., W., and O.S. BARGAIN PRICE ... 1/6

9. 7/0 **ART. SILK NIGHTIES**, effectively trimmed, with small cape sleeve effect. BARGAIN PRICE ... 4/11

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FOR Young WIVES  
and MOTHERSObedience Should  
Be Based on TrustBy  
MARY TRUBY  
KING

Obedience is a very desirable thing in children, and a very necessary part of their discipline in preparedness for their battle with life.

The subject is dealt with very interestingly in the following article.

**L**ITTLE children are so engaging that mothers hate thwarting their baby wills. But the value of early training is inestimable.

A mother, who is concerned about her child's strong will has written to me on this subject.

"At what age may I expect obedience in my child?" she asks. "She is now three, but seems to take an inordinate delight in doing the opposite to what she is requested to do. Is this a phase that passes off without any special treatment? Quite twenty times a day we have little tussles, and it is getting very wearying."

FROM the time a child is about two and a half, training in obedience may be begun, but one should not strain at the point by giving unlimited commands. It seems to me that perhaps, in the above

whip an Alsatian puppy, for disobedience. We all remember the "This hurts me more than it hurts you" touch! And it was no light touch, either!

## Negative Phase

**N**EARLY all little children go through the negative phase, in which one has only to suggest something for them to do the exact opposite. It arises from an early craving to be independent, and the best way to treat it is to ignore it, letting the child feel he is simply being too silly for words. To take undue notice of such behaviour, and to get upset about it, will lead to much more of a similar nature—the child feeling that he has the upper hand in that he can drive you to distraction at will, and, by so doing, obtain far more attention than in the ordinary course of events. A consistent ignoring of these tactics soon puts a stop to them. No undue fuss or praise should be given



"DADDY CHRISTMAS," the hero of childhood's dreams. Many scenes such as this have been enacted throughout Australia this week.

case, too much is expected—too many "dos" and "don'ts" puncture the child's day. In any case, instant obedience in all matters is not usually reached till the child is four or five. ("Not even then!" I hear many of you thinking.)

A firm mental stand should be taken by parents who wish their children to be obedient. A child very quickly senses when its mother is wavering, and says to itself, "Mother has asked me to do so-and-so, but she doesn't really care much if I don't do it, so I won't."

A golden rule is never to give a command unless you intend to see that it is carried out. Then the child has some tangible background upon which to work—some feeling of security as to cause and effect.

If requests are made only when really necessary, the child soon learns that there is reason in what Mother asks him to do. He knows by past experience that there is a purposeful necessity in her demands, and that things work out better if he obeys. He must have trust in his parents' judgment, being of unfailing high quality—and this is not hard for him to come by, as children naturally regard their parents as gods, and are most willing to believe in them utterly, so long as their confidence is not abused.

In olden days children were taught obedience through fear. They knew that if they disobeyed a good spanking was in store for them. There are still many educationists who believe in no half-measures where punishment is concerned. They whip a child, as they would

to a child who obeys, or he will come to look upon obedience as a condescension he is bestowing upon his parents. Rather should he be made to feel, by an air of quiet approval, that obedience is the normal thing for parents to expect of their children.

One reason why so many children are disobedient is, I feel sure, because people make requests at the same time having some such thought as this in their minds: "It won't matter if he doesn't do it. After all, he is young yet, why should he obey?" The tone of their voice conveys this to the child, likewise the adult's attitude to him when he makes no attempt to comply with the request.

Obedience will come more naturally to the child if the adult does not entertain the false idea that the child has nothing else in life to do but to go hither and thither and do this and that at the adult's behest. The child has its own delightful life to live, and should be left as free as possible so as to exercise its own initiative without hindrance.

Every child will rebel if it is not allowed a reasonable percentage of freedom; but at the same time every child should have a good working idea as to the limits of its freedom, and should know that penalties are attached to overstepping the bounds. An unwise allowance of freedom of speech and action invariably ends with the children controlling the adults, not vice-versa. This, of course, means loss of respect for their parents, and may mean also loss of love.



# Mrs. DIONNE Tells HOW QUINTUPLETS' INTERESTS Were SAFEGUARDED

## Three Fateful Documents

To satisfy the demands of Oliva Dionne a protective clause was included in his contract for exhibition of his quintuplet daughters, giving their physician absolute control over the time when—if ever—the babies should be moved to the Century of Progress Exposition.

Yet this document was to weigh overwhelmingly against the parents in their fight for the custody of their babies. Competition over the quintuplets began almost as soon as they were born. The inside story of that struggle is told here in their mother's own words.

*By Elsie Dionne*

As Told to Lillian Barker.

MY hand shook like a leaf when on July 24, 1934, I signed that dreaded document—the memorandum—agreement granting the Red Cross "permission to look after our babies for a period of two years."

The signing, as I only too well remember, took place in the kitchen, which to me appeared to be just swarming with people. A stranger in a strange place, that was how I felt in my own home.

If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget how awed I was, how overwhelmed by my sense of responsibility to my little babies in our front room just a few feet away.

In after years I kept saying to myself, I would tell Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie why their father and I had finally consented to put our names to the memorandum that we were just about to sign. I would tell them that we had placed their welfare above every other consideration.

### Sad Moment

WE all seated ourselves about the table in deadly silence. Next thing I knew Oliva was signing the memorandum which, as we soon learned, was only preliminary to another more legal, more binding commitment we were compelled to enter into two days afterwards.

I tried to steel myself for the ordeal of signing. But my emotions were beyond control and my hand shook like a leaf.

Looking at my babies in their incubators a few minutes later, I kept trying to console myself with the assurance that they would be well taken care of, that, after all, I should be grateful for the assistance the Red Cross had rendered us—and them.

And I was, and still am, grateful from the bottom of my heart. Yet why couldn't some other arrangement have been made, some other agreement entered into; a contract, I mean, that would have left to us some parental rights, some say-so in regard to our own flesh and blood, our five precious babies? Actual control, not just a nominal voice in matters pertaining to the little ones.

Thanks to the Red Cross, two trained nurses, Mme. Louise de Kiriline and Mlle. Yvonne Leroux, were, in their very efficient manner, looking after our babies. Appreciating their efficiency and grateful as I was for their services, we did everything we could to co-operate with them.

We also tried, with our limited accommodation, to make the nurses as comfortable as possible. The living-room we placed at their disposal always while we—Oliva, his sister Alma, all the other



MR. AND MRS. DIONNE discussing the document which was to weigh so overwhelmingly against them in their fight for the custody of their babies. However, they signed it.

children, and I—used the kitchen for our living-room as well as for the kitchen.

Besides, such hospitality as we had to extend we desired, with all our hearts, to extend to the nurses.

But never, never, never—and I cannot emphasise this too strongly—did we want to surrender complete control of Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie to any person or organisation.

### Forced To Sign

BUT, regardless of our feelings and intentions, in our financial helplessness, we were forced to sign, July 26, 1934, a second agreement with the Red Cross, the more legal and more binding paper to which I have already referred.

Where would we have been if the Red Cross had taken away its nurses and supplies and if the doctor had ceased to look after the babies? So, in another panic, we put our names to another document. And when we left North Bay, where we'd gone to sign the paper, with the knowledge that a board of guardians—Dr. Dafoe, Mr. Alderson, Oliva's father, and Mr. Kenneth Morrison, the last two chosen by my husband—would replace us as the children's guardians, I felt that I had surrendered the most sacred thing in life, maternal guardianship of my children.

Thinking over that incident now, my mind goes back to the depressing memory of the first agreement Oliva signed when the children were only two days old. It



"ALL IN TOGETHER, this team weather!" The Quints (as shown above) are regular little water babies and enjoy their morning bath.



MISS ANNETTE, who was first to creep and first to cut a tooth, and generally is regarded as the prettiest of the Quints.

was the contract with Ivan Spears, the Chicago promoter, signing of which brought down such an avalanche of unjust criticism upon my husband's innocent and bewildered head.

The very day Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie were born—as soon as news of their birth was broadcast, indeed—people began to flock to our home. The next day was worse, and among the second-day callers was Green, a Greek, a Callander fruit vendor.

I remember how startled, how shocked I was when Oliva, after quite a session in English with the fruit-seller, explained to me in French the why and wherefore of his visit.

"It has to do with a proposition Spears desires to make us. I want nothing to

do with the proposition, however. Nothing at all to do with it."

"What is the proposition?" I had to keep on prodding.

### Horrible Suggestion

THE long-distance message, relayed to him by Green, the Greek, was, in effect, a request from Spears to Oliva to meet him the following day in Orillia, Ontario.

"Spears," he said, "wishes me to sign a contract with him for the exhibition of our babies at the World's Fair."

"The exhibition of our babies!" I shuddered at the mere suggestion.

I wasn't astonished that Oliva had wanted nothing to do with Spears' proposition.

Yet, after he left me—someone summoned him into the living-room, Green possibly—I realised that my husband was frantic with worry over finances.

I knew he was wondering how we, in our reduced circumstances, could find the wherewithal to take care of ten children, the five older ones and the five delicate little ones. Especially the little ones.

Always, we'd worked terribly hard, often side by side in the field. Not that it had always been necessary for us to labor as we did, for at the time of our marriage, Oliva was quite well off. In fact, he, with his 300-acre farm, his automobile, his hay press with which he baled hay for other farmers as well as for himself, had been considered "hot" about the best catch in Corbett.

When the world-wide depression hit all farmers, our savings melted away, and during the winter of 1934 Oliva, in order to keep the wolf from the door, hauled gravel on the Callander Road for the Government. For his services and for the team, a wagon and two horses which he furnished, he received 16¢ a day.

That wasn't much for a family of seven. Still, we were grateful for it, and out of some of that money I managed to buy materials for clothes—those little shirts and dresses I made for the baby I expected in July.

### Thoughtful Oliva

ALL calculations were wrong, though, and the biological accident, as doctors have since called it, occurred on May 28, and on May 29, Green rushed in with Spears' long-distance message from Chicago.

The thought of exhibiting the babies was abhorrent to Oliva. On the other hand, the realisation that he was unable to give them the expensive care we both knew they would require was maddening.

After a lengthy conversation with Father Houthier, our parish priest and spiritual adviser, and after a night of wrestling with our financial problem, which seemed beyond all solving, Oliva set out with Green for Orillia.

"Don't be afraid," Elsie, he said. "I will protect our babies at any and all costs."

He did protect them, too. While he signed a contract with the Chicago promoter, he did not do so until after a protective clause had been incorporated in the agreement. This clause read as follows:

"That employee, Oliva Dionne, will come to Chicago for the purpose outlined above (exhibition of the infants), and at the direction of the Tour Bureau, at the earliest date that the physician in charge of the quintuplets decides that they can be moved without possibility of injurious effect."

So how could my husband, even if he had wanted to exploit the children to their detriment, which is, of course, unthinkable, have done so without the full permission and consent of the doctor,

### "Supreme Moment"

BECAUSE of a total lack of experience in business matters, as I have very frankly admitted, just the word "document" frightened me. Yet, by the time my babies were two months old, I had put my name to two papers. And poor Oliva—all because he wanted to give the little ones every possible chance to live—had put his name to three.

But for all our good parental intentions, as consequences show, my husband and I, in mere ways than one, seem to be victims of documents.

The day Oliva asked me to marry him—it was ten years ago on a Sunday afternoon in August, as we waited from our farmhouse out to his car—I thought I must be treading on enchanted ground. I was so thrilled, so honored, and so sure that nothing but happiness loomed ahead. I hadn't known that life could hold for me any such romantic joy.

That was my supreme moment.

In her next chapter Elsie Dionne will tell you more about that "moment."



MRS. DIONNE tells the story of her life and of the quintuplets to Lillian Barker (left).



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THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

"ELAINE seems a little hurt," said Horace, "that you always meet her in restaurants, and so on. She's such a sensitive creature."

"I'm sure she is," said Angela. She knew female curiosity when she saw it, but how instruct a simple male in that?

So a tea party had been arranged.

"Too, too divine!" cried Miss Browne in slightly roughened cadences.

Angela said: "I'd like to invite Mr. Nichols—if I knew where to find him."

Miss Browne had known where to find him. She appeared to be in possession of a deal of extraneous information.

Then on the morning of the party came the letter from the lawyer at home.

Angela read it through three times before she could believe it. She thought of taking it at once to Neville. She wished with all her heart that Betty and Jim were at hand to consult.

Eventually she rang up Horace and asked him to come half an hour before the others. "Say at four. Something I'd like to talk over with you."

"Need me to make up your mind for you, after all?" said Horace, laughing heartily.

He arrived at four to the moment. Handsomer than any marble in the Louvre.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed when Angela admitted him. "Five flights and no lift!"

Angela said that after all the house was three hundred years old.

When she had him seated on the couch she sat down beside him and produced the letter.

"Home," said Horace, looking closely at the postmark.

Angela sat with her eyes on his face while he unfolded the single sheet with its neat black letterhead.

THE letter said that Angela's grandmother had left the Todd house to Angela with the proviso that she was to obey her grandfather's wishes regarding it.

"McCarty, eh?" said Horace slowly. McCarty was the signature at the bottom of the letter. "When did it come?"

Angela told him. She said: "Did you know of this—before you came?"

A silence ensued in which dates were checked up almost audibly.

"Oh—yes, of course!" said Horace. "I congratulate you, Angela. It's a fine old place."

"And you said nothing to me?"

He patted her hand. Smiled on her benignly.

"Why spoil a delightful surprise? Besides, your grandfather suggested that you had better get the news first through the proper legal channels."

"Grandfather suggested. Then you talked it over with him?"

"He's come to rely on me quite a good deal," said Horace modestly.

Angela stood up and walked over to the window. Looked down upon the river and the Quai, wrapped in afternoon stillness. Walked back to the couch and stood there looking down at Horace, turning the letter about between well-cared-for hands.

"I didn't even know that my grandmother owned the house," said Angela.

"Well," said Horace, "you see, your grandfather some years ago had it put in her name."

"That's to avoid taxes or something, isn't it? Never mind, go on! Did he know she was leaving it to me?"

"Never occurred to him that she would think of such a thing," said Horace, reflecting clearly. If unconsciously, Andrew Todd's dumbfounded and injured state of mind. "She must have gone alone to McCarty's office after you left home," he explained, coldly disapproving.

Angela saw a tired, sweet old face, eyes always half-frightened set in a mesh of fine wrinkles. A smile always nervously ingratiating, distorting a gentle, withered mouth. What it must have cost her to do a thing she knew could only rouse her husband's bitterest surprise and resentment! She had weakened even as she did it—made a last conciliatory gesture. Angela was to obey her grandfather's wishes.

Which left Angela where?

Horace was going into that.

"Of course, he wants to keep on living in the place," said Horace. "Sit down again, Angela. I'll try to clear things up for you a little." Angela sat down. Waiting.

"HIS willing to let you come back at any time you like," said Horace.

Angela merely lifted her eyebrows.

"Now, don't look like that!" said Horace. "It might be very nice—all three of us living there together."

"All three?"

"I've had an offer for my place—matter of fact, a very good offer."

"I didn't know you wanted to sell."

"Every man has his price," said Horace. He smiled broadly. Hoist with his own cliché. Angela looked at him, wordless. She thought: "I might have married this man. I might have had a son by him."

"What I get from the sale," said Horace, "I should put into improve-

# MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 7

ments on the house and grounds of the Todd place—make a really desirable estate of it. In which case, of course, the house would be put in both our names. Very simple."

"Very ingenious," said Angela. "I don't quite understand you," said Horace.

"You do not, indeed," said Angela. "Now or ever."

He frowned. Even his frown was sculptural.

"You've changed, Angela. Paris has done you no good. You're not the frank little girl you used to be."

"You don't love me any more, then?" asked Angela. She thought: "He doesn't as much as mention love. It's all houses and names."

"Of course I love you," said Horace, with his nearest approach to impatience, "but this is a matter for serious consideration."

Angela smiled very faintly.

"Look here," said Horace, "let's be sensible about this. You don't want to be racketing about the Continent for ever. After all, you've got to settle down some time."

"Yes?" said Angela.

"And the logical place is at home. Where you belong, and a part of which now belongs to you."

I was—ever to have supposed I could forget him." Of course, that was the real reason she had asked Mr. Nichols to come. If anyone could keep her in touch with Talmadge he could.

Miss Browne at once established herself on the couch, where Horace, with more ardor than proficiency, put cushions behind her back, lit a cigarette for her, fetched her tea, then flung himself down in a position of rapt attention beside her.

"What a simply too marvellous little place!" said Miss Browne, slanting appraising eyes this way and that. "How- ever did you find it?"

"Horace's brother helped me find it," said Angela gently. Horace looked at her, startled and dubious.

"Have you a brother in Paris, sweet?" Miss Browne inquired of him amazedly.

"And why haven't you brought him here now to my expert attention?"

"I regret to say," said Horace, "he's an odd fish—not just the thing."

Mr. Nichols and Angela sat in the window. He said: "What a delightful view. This is the loveliest part of Paris, really. Do you know an old house on the Quai aux Fleurs, just across the



SLEEK BLACK SATIN fashions this evening gown worn by Rosalind Keith, Paramount player. The corded collar and novel treatment of the back décolletage are interesting fashion points.

"Yes?" said Angela.

"That would satisfy me perfectly. We have the same background, the same interests in life."

"Yes?" said Angela.

"A wife's interests would naturally be her husband's," said Horace. "So, I ask you once again to marry me and put an end to all this."

"No," said Angela. He looked at her incredulously. "No," she said again distinctly. "Thanks very much, and nice of you to think of me, but definitely no."

"Well, at least," said Horace, "that's that." He settled his collar. "You're making a mistake, Angela."

"I know," said Angela. She lowered decorous lids. "A good man's love is not a thing with which to play fast and loose."

"Nor to make ducks and drakes of," said Horace severely. "However, since that's how you feel—"

"The thing is," said Angela, "neither of us feels anything at all about it. This might be a business conference."

"Passion," said Horace reprovingly, "after all, can be out of place."

A bell rang. Miss Browne and Mr. Nichols arrived together.

"THIS is pleasant," said Mr. Nichols. Angela surprised herself by the eagerness with which she returned his handclasp. At the sight of him, tall and worn, quizzically smiling, Talmadge's voice was again in her ears—his unforgettable voice. "Kiss me, Doree." She thought, "What a fool

river—the poplars hide it from here—Heloise and Abelard—"

"I know," said Angela. "Their faces are in stone over the two doorways. Hers is so lovely."

"Have you found Paris all you wanted?" he asked her.

"I haven't found anything all I want—yet," said Angela.

"One so seldom does," he told her.

Miss Browne suddenly shrieked with rasping laughter. "My pet, you lacerate me!"

Horace looked foolish but prideful. He seemed to have been telling a joke.

"To-morrow," said Miss Browne, "you shall take me to a smart little café I wot of where I will tell you a tale—with the help of divers cocktails—"

"She paused meaningly.

"Cocktails, of course," said Horace, springing up and looking at Angela.

"Everything is on the table in the dining-room," said Angela, not moving.

"You like a side-car for a starter, I know," said Horace to Miss Browne. "I'll make you one."

"My pink penguin," said Miss Browne firmly. "I will make you one. I wield the sexiest shaker those old eyes have ever rested on."

"Please do," said Angela. She felt any further expression of hospitality superfluous. Miss Browne hardly waited even for so much. Presently her dissonant mirth floated back. Horace obviously outdoing himself. Passion, perhaps not out of place.

Please turn to Page 38



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# NEW YEAR Furnishing IDEAS are Interesting!

Bizarre, freakish ideas of a few seasons ago will be completely out of circulation

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

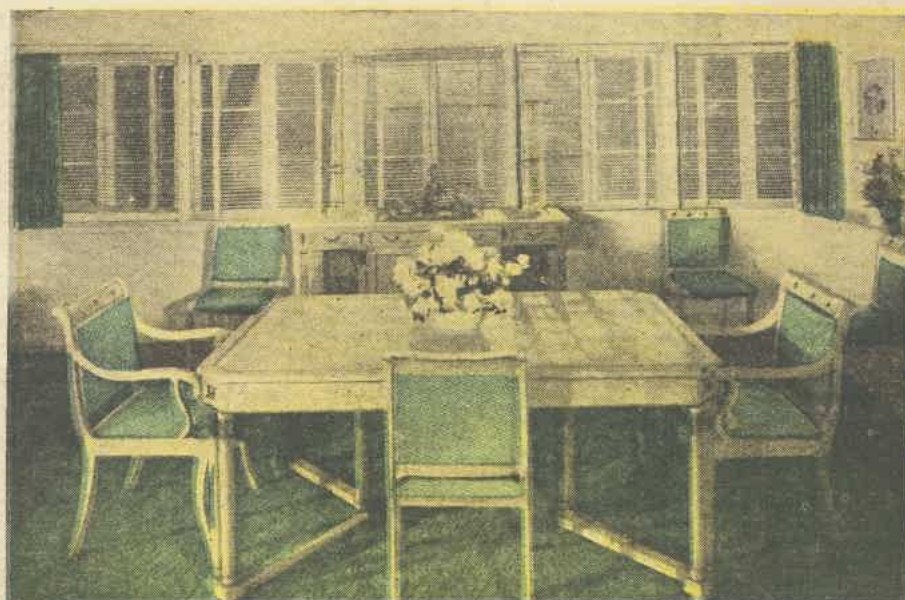
**T**HIS coming year offers happy opportunities to young people who purpose setting up house, to those who, tired of furnished flats filled with other people's all-assorted ideas, decide to furnish for themselves, and to those who firmly intend to carry out that programme of refurnishing they've been putting off for a long time.

**M**Y one absorbing task during 1936 will be to give you sane, simple, and practical advice. It will be my aim to picture attractive, comfortable, livable rooms, charming notions in furniture and furnishings, including all the little decorative touches that mean so much to home-lovers, and last, but not least, help you to evolve a harmonious color scheme.

You young moderns who must be very, very smart in your choice of furniture and furnishings will hesitate before you go all chromium and formality. You will, instead, consider rooms from the "livable-in" angle, and furniture from the "livable-with" standpoint.

Remember that, unless you have plenty of money to throw away, furniture cannot be replaced as easily as a frock or hat you tire of. So keep the future in mind

in your present-day planning. To substantiate that statement, here's a rather amusing (if you could find it amusing) sequel to rash planning: Discussing ultra-modern furnishing schemes with a friend yesterday, he told me of a visit he made to



DINING IN A ROOM like this would be a pleasant interlude in the day's activities. Note the space allotted to windows, the painted table and chairs a shade deeper than the walls and a happy departure from the darkly-polished type. —Photo by courtesy of Fox Films.



HERE'S FOOD FOR THOUGHT when planning or renovating your kitchen. Admirably lighted, and made more cheerful and attractive with creamy paint picked out in scarlet, it is not only smart, but excellently equipped. —Photo by courtesy of Fox Films.

Below: THIS LOUNGE is modern 1936 design—and restful. An invitation to solid comfort at the end of the day. Observe the arrangement of pictures, and the book-shelves on the walls.



the home of a young couple recently.

After a perfect dinner, served in the chromium-plated dining-room, the young hostess, on arising from the table, said: "When you've finished your coffee and cigars, come into the 'milk-bar'!" The "milk-bar" was her name for the black-and-white drawing-room! My friend, astounded, commented on this rather picturesque name, and his host replied: "Yes, it's a good name for it. We're fed-up with the furniture and intend scrapping it and filling the place with comfortable stuff."

Another instance: A potential home-maker—rather modern in her outlook generally speaking—told me of the way she was cured of chromium-plated homes. A few months ago she was invited to a smart young married's home. Black and silver the color scheme. "As a background for formal evening dress I thought it beautiful," she said. "I was fascinated, inspired."

"On my third visit I stayed the night. My reaction the next morning to the scheme was drastic, complete. I thought the place in the morning light cold, hard, repelling. Imagine wearing a cambie frock in such surroundings!" she exclaimed, "or finding a suitable spot for a bunch of simple cottage flowers. The only flowers that would be at home in such surroundings would be gardenias—ugh! I couldn't go there again!"

So there you are!

It is good to learn that the bizarre, outlandish furnishing designs so popular a few seasons ago are now completely out of circulation, and manufacturers are concentrating on sane, simple, comfortable, livable-with designs for 1936.

On this page I have illustrated a modern kitchen and dining-room, an irresistible piece for the very feminine type of bedroom, and an inviting corner in lounge or living-room.

## Beauty in the Kitchen

THE well-equipped kitchen has been planned on the most simple, modern lines. Built-in cupboards—shelving a-plenty—a boon to every housewife. You do not even stand broom or polishing mops, etc., in the corner—eyesores and dust collectors. Instead, into a cupboard each item goes, and each item has its own special hook.

Notice the sink is placed under the window—plenty of light and, we hope, a pleasant outlook.

In the dining-room illustrated, one senses immediately coolness and comfort. The color scheme, cream and green, is restful—practical, too. Although not in the least bit heavy, all the furniture is strongly made. There is a sense of balance evident, too. This is just as vital as color and form, and can be achieved by simple care in (1) selection of furniture, (2) arrangement.—E.E.G.



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CHARM IMPRISONED in this flounced dressing-table and stool—inspiration for those who love the feminine type of bedroom furnishing. Two shades of organza, or taffeta and lace, could be used with equally enchanting results. The making of these flounced dressing-tables can be easily undertaken by the amateur needlewoman.



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Men are attracted by lips that have the natural color of radiant health—but painted lips are repulsive. Don't you risk that painted look! Simply use Tangee—it isn't paint! This unusual lipstick contains a color-change principle which enables it to intensify your natural color. Permanent! Its cream base soothes and softens.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Cosmetic beautifies eyelashes and eyebrows. Waterproof.

**UNTOUCHED**—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older.  
**PAINTED**—Don't risk that painted look. It's concealing and men don't like it.  
**TANGEE**—Intensifies natural color, remains youthful, appealing, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Aust. Distributors: R. G. Turnley and Son, Melb. N.W. Dist. Turnley, Ltd. SYDNEY.



Boy!  
I feel good

"Pulvex" flea-pooches your pet, keeping off fleas and lice for days. Pulvex kills flea eggs, but it's harmless, even if swallowed; tasteless and odorless. Use it once a week and your pet will have a flea-free summer. Pulvex costs no more—beware of imitations. Get Pulvex from all chemists and stores. 1/3 tin, or double size, 2/6.



Wholesale Distributors:  
WILLIAM CONNOR & NEPHEWS,  
(Aust.) Ltd.,  
4 O'Connell St., Sydney.

**PULVEX**  
KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

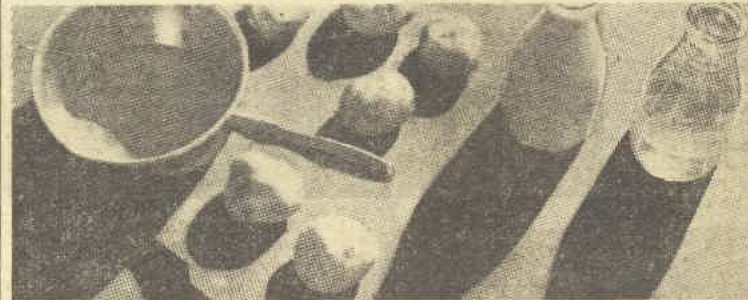
# POTATOES ... for Health and BEAUTY

## Dietitians Create New Craze for Humble Tuber

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

The humble potato, that unobtrusive and almost despised but nevertheless essential vegetable, is coming into fashion again.

The slimming craze seemed to sound the tuber's death-knell, but dietitians now declare that far from being a builder of adipose tissue the potato should appear—cooked in its skin—on the menu of any woman who wants to keep not only her figure but her health.



ABOVE: Potatoes should be cooked in their jackets, but if you must peel them, for beauty's sake peel them thinly.

LEFT: Old potatoes acquire new delight if cooked in half milk and half water. Add salt and bring slowly to boil.

THE potato, like the tomato, is something of a mystery. Is it a fruit, a vegetable, or a flower? History says it is all three.

The ill-fated Marie Antoinette wore its blossoms in her hair, and many of the Court beauties of eighteenth-century Europe used its waxen-white flowers in their posies.

It was for long the staple diet of the Irish race, and the failure of its crop wrote one of the most tragic pages in the story of the Emerald Isle. Potatoes are still in favor in Ireland, and the "murphies" are traditionally dear to the hearts of her twenty million exiles.

They have caused riot and religious feud in many countries. Scots parsons denounced the potato because it does not appear in Holy Writ, and yet, contradictorily enough, they claimed it was the "forbidden fruit" in the Garden of Eden.

Frederick the Great of Germany threatened with mutilation all his subjects who would not sow it, and himself planted it in the gardens before his Berlin palace.

The potato was first introduced into Australia about 1790, and became so popular that eight years later Governor John Hunter reported that of 6300 acres under cultivation 14 were devoted to potatoes.



HOSTESS (in near future): Betty, how pretty you look and how slim you've grown (and brightly), "All due to the humble potato?"

The first famous European potato breeder was Antoine Parmentier, who used to give fashionable dinner parties in Paris at which every dish was made from potatoes in some form or other. Benjamin Franklin was a frequent guest at these potato parties. One of the sweets was what is now considered a Portuguese concoction—flaked potato beaten up with white of egg and whipped cream, sweetened with castor sugar, and flavored with Madeira.

Now the potato has definitely come into its own again. In all diet sheets either for slimming or building up it is one of the essential foods. Young children are given it beaten up with butter, and every housewife knows that it is the one vegetable that can really be substituted for bread.

For beauty treatments its juice is used in anti-wrinkle packs and its cooked pulp, mixed with stiffly-beaten white of egg, is often applied to face, neck, and arms. If, for any reason, the air has to be kept from the skin.

Doctors are loud in its praises, and beauty specialists extol its virtues.

## BREAKFAST Fads and FANCIES

### Don't Eat Bacon and Eggs Every Morning

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

Non-breakfast faddists are being warned. They are using too much of their energy reserve and weakening their muscles.

This is the opinion of doctors and dietitians who are studying food and its relation to working energy throughout Great Britain.

THEY have discovered among other things that the person who eats eggs and bacon every morning of his life, as so many English and Australian people take a pride in doing, is laying up for himself a future grim with the pangs of indigestion.

Miss Crabtree, of the London School of Dietetics, who is making a special study of the meals of the working-day, is very decidedly in favor of breakfast.

"When the body wakes after a night's rest it requires action," she says, "the digestion no less than any other part of the system. Some people say they cannot eat in the morning—such nonsense! They had a good breakfast before going to school when they were children, and starting the day without breakfast is just a bad habit they have acquired, a lazy one, too, among people who live alone and do for themselves."

That's exactly what they are doing

by not having breakfast, if they only knew it. Although bacon and eggs appear to have become our national dish, it should never be regarded as an invariable breakfast diet. It is too fat, and puts more than advisable strain on the stomach too early in the day."

I asked her for the ideal breakfast menu, but she said there was no such menu, as what was ideal for one person was not so good for another. However, here are two she more or less advised:

A half grapefruit, a fillet of grilled fish, brown bread, butter and honey, and a cup of coffee.

Two grilled rashers of bacon and grilled tomato, toast, butter and marmalade, an apple and tea.

"You should finish your breakfast with something sweet," she told me. "This will enable you to wait longer for the next meal, though never more than five hours should elapse before you eat again."

### Measures to Remember

One ounce is about the size of an average egg.

One tablespoonful of flour weighs one ounce. A heaped one is always considered when measuring, not a level one.

A medium-sized teaspoonful measures about one drachm. For measuring drugs for perfumes, etc., this amount can be taken as right, but it is best to have a proper drachm measure for medicines in case of accidents, as teaspoons vary in size and depth.

### Save Lemon-peel

It's Useful in Kitchen and Laundry

WISE housewives will always save the peel of lemons, for it can be used in so many ways.

For instance: If a quantity of lemon peel is put into the water in which white clothes are boiled, they will come snowy white from the lines. At first the peel will seem to turn the articles yellow, but when they are rinsed in clear water the yellowish look will have gone.

Another excellent idea is to keep lemon peel and put it in the washing-up water. Not only will this soften the water, but will quickly remove the smell of fish or onions from plates and dishes washed in it.



### He Fell in Love With Her TEMPTING LIPS

Teasing, lovely, ripe, red lips. How easy it is to have them when you use Michel—the lipstick that emphasises your beauty. Michel lasts for hours, because it is truly indelible. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, fresh, inviting. Once you try Michel you'll never use another lipstick.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

Other famous Michel beauty aids include the most adherent compact rouge made and cosmetic for eyelashes, that is non-irritating and water-proof.

**Michel**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



## GRAVOX

The Ideal GRAVY MAKER for SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and ALL SAVOURIES. SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS

Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE

Klembro Pty. Ltd., Richmond, Vic.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS



### When teething makes him feverish

Then it is most vital that his habits should be regular, his bloodstream cool. Give him Steedman's the gentle, safe aperient that mothers have depended on for over 100 years for children up to 14 years.

Give **STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION  
John Steedman & Co.  
Box 4314 A.I., G.P.O. Sydney.  
Box 531 E. G.P.O. Melbourne.



# Our Fashion Service & Free Pattern

**PRETTY AFTERNOON FROCK.**  
WW1024.—A very charming frock with an unusual neck trimming. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**MATRON'S STYLE.**  
WW1025.—Unusual and flattering bodice treatment for the full figure, with circular yoke. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required: 4½ to 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**ON STRAIGHT LINES.**  
WW1026.—A simple mode with straight lines that cling to the figure and flare at the bottom. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WW1029

**NOTE TAILORED COLLAR.**  
WW1029.—Tailored and graceful evening gown, with smart padded and stitched collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide, 1½ yards wadding 14 inches wide for collar. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**THE YOUNG IDEA.**  
WW1031.—A charming little model for a lass 3 to 8 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**



WW1024



WW1025

WW1026



WW1027



WW1028

## TENNIS MODE.

WW1027.—A pretty style that allows ample freedom of movement for tennis. Sizes, 11 to 16 years. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## BEACH PYJAMAS.

WW1028.—Young, and gay and very smart for beach wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Choose diagonal stripes for a very smart outfit. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## SLEEPING PYJAMAS.

WW1030.—Cut on very modern lines, these pyjamas have style and give comfort. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WW1030

## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1097, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 135, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1133, G.P.O., Sydney.  
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111 Liverpool St., Hobart. Should you desire to call for the Pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 25/12/35.



## This Week's Free Pattern

Three pretty blouses, each different from the other, may be cut from this week's free three-in-one pattern. It is for 34-inch bust.

Material required: Style No. 1 and 2, 2½ yards; style No. 3, 2-3 yards, 36 inches wide. To obtain use coupon provided on page.

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

WW1031





## BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

### THE STORY SO FAR

With his comrades, Bulla, Challak, and the girl, Vasta, Brick Bradford is an honored captive in the undersea city of the sea-kings. Suddenly the huge glass bubble, which roofs the huge city, cracks, and tons of water commence to pour in. The situation is desperate; Brick rushes off to find his friends and attempt an escape. Read on:



"TO THE ROOF, FRIENDS! QUICKLY - I'LL FIND VASTA - I HAVE A PLAN TO ESCAPE!"



"HERE, CHALLAK, IS YOUR BELOVED, VASTA!"



"UNLESS WE DOWN - HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!"



"OUR ROOMS ARE ALREADY BEING FLOODED - BULLA! CHALLAK!"



"LOCKED! WELL, I'VE GOT TO BREAK THROUGH!"



"THEN THE DEEPER SHIPS WHIRL ABOUT HURDING GREAT STREAMS OF LIQUID GLASS INTO THE OPENING."



"WE MUST SMASH THROUGH BEFORE THE GLASS PATCH SOLDIERIES!"

"YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN, MASTER!"



"FLASHING AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE SHIP IN WHICH BRICK AND HIS FRIENDS ARE FLEEING THE SEA FOLK CITY SMASHES THROUGH THE SEMI-FLUID GLASS PATCH IN THE CITY'S CAVALRY ROOF."



"MEANWHILE, THE SEA FOLK ARE BUSY - ANCHORED GREEN ROCKS ARE FIRED UP INTO THE MISTY CLOUDS OF WATER."



"THE ROCKETS EXPLODE AS THEY REACH THE BREAK IN THE GLASS DOME AND CREATE A CONTINUOUS BLAST OF COMPRESSED GAS - REPELLING THE WATER!"



"LOOK, CHALLAK! MIGHTY GATES SPOOKING! THAT MOUNTAIN PASS!"

"I FEAR THIS IS THE ISLE RULED BY THAT OGREAN QUEEN, LAMAK MAYTA!"



"WHY FEAR?"

"BECAUSE THE MAYTANS AND TEUCANTANS OF THE ABOORIGINAL INDIANS AND DO NOT BOW TO YOURS, QUEEN!"



"WE MUST CONVINCE LAMAK MAYTA WE ARE NOT SPIES - ELSE THE MAYTANS WILL SLAY US!"

"BEFORE THEY DO, MY FRIENDS, WE'LL SHOW THEM HOW TO FIGHT! COME ON!"



"HIGH ABOVE A SENTINEL SIGNALS THEIR APPROACH."

"STRANGERS! STRANGERS! GATES!"



"WE'RE FREE! WE'VE REACHED THE SURFACE!"

"To be Continued."

### Gonzies Letter

M. DEAR PAUL -  
A Happy New Year to all my Pals in 1936. And remember that happiness does not come from what you get out of life so much as from what you put into it. It is the same with our happy club. A few Pals join it with the idea that they are going to get something out of it for themselves, but before they have been with us very long they find that what counts is the work they can put in for the good of us all.

And the funny part of it is that as soon as they get busy helping other people and sleeping away for the good of us all, and have no time to wonder what they are getting out of it for themselves, they suddenly find they have the only thing worth having - happiness. And that is what I wish for every Pal in 1936 - the happiness that comes from helping others.

Cheers for one short week.  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

### A Nasty Experience

By JOYCE BROCKEN

ONE very hot day a girl friend and myself were out riding, when all of a sudden my horse shied, and looking down, I saw to my horror a black snake. My friend's horse bolted, and I tried to get my horse to jump the snake. But he just shied, and threw me down beside the snake. The snake was angry at being disturbed and sprang at me, and bit me on the leg. I ran for all I was worth and met my friend, who, having mastered her horse, was coming back to see how I had got on.

I was taken to a doctor and had my leg treated. I resolved never to try and make a horse jump a snake again. It taught me a lesson I shall never forget.

Two Prize Cards to JOYCE BROCKEN, 27 Gladstone St., Kempsey, N.S.W.

### Jolly Jokes

THERE was an old man from Fern,  
Once dreamt he was eating his shoo.  
He woke in the night,  
In a terrible fright,  
And found it was perfectly true.  
Prize Card to BERYL COHEN, P.O. Box 21, Tealga, N.S.W.

FATHER: Do you like moving pictures, Tommy?  
Tommy (hopefully): Yes, father.  
Father: Then perhaps you won't mind helping me get half-a-dozen out of the attic.  
Prize Card to SHIRLEY HAZEL, Coghlin St., Kapunda, S.A.

"GIVE me a couple of gallons - and hurry!"  
I said the great man. "What you want to get is push. I pushed when I was your age."  
"Well, we haven't got no petrol in the place,"  
sir, so I reckon you'll have to push again."  
Prize Card to ELEANOR PLUMMER, Nelson St., Corinda, Brisbane.

Tim: Oh, mother, you had better waken dad!  
Mother: Why?  
Tim: He's gone to sleep and forgotten to take his sleeping draught!  
Prize Card to HOLLY BROWN, To-mato, Forester St., Belmore, N.S.W.

### The Little Stream

By GLADYS MOON

Amongst the mossy rocks  
I winds the little stream,  
Gaily singing on its way,  
Like a silver dream.

Tumbling through the gorges  
Of deepest emerald green,  
It goes laughing onward,  
Mingled with sylvan sheen.

Among the roots of tall green ferns  
And through the shady rills,  
The little stream winds on its way,  
Showered by the purple hills.

Prize of 5/- to GLADYS MOON (Mrs.), No. 4 Haverave Rd., Auburn, N.S.W., for this original verse.

### JUST CHATTER

PEGGY YOUNG, of Spoor's Point, via Boulders (N.S.W.), does good sketches. HEATHER MCINTYRE, of Manly (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter. DIANA MARTYR, of Tatum (Qld.), is fond of riding and reading.

NORA EYAN, of Hillaton (N.S.W.), is fond of swimming. DELECE DAVIDSON, of Pineside, via Mackay (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter. MARJORIE MAGILL, of Tweedville (Qld.), recently spent a very enjoyable holiday at Houghenden on the banks of the Pindar River.

SHIRLEY SCHAFFER, of Summer Hill (N.S.W.), attends Summer Hill school; DON RODNEY, of Milburn, (Vic.), has a dog, a cat and two canaries for his pets; CONSTANCE MOFF, of Melbumbury (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter.

JEAN McLAUGHLIN, of Lismore (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching; VIRGINIA PORTER, of Artarmon (N.S.W.), writes nice verse; COLLEEN MORAN, of North Broken Hill (N.S.W.), is going away for Christmas.

### Word Puzzle

1. Mandoline; 2. mango; 3. mangle; 4. manna; 5. manor; 6. Manchester, manufacturer; 7. manuscript; 8. mangle; 9. manor; 10. mangle.

Sent by SHIRLEY HAZEL, Coghlin St., Kapunda, S.A. (Two Prize Cards).

### FUN FOR THE HOLIDAYS

#### Catching the Cork

A VERY amusing game which can be played at a party can be very easily made from four or five flat corks, some hairpins (or narrow wire), a piece of cotton and a few short sticks.

Take the corks and thread the hairpins through them so that one end sticks out. This can be bent to form a hook. Now fasten a length of cotton to each stick, like a fishing-rod, and tie to the end of each piece of cotton a hair-pin bent into a hoop shape.

Now for the fun.  
Float the corks in a large bowl of water, and each child with a fishing-line stands round the bowl. Stir the water so that the corks start to whirl round and round. Then, at the word "Go," everyone tries to hook a cork "fish." The one catching the most wins.

Two Prize Cards to HELEN FARMER, Bag 181, Morgan, S.A.

#### A Good Trick

ASK your chum if he can write "sixty miles under the sea" in four words. It is more than likely he will say that it is impossible. "No, it's not," you answer. "It is quite easy." And you then show him how it is done!

THE SEA  
SIXTY MILES.  
Prize Card to BETTY HAWORTH, Kinkaun, Yiddah, via Wyalong, N.S.W.

#### Word Puzzle

EACH missing word begins with the same letter.  
1. Don't play the ... as well as the guitar.  
2. The ... is a tropical fruit.  
3. I turn the ... on washing days.  
4. The Israelites ate ... in the wilderness.  
5. The stately family ... was burned to the ground.  
6. ... is noted for the ... of cotton goods.  
7. This is badly written ...  
8. The old lady wore a velvet ...  
9. The lord of the ... gave the cottagers a dinner.  
10. A Chinese ... wears a pigtail.  
(Answers to be found elsewhere on Page.)

### Jolly Game

THE players who are taking part in the race stand at one side of the room with a square piece of cardboard on their heads. On these are placed four buttons or sweets. Now they all go carefully down upon their hands and knees and crawl to the other end of the room. The player who manages it without dropping a button or sweet wins the race.

Prize Card to E. BOSTIN, 20 Seaview St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

### Ring in the New Year

Prize of 5/- to OLIVE WARNER, Chondar St., Blakehurst, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

## New Design in a New Yarn for the Sports Girl

Smart, delightfully cool, just right for summer days — make it when leisure hours are yours!

The color scheme of this little jacket-jumper was carried out in white and scarlet, but, of course, you may use any other color combination. It is fashioned from the new Anchor Tricot — a supple and cool yarn eminently suited to our summery climate.

NOTE the cute way this garment buttons up to the throat—the smart waisted effect that is gained.

You'll find the instructions simple, easy to follow, and if you haven't the inclination to commence on it now, cut out the directions and set off to swiftly-acquired smartness in the New Year. This new Anchor Tricot, by the way, is now obtainable in a big range of shades at leading stores throughout Australia.

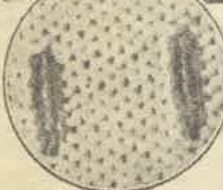
**Materials required.**—7 balls Anchor Tricot F. 721 (white); 2 balls Anchor Tricot F. 469 (geranium); 1 pair Milward's Ladybird knitting pins No. 9; 1 Milward's Super Archer steel crochet-hook No. 2; 7 wooden moulds lin. on flat side.

**Tension.**—6 stitches and 9 rows to lin. **Measurements.**—Bust, 34in.; length from shoulder, 19in. Double thread is used throughout the jumper.

**Abbreviations.**—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch.

### THE FRONT

With F. 721 cast on 48 sts.  
\* K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3, repeat from \* to end of row.  
\* K. 3, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from \* to end of row.  
Repeat last 2 rows 7 times more.  
**Pattern.**—\* P. 1, \* k. 1, p. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with k. 1, p. 4.  
K. 4, \* p. 1, k. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with p. 1, k. 1.  
Repeat these last 2 rows twice more.  
\* P. 1 row.  
K. 1 row. Repeat from \* once more.  
\* P. 4, \* k. 1, p. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with k. 1, p. 1.  
K. 1, \* p. 1, k. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with p. 1, k. 4.



THIS jumper was created by an outstanding Paris designer. No wonder it carries an exclusive air about it. The inset shows an enlargement of the stitch.

Repeat these last 2 rows twice more.  
\* p. 1 row.

K. 1 row. Repeat from \* once more.

Repeat from \*\* 3 times more.

Repeat from \*\* to \*\*\* once more.

Work 1 row of pattern.

**Armhole.**—Cast off 4 sts. work to end of row. Keep continuity of pattern throughout remainder of front.

\* Work 1 row.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning of next row. Repeat from \* twice more.

\* Work 3 rows.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning of next row. Repeat from \* twice more.

Work in pattern for 18 rows.

**Shaping for Neck.**—Decrease 1 st. at beginning of next row.

Decrease 1 st. at end of next row.

Repeat these last 2 rows 4 times more.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning of next row.

Work 1 row.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times more.

**Shaping for Shoulder.**—Decrease 1 st. at beginning of next row.

Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next row.

Repeat these last 2 rows 3 times more.

Break off thread.

Join thread at bottom of jumper at front, pick up and knit 72 sts.

K. 2, \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with p. 1, k. 1, p. 1.

P. 1, \* k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

Repeat these last 2 rows once more.

Repeat first of last 2 rows once more.

**Buttonholes.**—P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, cast off 3 sts. loosely; \* p. 1, k. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, cast off 3 sts. loosely, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with p. 1, k. 1, p. 2.

Work in pattern as for border, casting on 3 sts. loosely where others were cast off in previous row.

Work other 5 rows of border pattern. Cast off loosely.

Work other half of front to correspond, working rows backwards and omitting 1 row before armhole.

Join thread at neck end of front and pick up and knit 72 sts.

Work 12 rows of border pattern, working row backwards.

Cast off loosely.

### THE BACK

WITH F. 721 cast on 99 sts.

K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, \* p. 3, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, \* k. 3, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows 7 times more.

**Pattern.**—\* P. 1, \* k. 1, p. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending with k. 1, p. 1.

K. 1, \* p. 1, k. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending with p. 1, k. 1.

Repeat these last 2 rows twice more.

\* P. 1 row.

K. 1 row. Repeat from \* once more.

P. 4, \* k. 1, p. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending with k. 1, p. 4.

K. 4, \* p. 1, k. 5, repeat from \* to end of row, ending with p. 1, k. 4.

Repeat last 2 rows twice more.

\* P. 1 row.

K. 1 row. Repeat from \* once more.

Repeat from \*\* 3 times more.

Repeat from \*\* to \*\*\* once more.

**Armhole.**—Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows (keep continuity of pattern throughout).

\* Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of next row.

Work 1 row. Repeat from \* once more.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of next row.

Work 3 rows.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of next row.

Work in pattern for 45 rows.

**Shoulder.**—Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining sts. for neck.

### LEFT SLEEVE

Cast on 66 sts.

\* K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3, repeat from \* to end of row.

\* K. 3, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows 4 times more.

Work in pattern.

**1st Row.**—\* Increase 1 st. at beginning and end of row.

Work 5 rows. Repeat from \* 3 times more.

Increase 1 st. at beginning and end of row.

Work 1 row (26 rows of pattern).

\*\* Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of next row.

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next row.

\* Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of next row.

Work 1 row.

Decrease 1 st. at end of next row.

Work 1 row. Repeat from \* 9 times more.

Decrease 1 st. at beginning and end of row.

Work 1 row. Cast off.

### RIGHT SLEEVE

Work same as left sleeve until 26 rows of pattern are worked.

Work 1 row. Repeat from \*\* to \*\*.

Cast off.

With F. 469, using double thread, chain-stitch over 6 knitted stitches all over jumper.

### BUTTONS

With F. 469, using single thread, crochet 4 ch., join with a s.s. Into ring work 8 d.c.

Work 1 d.c. into each d.c. of previous row, increasing gradually to keep flat, until work measures 1 1/4 in. in diameter.

Insert colored thread.

Place mould in position and work 2 rounds without increasing.

Decrease 5 times in each of next 3 rounds.

Decrease twice in next round. Break off thread. Sew opening together.

### TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder seams together and sew up sides. Sew up sleeve seams and insert into armhole.

Join F. 721 at top outside edge of right band and pick up and knit 71 sts. all round neck.

**1st Row.**—\* P. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 3, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2.

**2nd Row.**—\* P. 2, \* k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3, repeat from \* to end of row, ending row with k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

Repeat last 2 rows once more.

P. 2, cast off 3 sts. loosely, work in pattern to end of row. Work 1 row of pattern, casting on 3 sts. loosely where others were cast off. Work other 5 rows of pattern. Cast off. Sew buttons on to left front to correspond with buttonholes.

## WHY DOCTORS RECOMMEND BOVRIL

Doctors have realised for years that Bovril provides something which ordinary food cannot supply. For Bovril has unique powers of speeding up and encouraging those vital processes which lie at the root of all nutrition. Start taking Daily Bovril. You will not only increase your capacity for work and enjoyment but will steadily acquire really sound reserves of strength with which to resist illness. Build up your strength with Daily Bovril.

## BOVRIL

And do I know what's good for me?...



"Jim-in-ee crickets! I'm glad you came along! Feels like half the sand in this box is inside my diaper. I'm getting all scratched up where I sit down. What'll we do about it, Mother?"



"A bath before supper? Swell! And Johnson's Baby Powder... here, there, and the other place? Rubbed on like this—smooth and slick and comfy? Oh, lady—you have the best ideas!"



"Won't it be dandy—that soft, tickly feeling when the nice powder gets into my creases? No wonder I'm the best baby in this street! My skin feels so good I never know I have it on!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is the kind that makes babies happy. It's made of the finest talc—soft as satin. That's why it is best for your own skin, too. Also use Johnson's Baby Soap, and Baby Cream on your own skin, and for baby.

## Johnson's BABY powder BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc, the Modern Toothbrush, Moxes, Etc.

Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price — Now 6d. per tablet.



## GUARD YOUR BEAUTY

A lovely complexion is usually the result of keeping the body free of poisons—of keeping internally clean by daily elimination of food wastes.

Common skin troubles, doctors say, are mostly caused by one thing only—sluggish intestines. If you have a bad breath and suffer from a dull, blotchy, pimply skin and a ruddy complexion—then you need a mild and gentle laxative to expel the poisonous food waste from the intestines.



CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

## On Going Out



## DON'T FORGET TO USE HINDS CREAM!

It will keep your skin more smooth and youthful... and protected from ravages of the weather.

For the face, neck, arms and hands. Protects, Softens, Beautifies.

1/2 and 2/6 everywhere.

Buy the 2/6 size and obtain 4 times the quantity.

Sole Agents: HILLCASTLE LTD.



Accept only HINDS—Refuse Imitations





## No other Medicine but Felton's Milk of Magnesia

**M**OTHER knows! and besides, did not the Doctor and Clinic Nurse say how dependable Felton's Milk of Magnesia

is for digestive disorders in young children, particularly acidity or sour stomach.

Felton's is real Milk of Magnesia, and, what is important, possesses functioning power that is scientifically correct. In appearance it resembles rich milk fresh from the dairy and tastes like it, too. Children are intensely fond of it.

The perfection of mixture, the absence of drugs or harmful elements, the soothing healthy

way it relieves constipation, its stimulating action on the digestive organs, and the comfort it gives, assure an all round influence for health to those to whom this highly commended laxative is given.

In the manufacture of Felton's Milk of Magnesia nothing is left to chance. Strict hygiene is observed, and the most exacting tests are made so that mothers may give this enticing healthful corrective to the youngest tottler of the family with every confidence in its safety and efficacy.

To save disappointment ask for Felton's Milk of Magnesia. The sunny smiles of your happy contented infant will convince you of its worth.

# FELTON'S

"Trident" Brand

## MILK of MAGNESIA

From the Laboratories of  
FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUERDINS LTD.,  
MELBOURNE.



## BE FULL OF VIM, VIGOUR, HEALTH AND VITALITY!

Get rid of those frowns—those miseries—those everyday ills which make life a bore. Take the simple way to health. Take Beecham's Pills to-night and face the morning bright. Let them tone, regulate and purify your system, and give you the inner health to face life bright and happy. Be full of Vim, Vigour, Health and Vitality—enjoying the Bounty of health which only Beecham's can bring—that glorious "on top of the world" feeling with every function of the body working harmoniously together.

# Beecham's Pills

## MEN and ANGEL

Continued from Page 32

ANGELA turned swiftly to Mr. Nichols. "What have you heard from Captain Talmadge?" Her face burned, waiting for his reply. "Oh, he's pretty fit, I believe," said Mr. Nichols. "Just as with you, I think he hasn't found anything to be exactly what he wants yet. He's an incurable idealist; a pig-headed romantic."

"At times he's very bitter, isn't he?" asked Angela. "Just to be talking about him quickened the blood in her veins, made the world not so cold, not so lonely."

"Bitter? I dare say," said Mr. Nichols. "A chap like that takes a lot of punishment."

"There was a girl—wasn't there?" said Angela.

"Women are always keen on him," said Mr. Nichols, "but he doesn't seem to have much luck with them. Six or seven years ago there was a girl—he was only a youngster then—they were going to be married. She ditched him three days before the date set for the wedding."

Six or seven years ago. Then the girl who wouldn't live on an army officer's pay had not been the first to slap his pride in the face.

"Like Paul, do you?" asked Mr. Nichols, smiling slightly.

"Yes," said Angela. She added, facing that amused understanding with her head up, "I'm not asking about him out of mere curiosity."

Mr. Nichols seemed to consider that rather more seriously than before. He said after certain hesitation, "Did you know that he had requested to be transferred? He stands well with the department. I expect he'll get it."

Angela's heart beat hard. "Transferred—to Paris?" she asked.

"No," he replied.

Miss Browne and Horace came back into the room with a tray of cocktails. Mr. Nichols waited till he had his in his hand before he answered Angela's insistent eyes. Then, "To Tokyo," he said. Nothing further.

"To Tokyo?" said Angela quietly. She thought a knife between her ribs would have stabbed less sharp, less deep.

After Mr. Nichols had gone, after Horace and Miss Browne had gone, leaving empty glasses and a no longer frosted shaker behind them, Angela wrote to Talmadge.

She said, "I have heard that you are asking to be sent to the other side of the world. You said you would not see me again, but if you knew how desperately I need to see you you would

come to Paris—if only for a day. Surely you could fly over and back. For a little while. I am begging you to come."

SHE signed it Doree. On the morning after her comparatively mad Hatter's tea-party, Angela woke at dawn and lay in her bed looking out through the tops of the poplars at the towers of Notre Dame. Late September. The poplars yellowing day by day. While she lay there, watching a dove alighted with a soft swoop on a quivering branch. Behind branch and dove the sky grew an ashen rose. Gargoyles on the towers came slowly clear. Hunched shoulder, swish about, clutching claw. Angela remembered Matty Morgan saying: "From that room—I've seen sunrise on Notre Dame." No longer Matty's room. No longer Matty's sunrise.

With thought of Matty Morgan came thought of Neville. While Angela had been writing to Talmadge she had not been thinking of Neville. She began now to realise.

## AFTERGLOW

A VOICE that cries through-  
out the afterglow  
When all the gold has faded  
into grey,  
And in its path the naked winds make  
moan  
Threading the air with stars to close  
the day.

A voice that cries so low from out  
my heart  
When all the love you held for me  
has fled;  
And in its path the empty echoes call,  
Weeping with sightless eyes so  
rimmed and red.

—Joan Linnett.



"I've got to tell him, and at once. The only decent thing to do. It won't be pleasant, either."

Even in anticipation, she shrank from Neville's caustic comment. "Last week—you were ready to marry me." Well—she wasn't ready now. It had taken one word—the name of a place she'd never seen—to teach her.

"He's asked to be transferred to Tokyo." Twenty odd days between her and the cool, hazel eyes, the touch

## BEHAVED JUST LIKE FATHER

(By Air Mail from Our London Office).

"THE younger generation is very masterful," said a woman at Brighton Court, complaining about her children.

She said that her two sons, aged 12 and 13 years:

Bullied her and would not do anything for her.

Had refused to go to school since last March.

Never came in until 11.30 at night.

Spent every day in the cinema.

In fact, she said they behaved just like their father, and asked that they be sent to a school.

This was agreed to.

that turned the whole, uneven rhythm of her being into cadenced music. It didn't bear thinking of—that was all.

Over and over she said to herself phrases she had used in the letter. Wondered whether she might not have said it more clearly—made it stronger.

Beside the first dove a second alighted and balanced. Making low, guttural sounds. Preening its iridescent breast. Presently the leaves were shaken by brief commotion. Both doves flown.

She thought: "Neville will think I'm letting him down. And, of course, I am. He may pretend not to mind, but at heart he'll despise me." She felt quite wretched thinking of Neville.

"Just the same, if he were utterly well again, it would make no difference. I'd never want him. I know now what I do want." If it had been just marriage, security and shelter and safety—there was Horace. Surely the securest and safest shelter of all. But not Horace. Not Neville. No one on earth but the man who had said: "You're a damned little cheat!" At last, for her, life was coming into focus.

After a sketchy breakfast she went to Horace's atelier. Worked there till early afternoon. It was almost three when she started along still dusty streets on her way to Neville. "What's the good of putting it off any longer? The sooner I get it over the better for all concerned."

To be continued

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



GLENDIA FARRELL  
HAS A CAT WHICH IS CROSS-EYED.  
ALAN HALE, WHOSE HOBBY  
IS OPTOMETRY, MADE A  
PAIR OF GLASSES FOR  
THE CAT.



LE ROY PRINZ, DANCE DIRECTOR FOR "STOLEN HARMONY," MAKES A TROOP OF ELEPHANTS DO THE SAME DANCE THAT THE REGULAR CHORINES DO.

Charles Farrell  
CHARLES FARRELL'S AUTOGRAPH



FRANCES  
DEE

HAS EYES WHICH  
REFLECT THE  
COLOR OF THE  
DRESS SHE IS  
WEARING. THIS  
CAUSED MUCH  
TROUBLE IN CLOSE-  
UP SHOTS FOR  
"BECKY SHARR"



# WOMAN SKIPPER in Australian Sailing Championship

## Successful Invasion of Another Male Sport!

Until a few years ago, sailing was regarded as being an essentially male sport.

But once introduced to the thrills of "a life on the harbor wave," women took to it with enthusiasm, and now Australia not only boasts open-boat skippers, but all-feminine crews.

They have taken to the water in all sorts of craft, and in their shorts and bright-colored pull-overs add greatly to the gaiety of the scene on harbor and river.

SAILING enthusiasts of Queensland are interested just now in the approach of the race for the Australian championship title which, in the sailing world, is the most important race each season.

The reason for particular interest this year is the inclusion of a woman representative from N.S.W., Miss Kathleen Parr, who sails the 12ft. skiff Aussie in the Vauluse Club, Sydney. This is the first occasion in Australia that a woman has competed in the race.

Because of Miss Parr's visit, the Queensland Council have arranged a ladies' 12ft. skiff championship race, and in this Miss Nina Binkin, who is the present champion of Queensland—an honor she gained in the Dione on the Brisbane River last season—will probably compete. Mrs. Kerr, who sailed the

Dove, and Miss Myrtle Pye, who sails the Aloma, may also be contenders. Women take a keen interest in sailing in Queensland. They compete in many important races, and competition between the various clubs is keen. One of the outstanding skippers is Miss Clarice Whereat. She has been sailing for about five years, and won the ladies' skiff championship in 1931, 1932, and 1934. Her mother, Mrs. A. Whereat, has been sailing all her life, and has won 15 or 16 races, including five championships.

Adelaide will be to the forefront in sailing circles during their Centenary year. Invitations have already been sent to England, America, Germany, and Holland to compete in their regatta, and it is considered that many will accept and bring their own crews and use Australian boats.

### Feminine Crews

SOME of the yacht clubs in Victoria hold annual "dies" days with feminine crews, but the Royal Yacht Club at Williamstown is the only one where the yachts are skippered by women in women's races.

Besides Miss Parr, Sydney boasts several other sailing enthusiasts, notable among them being Mrs. Stillman, who was perhaps the first woman skipper to sail a boat with an all feminine crew.

On Saturday, December 28, a regatta will be held at Pittwater. A record entry has been received, and twenty-seven skippers have been nominated. The women skippers will be Mrs. Kirkland (Rawena), Mrs. Robson (Wyuna), Miss Pring (Lady Luck), and Miss Hudleston (Mawhilla).



THE CREW OF THE VERITAS, which won the annual ladies' race of the Victorian Royal Yacht Club. Miss Gladys Onians is the skipper.

## BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

### New Year Cruise that is in the Lap of the "Books"

By BETTY GEE

What a tangle I'm in!

Villiers eve, and in my kimono, with the programme for Randwick to-morrow. A stub of pencil tightly grasped, but a 24-days' cruise to the islands tantalisingly out of reach.

Yes, Dickie's got his holidays, and says if we can scratch up the money to pay for it we'll go. Well, I'm picking the horses for HIM to back to get that money.

DICKIE'S got enough to muddle through on, but that's no good. I've got my winnings by me, but I'll need all I have. So why not give HIS money a flutter and, if it turns out all right, we'll have plenty to do the cruise de luxe.

You can imagine what a busy week I've had on that programme. I've rung up everybody I ever knew had anything to do with a horse. Thank goodness the phone bill won't be in till we've gone. I've wished them lots of luck, but it's surprising how few were helpful—I mean with a decent tip about the horses they DO know about.

I was hoping Gold Rod was going to run, and I'd have pushed Dickie into putting all he's got on that because I know it simply can't be beaten whatever it runs in. But Mrs. Brien told me she heard from Mrs. Watt that he wouldn't run, and she should know, because her husband owns it, but that it would win the December Stakes on Boxing Day.

But if Gold Rod doesn't run on Saturday I know what'll win, because Nick Donellan told a friend of mine that Bonnie Legion's a certainty for whichever division she draws, so that's one I've ticked off to provide for the cruise de luxe.

### Not So Easy

Dickie says he knows that Herolic Faith has been "bottled up" for the Novice, because he had it in town from somebody or other that Mr. W. A. Freeman, one of the big New Guinea gold men, had bought him specially to win races at Randwick with class horses. Well, if he thinks he can get gold out of those bookies as easily as out of the ground, Dickie may be right.

But my pick is The Darter, and she's Jack King's. He has her ready for this, too, and when he gallops her with spirit, his unbeaten two-year-old, you

### OUR BOOK OFFER!

Here is Taken K8 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer.

TOKEN K8

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN D13

Here is Taken D13 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories" Book offer.

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

Here is Taken B26 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" Book offer.

TOKEN B26

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE IT AT ONCE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

### RESULT "MONEY FOR XMAS" COMPETITION

The missing words were:—  
1. "Lay," 2. "Bee," 3. "Thought," 4. "Merry," 5. "Little," 6. "Gone," 7. "Heart," 8. "Hay," 9. "Deserve," 10. "Rule."  
The following eighteen competitors submitted an all correct solution, therefore divide the prize of sixty pounds (£60), receiving £3/6/8 each:—  
R. J. Bovis, Sydney; G. Bridges, Jr., Ashfield; T. W. Charles, Box Hill; Miss Madeleine Clarke, Sydney; I. R. Coto, Box Hill; Miss Pearl Crook, Harbord; A. R. Crook, Harbord; B. G. Davey, Newport Beach; Miss Ruth Ewen, Cremorne; R. Hamilton, Hawthorn; L. H. Hellyer, Artarmon; A. G. Leech, Malvern; Mrs. B. Morrison, Newport; Miss E. Parsons, Sydney; Miss F. S. Phillips, Neutral Bay; I. Pontey, Roseville; J. Shaw, Brisbane; H. G. Topham, Sydney.\*\*\*

**WRIGHT'S**

Relief is certain! No longer tortuous pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, and Lumbago.

A liquid guarantee will be given to any Chemist or Dispensary when you purchase six bottles at the one time that if a cure is not effected your money will be refunded in full. (This does not apply to Rheumatoid Arthritis.)

One bottle lasts for one month's treatment.

Six bottles for 6 bottles and 6 bottles for 12 bottles.

If obtainable from your Chemist or Store write direct to:

**TWENTIETH CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO., PTY. LTD.**  
205 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, Vic.

**RHEUMATIC REMEDY**

**WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—**

**WITHOUT CALOMEL**

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, tired and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up."

Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name, Carter's Little Liver Pills, on the red label. Sold in two sizes only, 1/3 and 3/4. Resist a substitute.\*\*\*

**LET Steelo**

**MAKE YOUR POTS & PANS LIKE NEW**

With less rubbing it thoroughly cleans aluminium, and polishes it at the same time. Steelo is good, too, for bath, sauce, sink, and for cleaning gas stoves. You get 5 weeks' supply... 1 gals. and special soap... for 6d.

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**I Stopped Experimenting with Face Creams**

when I discovered

**Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cold Cream**

Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will find it penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.



**Daggett & Ramsdell**





# FARMER'S

SYDNEY'S  
QUALITY GIFT  
SHOP FOR MORE  
THAN NINETY  
YEARS...

## Last minute Gift Ideas for Christmas and New Year!



**FOR  
HIM!**

Eleventh hour shoppers! Let every remaining blank on your gift list be filled here and now. Opposite each name, whether man or woman, young or old, jot down one of the attractive gifts listed below, and your reputation as an understanding gift giver will be secure!

**Not forgetting them!**



**FOR  
HER!**



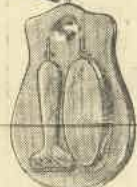
Novelty box of 6 Pyramid Handkerchiefs, only 7/3  
Good socks in a tasteful gift box. Value! .. 4/6



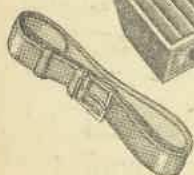
A novelty book of shaving papers. Original Ideal! At 1/11



Pokerwork paper rest, for propping paper .. 5/6



For Fido! Brush, wire comb, 6/11



Grained calf belt, suede lined. Grey or tan. 6/6



English hair brush, of pure bristle .. 16/6



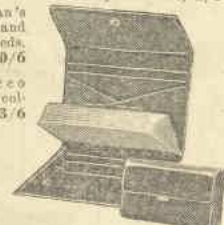
All on the Ground Floor.



Toilet set, shaving cream, toothpaste, shampoo. Price, 5/3



Sportsman's set, Golf and shave needs. Price, 10/6

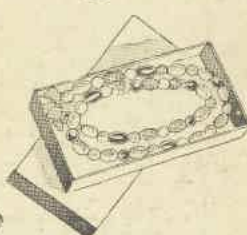


Morocco Wallet, colours. 13/6

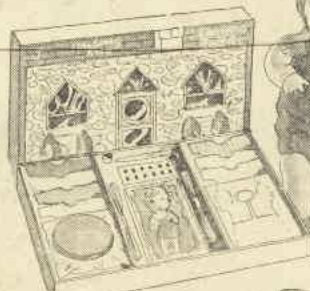
A Farmer's Xmas means a happy New Year.



Toys, Fourth Floor

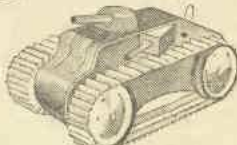


Tinkering beads, gaily coloured for baby! Fast colours. Now only 3/11  
Sailing boat, keeps even keel. A rudder, too! 5/6  
Others, 2/6, 4/6 to 84/-

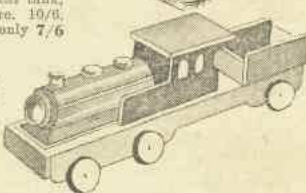


Sewing sets for busy young ladies. 7/6. Others priced at 3/11

At right, Baby doll with sleeping eyes. At 13/6. Others, 4/11 up to 84/-  
Strong mechanical tank, climbs anywhere. 19/6. Now priced at only 7/6



A strong wooden engine, brightly coloured. Hours of fun for the little man. 2/6



Below. A baby grand piano for budding Beethoven. A remarkably sweet tone. 5/6. Others from 3/11 up to 63/-

Half price! Exciting tea sets. Usual 2/6. Now 1/3. Others, usual 1/3. Now 71d. 1/9. Now 101d.



Mechanical Fire Chief. The siren actually shrieks. Price, 14/6



Special! Airflow Chrysler. 1/11. Now 1/6



Breakfast tray, coloured floral designs. At 1/6



Revolving stocking dryer, in leather case .. 4/11



Hot new! Three pot holders hung neatly ready .. 2/11

Abyssinian warrior—ready to attack darts in socks. 2/11



Box of artificial flowers for posies 5/6. Organal flower alone .. 2/3



Red enamel and chromium powder bowl, mirror. Priced at .. 13/6



Recipe book, poker work cover .. 2/11



Floral silk fitted sponge bag; bottles, jar .. 17/6



Neat triangular perfume box, tassels, 9/6

The witch's broom straws make ideal cake testers, 1/11

Key ring. Bone with painted Australian design. Priced at 1/-



The

# Red Lacquer Case

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By PATRICIA WENTWORTH

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December 24, 1933  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

## CHAPTER I



THE front door of Sally Meredith's cottage opened straight into the living-room. There was a red brick floor, very clean, a much worn Persian rug, and a big open fireplace. Of the two large chairs only one was really comfortable, but M. Frederic Lasalle, who occupied it, was not really being fair to its well-cushioned curves. He sat on the extreme edge, elbow on knee, chin in hand, and looked frowningly into the fire.

Sally thought him altered. His round face was not as rosy as it should have been, but, after all, seven years were seven years.

Sally was sitting on the floor in front of the fire, her lap full of papers which she was sorting. On her right she made a small pile of those she wished to keep. On her left a rubbishy heap grew apace.

"It's exactly like dips in a lucky bag," she said. "Cousin Eliza kept everything, and I never know whether I'm going to come across a five pound note or an invitation to tea in the sixties."

She unfolded a yellow paper as she spoke, and read aloud the endorsement. "My honored grandmother's recipe for making black currant jelly. Very economical! I'll keep that."

She laid it down on her right, and Lasalle, leaning forward, picked it up and began to read. "Take nine pounds of black currants and nine scant pints of water"—there he stopped, remained looking for a moment at the paper, and then said:

"This old Cousin Eliza, was she good to you? Have you been happy here?"

Sally looked up. Her very candid eyes held a little humor.

"Oh, well," she said, "she simply hated me because I had to do things for her, and she'd always been so frightfully independent. It was very decent of her to leave me everything."

M. Lasalle snorted.

"When last we met," he said, "you were happily and suitably betrothed. To me also it was a happiness. I thought 'Youth is headstrong, but now all will be well.' Always you were a trouble to my mind."

He ran his fingers through his thick grey hair, kicked the log violently, and concluded in a tone of wrath.

"We speak just now of your cousin—I can see she made you no happiness, but I can forgive her before I forgive the other woman who has spoiled your life and broken your betrothal—that Mrs. Stevens-Vine—"

"Vine-Stevens," murmured Sally.

"What does it matter, her name? It is what she has done. To drag a child innocent, unknowing, into an affair of politics—do I say politics—madness rather, and of a publicity, of a scandal—it is this she has done to you, and I forgive her never."

"Just what the magistrate said," said Sally sweetly—"and Bill, and the relations and everyone."

"Speak not to me of her—never. As for your Cousin Eliza—phui—an old maid! Will you be one, too?"

She regarded him with a dangerous smile.

"Fritz, darling, you are quite out of date. There aren't any old maids now."

"It is a pity of my niece Sally Meredith," said Fritz. "She was betrothed to a fine young man—oh, some years ago now, and she makes a noisy demonstration at a women's rally. Sequel, she is arrested, she is in your Bow Street Police Court—what will you have? The betrothal is broken—what does it matter to me? It is a pity, that is all."

Then, with a complete change of manner: "Like that I cannot speak, Sally. I have a heart that is torn until I know how it is with you."

"Fritz, it's dear of you to care." Then, with a noticeable effort—"It's all such ages ago: need we dig it up?"

"He is alive?"

"Yes."

"Do you see him, hear from him?"

"Oh, no."

Sally adjusted the lamp shades and turned smiling.

"Fritz, you're an incurable Victorian romantic. Do stop digging, and come and be comfortable."

M. LASALLE sat down without speaking. Cousin Eliza's recipe still lay where he had dropped it when he rose so abruptly. He bent now, and picked it up, folding and refolding it in an odd, absent-minded manner.

"You," he said, after a long pause. "Let us speak about me, but it is not a comfortable thing to speak of, this me."

Sally threw a big cushion on the floor, and sat down on it cross-legged. The little room was full of a warm glow.

"See, then, Sally, if I speak of you, if I tease you, if I am, as you say, 'brute' to you, it is because..."

He broke off sharply, stared at her out of round blue eyes, and then began again.

"There are two of me, Sally. There is the old uncle whom you call Fritz, kind and peaceable, a good citizen of his Switzerland, a man to be envied, a man, as you say—comfortable. Then there is the other—he who is Lasalle, chemist, inventor, man of science pure and simple. Up to now

he, too, has been happy, as one is happy when he does the work which he loves beyond all the world. I say up to now, for now there has come upon this other me, this one who is Lasalle, the man of science—"

"Fritz, what is it?" said Sally.

Her breath came a little faster, her eyes widened. She looked at him with concern and great affection.

"It is—I do not know how to call it—tragedy? Perhaps. A strain beyond what I can bear? Certainly. And this for weeks, Sally, until there is no Fritz any more, but only this tormented Lasalle. But when I come here and speak of you and think of you... then I am Fritz again, just for a little. Oh, mon Dieu, the relief! And you say, 'Fritz, let us talk of you and be comfortable!'"

He had taken the same uncomfortable attitude as before—on the edge of the chair, leaning forward, one hand propping his head, the other closing and unclosing on the half-sheet of paper which he had picked up.

Sally rose to her knees, and put her hand over his.

"Fritz, for goodness gracious sake, what is it?"

He pushed her away from him gently.

"I am telling you, but you must stay still. You have asked me of my work. Have I invented, have I discovered? And it is as if you struck me upon a wound. And I say, 'Yes, I have worked, I have invented.'"

He gave a sort of groan.

"It was like that with me. It was a gas that I have found, like nothing else, swift, sudden, and—deadly beyond what words can describe. Then when the discovery is complete, and I have made my experiments, I think, 'What to do?' I come out of that work dream so absorbing, and I begin to reason, 'My own country, Switzerland, she is neutral for ever. Thank God she needs no poison gases.' After my own country I think of England. With all my heart I love her, and with all my heart I believe that she loves peace. I think to myself, 'England shall have this secret.' And I write to your War Office. Then something happens; there come to me in three separate ways offers from other nations. I say 'No' to them. They do not take my answer. First in small ways, and then in big, I am pressed. I cannot describe it; but I begin to feel 'What have I here? What forces are stirring? And can I resist them?'"

His voice sank to a whisper.

Sally stared at him, her face quite pale.

After a moment's pause, he spoke again, a sudden energy in his voice.



But, as I told Fritz, he couldn't possibly have seen Fritz showing me the spring, and me opening it. Thank goodness, Fritz's nice humpy shoulder spoiled his little game as far as that was concerned. As I said to Fritz, the only thing he got away with was the quite useful information that, if he did manage to pick Fritz's pocket—(can you pick a vest, for I'm sure that's where he keeps it?)—he couldn't open that wretched case, or even try to, without flooding the whole show with acid—so that's that."

Sally nodded, and went on looking at the moonlight.

Odd for Fritz to be so disturbed. Why couldn't he make up his mind one way or the other?

Sally stopped looking into the moonlight, pushed another cushion behind her shoulders, locked her arms about her knees, and stared vaguely into the soft dusk of her room.

Fritz's talk had brought up the past very vividly. It was years, and years, and years since anyone had spoken to her of her engagement to Bill Armitage. She remembered now how frightfully proud she had been of being engaged at seventeen. It was simply too thrilling to have a diamond ring, and a man at your beck and call. And the rows—the excitement and fascination of them—Bill furious; Sally provoking; and then a delightful scene of reconciliation. Sally frowned and smiled at the recollection. Then Mrs. Vine-Stevens—Sally's mouth twisted a little; the heading, passionate worship with which she had flung herself at the feet of the famous women's leader was just a little blither to her now. She remembered Bill's "And where do I come in?" Poor old Bill, she wasn't sorry for him then, but how it hurt to remember how he looked when she stamped her foot and flared back at him. "You? Why should you count? You're not in the same street with her. You're not on the same side of the world. Why, you can't even begin to understand how I feel about her!"

Yes, it hurt all right. Oh, bother Fritz for stirring it all up like this.

It was whilst she was bothering Fritz that M. Lasalle so cautiously shut the front door and pushed the key under the sill. Sally, seven years back in the past, heard nothing. The gate closed noiselessly.

#### CHAPTER 3

FOUR and a half hours later Sally became aware of daylight. Mrs. Callender, a rapid flow of conversation, and a bitterly cold draught. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, yawned, and said "Good morning"—adding hastily, "For goodness sake, shut something, or I shall freeze, Sally."

"Door or window, Miss?" inquired Mrs. Callender.

"Both," said Sally.

Mrs. Callender fastened the window and banged the door. Everything that could creak and rattle was doing so with great zest. There was a stinging wind, and an unbelievably brilliant sun.

Sally detached her mind with a jerk from the prospect, and bent her startled attention upon Mrs. Callender's steady stream of talk.

"What did you say?" she asked sharply.

"At half past seven," said Mrs. Callender, without appearing to take a breath, "I knocked at the old gentleman's door, like you told me to. And for five blessed minutes if I didn't go on a knocking and a-standing there like a poor dumb woodpecker."

"So there's the old gentleman's bed not slept in, and a letter for you a-propped against the lamp downstairs. So I suppose as 'ow he's been called away sudden."

"What?" said Sally, with a gasp.

"Just what I've been a-telling of you all along," said Mrs. Callender with an air of virtue. "Sitting late at night means lying late in the morning, and a thing I never did 'old with."

But Sally had leapt from bed and was half way down the narrow cottage stair.

Fritz gone! But how? Where? Fritz, whom she had left quite fairly soothed and peaceful. Impossible!

She stood barefoot in her thin nightdress, and tore open the letter which bore her address. The wind whipped in through the open window, but Sally did not feel it.

What on earth did it all mean? What on earth was Fritz up to?

She clutched the letter in one hand, the table with the other, and read:

"Sally, my child, I am going away. This decision, it is too great for me; I cannot make it. I am like a man who is blind; I cannot see which way I should go. But, if I am blind, others have eyes. I think you have the eyes to see and the courage to choose. Choose then, and God be with you. For me, I go. Good-bye, little Sally, whom I love."

Fritz.

P.S.—The lacquer case, it is behind the second volume of Tillotson's Sermons in your Cousin Eliza's bookcase."

SALLY found herself breathing very fast. She turned the letter over; on the back was yet another postscript, slanting right down across the page in an almost illegible scrawl:

"It is impossible that I can stay to meet him."

Sally crumpled the letter up and flung it on the floor. Meet him? Meet whom? Had Fritz gone mad? Then, in a faint whisper somewhere just beyond her control—had anything dreadful happened? She stamped her foot. Of course it hadn't—of course, of course it hadn't. What a perfect fool she was.

With a jerk she drew the curtains, and ran over to the glass-fronted bookshelf which flanked the fireplace. Kneeling on the brick, she flung the doors wide, and dragged both Tillotson's sober volumes from their place on the lowest shelf. There was nothing behind them.

Sally began to feel very cold. She pulled out Jeremy Taylor and Isaak Walton, and there was nothing behind them either. With stiff fingers, she added "The Reverend Thomas Moggridge's Remarks on the Uncertainty of Human Existence," and "Bishop Hannington's Life" to the pile beside her, and gazed in horror at the emptying shelf. Some bound volumes of "Good Words" remained, but there was nothing behind them; and on the next shelf nothing; and on the one above nothing either.

Mrs. Callender opened the door upon a scene of indescribable confusion.

"Enough to make Miss Eliza walk, that it were," as she assured her niece, Ellen, when she next had tea with her. "Every blessed book on the floor, and Miss Sally, as you may say, 'ardly decent, for her nightdresses is a deal more like what I should think fit and proper for a ballroom, all low in the neck, and short in the sleeve, and no protection at all against those cold bricks, as I said to her at the time. 'Oh, Lor', Miss Sally, my dear,' I says, 'What a scamjandrum,' I says. And blest if Miss Sally didn't burst out laughing in my face, and her own as white as a sour curd."

"What's a scamjandrum?" said Sally, scrambling to her feet and sending the books flying.

"I never want to see a worse one," said Mrs. Callender, "not if I was to see a hundred, I don't. Oh, it's all very well to say, 'Go away, Sally,' and you with your bare feet and nothing on."

"Well, put the books back," said Sally shortly.

The gust of laughter which had swept her was gone.

She went over to the crumpled ball which was Fritz's letter, and picked it up. The envelope was still on the table. She took it and turned it over. She had not broken the seals, but had opened it by tearing the top.

She went now to the window, drew back the curtain, and looked long and steadily at Fritz's three blobs of violet wax. The edges were sharper than they should have been.

Half turning, her eyes went quickly to the little writing table set at an angle between door and window. A small paper-knife, dagger-shaped and made of metal, lay on the blotting pad. She picked it up, brought it to the light, and looked closely at it. A little smear of violet wax dimmed the blade. Someone had been here, then, after Fritz had written his letter and gone away, after she herself had gone to sleep. Someone had been here in this room, and had found the letter and opened it. Quite easy, of course, with a metal paper knife, especially if you heated it.

What a perfectly horrid thing to have happened. The hand, large, pale, and darkly scarred, rose up in Sally's memory. With a rush, the thing that she had been keeping at bay became a clamorous fact, impossible to resist. Fritz's secret was stolen; the lacquer case was gone!

#### CHAPTER 4

MAJOR ARMITAGE walked from the nearest station, Lenton, Chark, of course, didn't one. A place with a name like that wouldn't have, as Sally had always insisted, much to Miss Eliza Meredith's annoyance.

Bill Armitage was not, however, thinking of either Sally or her cousin, Eliza. He had, in fact, not the slightest reason to connect Sally with Chark. He was merely going to meet M. Lasalle, who refused point blank to come to London.

As he walked, he regarded the countryside with a critical eye, and decided that the stretch of moorland on the right would make quite a decent golf course.

Bill lifted the latch of the gate, walked up the path as far as the doorstep, and there remained rooted to the ground. He could see the recessed hearth. Before it lay a black woolly mat, and in the middle of the black woolly mat a girl was sitting. Her head was turned away, and she appeared to be staring into the fire.

The girl wore a jumper and skirt of grey wool, and her bobbed hair was the exact color of Sally Meredith's hair, that rather bright chestnut which is not so very common.

He stood looking down at the top of her head and wondering why on earth she did not turn round, since it was quite impossible that she should not have heard his footsteps.

Sally did not turn because she had been trying not to cry, and she did not wish either the postman or someone from the village to see that her eyes were full of tears. She stared hard into the fire and winked vigorously. She also hoped that whoever it was would go away. And then she heard Bill Armitage's voice, saying:

"I beg your pardon."

Sally was not conscious of jumping up. But in the same moment that she recognised Bill's voice she found herself on her feet, facing him and feeling exactly as if, somehow or other, she had walked into one of the more improbable kind of dreams.

Major Armitage, for his part, received the shock of his life. The girl's hair was not like Sally's; it was Sally's. This was Sally herself, Sally from whom he had parted furiously seven years before. Sally Meredith here, where he was expecting to meet a Swiss inventor!



He said, "Good Lord," and Sally said, "How do you do, Bill," exactly as if she had been expecting him; and when she had said "How do you do," she said, "Won't you come in?" And Bill came in.

She advanced a step, and offered Bill three cold fingers.

"We might as well say 'How do you do' properly," she said, "after seven years—it is seven, isn't it?"

"It is," said Bill, and a rush of furious indignation surged up in him.

His voice was very stiff as he answered her. And then, quite suddenly, Sally blushed to the roots of her hair, and said, putting out both her hands:

"Oh, Bill, I'm so unhappy. Fritz's gone."

"Gone!"

Sally nodded.

"Fritz's gone, and the lacquer case, and the burglar. And I don't know who's got it—the case I mean, not Fritz. Everything's so mixed."

"It seems to be," said Bill slowly. "I'm sorry, but I really don't understand."

He was on the point of adding, "You always did say I was slow," but checked himself with the feeling of having been on the brink of a precipice. Whatever happened, he must on no account encourage Sally.

"If you wouldn't mind explaining," he said.

"I am explaining," said Sally, "but I'd explain much better if you'd sit down. You're such a long way up; it keeps me feeling as if I must shout, and then I lose the thread of what I'm saying."

Bill subsided into the large chair, the only comfortable one.

Sally took the nubby one, and inquired:

"Where had I got to?"

"I don't really think you had got anywhere. Perhaps you wouldn't mind beginning over again."

"I did begin. I told you Fritz had gone, and the case; and I don't know who's got it. You see it may be the burglar, the one with the horrid white hand, or one of the spies; or Fritz may have taken it himself after all; and its simply too harassing not to know which, because, of course, I'm responsible now—you do see that, don't you?"

Sally looked earnestly at him out of her dark grey eyes. Her cheeks were very pink.

Bill forgot about not encouraging her.

"My dear child, I haven't the foggiest idea what you're talking about," he said.

Sally was liking him a little bit better every moment.

"Look here," said Bill, "begin at the beginning, really at the beginning. Start by telling me who Fritz is, and where he has gone to."

"I don't know—I only wish I did."

"Do you mean you don't know who he is, or you don't know where he's gone?"

"I don't know where he's gone. Of course I know who he is. Don't be so stupid, Bill."

"Well, suppose you tell me who he is. I came here to meet M. Lasalle, and you tell me Fritz is gone—is Fritz M. Lasalle?"

"Of course."

"He's been here?"

"Yes, yes, of course, I told you so. He was here last night in that very chair."

A dreadful idea flashed into Bill's mind.

"You're not—he isn't—I mean you're not married to him, are you?"

SALLY'S eyes opened until they were perfectly round.

"My dear Bill! What on earth are you talking about? Fritz?"

Bill began to experience acute exasperation. Sally had developed a dimple and a giggle, and he was not sure which annoyed him most.

"Look here, be rational," he said. "I don't see anything to laugh at. If you're not married to him, you're not."

"Poor Fritz," said Sally, drying her eyes. "I can't think why you don't know all about him; but I suppose we were always too

busy quarrelling. Anyhow, I'm never very good at explaining Fritz. I'm always game to try, though. If you don't understand, it'll be your fault. I warn you it's complicated."

BILL received this flood of intelligence without any alteration in the rather blank expression with which he had been contemplating Sally. His rugged features did not, in fact, lend themselves to much play of expression, and the effort to repress a just annoyance was having its usual stiffening effect.

"Now to begin at the beginning," he said. "He was here last night?"

"I keep telling you so," said Sally, aggrieved. "And then the hand came on the window, just as he was showing me how to open the case. And, of course, that upset him a lot; and goodness knows, he was quite enough upset before. But I did think I'd got him soothed down before I went to bed. And then, when I came down this morning, there was his letter propped up against the lamp, and he was gone."

Instantly Bill clutched at the letter, emerging like a point of solid rock from a whirlpool.

"A letter? What was in it?" he said sharply.

Sally jumped up, ran to the writing-table, rattled open a drawer, and came back with Fritz's letter in one hand and the envelope in the other. She thrust the letter at Bill, and stood watching him as he read it, her color flickering and her breathing quickened. Bill read slowly, and the page, and at last . . . it seemed to Sally at last . . . looked up.

"He was bothered about this?"

Sally nodded.

"Horribly," she said with something that was just not quite a sob.

"Then why did he go on with it?"

"Of course I asked him that. And he said he couldn't see straight. He's most frightfully conscientious, and sometimes he thought it was his duty to go on, and sometimes he didn't, and he couldn't sleep."

Sally's gaze was rather piteous now. It searched Bill's face, seeking for reassurance.

Bill realised this quite suddenly, and found himself, saying:

"He's all right, you know, he's bound to be all right. There's nothing to worry about."

"You're sure?" The words were just breathed.

This was a Sally he did not know, a little soft thing who wanted comforting, not the Sally who provoked and resisted.

"Yes, of course," said Bill, rather loud.

Sally pushed the envelope into his hand.

"You see it's been opened," she said.

"Here under the seals with a hot blade. Who ever did it, used my paper-knife; the wax has marked it."

Bill whistled.

"Yes, it's been opened," he said. "Who did that?"

"It might have been Fritz," said Sally, "but I don't think so. I expect it was the person with the hand."

"What hand?"

"The hand. The hand on the window. I go on telling you about it."

"Well, it hasn't got there yet," said Bill.

"It was just after Fritz had been telling me how absolutely distracted he was, and all about the horrible thing he had invented. He pulled the red lacquer case out of where he'd got it all mixed up with his vest, and told me the formula was inside; and then he showed me how to open it. Right in the middle of the left hand window, quite suddenly, there was a hand, a perfectly horrible hand with a scar. I mean, I saw it suddenly. Someone must have been leaning across to look in, and to hear what we were saying. Well, he must have heard every word, but he couldn't possibly have seen anything, that's

what I want you to get quite clear. He heard Fritz tell me that the formula was in the case, but he couldn't see Fritz open it to show me how. And he heard Fritz tell me if anyone meddled with the case or tried to force it, or even made a mistake over opening it, that a spring would let out enough acid to destroy the formula."

"Well, you saw the hand. And then what happened?"

"Oh, I screamed," said Sally. "Like a railway whistle, the very loudest sort. And we heard someone running away. And then I screamed again. And by the time Fritz and I got into the garden there was no one there."

Bill took up M. Lasalle's letter and read it again.

"He wrote this afterwards?"

"Yes."

"And the case—the red lacquer case?"

"Gone," said Sally. "I told you that the very first thing."

Bill got up and went to the bookcase.

"Oh, I've had all the books out," said Sally, sitting back on her heels to watch him.

It was, of course, exactly like Bill to take them out again. He shook each one carefully, and, unlike Sally, when he had finished he put them all back.

He turned to find Sally on her feet, frowning, but he brushed past her and went to the window.

"This window has been opened from the outside," he remarked. "Those catches wouldn't bother a child."

"I was sitting at my window till three, but I think I did go to sleep—I'm not sure. Anyhow, he had locked the door and slipped the key under the sill; and Mrs. Callender found it there, but she can't remember anything about the windows, for I asked her. I suppose,—very sweetly,—that you would like to ask her all over again?"

Bill shook his head.

"No, I'm going back to the station," he said. "The first thing to do is to find Lasalle."

#### CHAPTER 5

THE feminine occupation of waiting at home whilst the man goes out and does things was one which had never commended itself to Sally Meredith. As Bill had, however, refused point blank her offer to walk with him to the station, pointing out with unanswerable truth that he could walk three times as fast without her, Sally had been forced to accept the situation. She reflected that men were the most uncomfortable creatures in the world. Take Bill, for instance. When he was here he filled up the room and ignored you, and rode roughshod over what you wanted to do. And when he was gone, and anyone would think you'd be thankful to have a breathing space, you felt limp, and lonely, and left behind. That was a man all over, horribly in the way when you'd got him, and horribly out of it when you hadn't. Oh, bother men; and bother, bother Bill!

The time went very slowly.

Mrs. Callender came in and asked: "What about lunch, if you please, Miss Sally?" and Sally bit her head off, and then, conscience-smitten, penetrated into the kitchen to apologise.

Sally was soothed, and lunch spoiled, by the time that Bill returned. And, even as Sally ran to the gate and lifted the latch with shaky fingers, she knew that he had no good news for her.

The fact that he quoted the horrible old chestnut about no news being good news frightened Sally more than anything. If Bill produced reassurances, it must be because he thought that there was need for reassurances.

"Well, he hasn't gone by train," he said. "They've telephoned all the stations which he could possibly have reached, and they're all quite sure that no one in the least like him had boarded any train from eleven last night onwards."



"But I didn't give you a description."  
"You didn't need to, I've been twice to Switzerland to see him. Didn't he tell you?"  
Sally shook her head. How extraordinarily deceitful of Fritz! So this was why he had started digging things up last night.  
"No, he didn't say a word." This with sudden energy, and then in tones as nearly as ice as possible—"Why should he?"  
Bill, it is to be feared, was not attending. He ate a hasty lunch, and Sally a very perfunctory one. Sally's efforts at conversation fell into bogs of silence and drowned there. They ate overdone beef and a burnt milk pudding, and were glad when lunch was over.  
As soon as they were alone, Bill recovered his powers of speech.

"Look here, I've been figuring it out," he said, "but I didn't want to talk about it till you'd had something to eat. I was thinking if he didn't go by train, he may be somewhere in the neighborhood still. He didn't hire a car or a trap that I can find out, either. I've been keeping the telephone pretty busy, and he's a noticeable sort of person—foreign accent, and so on—"

He broke off, and seemed a little uncertain how to proceed. Finally, he said: "Did he know the neighborhood at all? Ever been here before?"

"No," said Sally.  
"Any friends within reach?"

Sally looked at Bill, and looked away. She shook her head.

"No," she said in a low voice, "he didn't know anyone. He only arrived at lunch-time yesterday, and in the afternoon I took him for a walk, and in the evening everything began to happen."

"WHERE did you take him?" said Bill Armitage.

"Oh, just along the road, and over the moor to the Smuggler's Leap," said Sally, and on the last word her voice wavered suddenly, and she caught at Bill's arm and shook it.

"No, no, no!" she cried passionately.

"No, no, of course not."

It was plain enough that the thought so vehemently repelled by Sally was one which weighed on him.

"I didn't mean that—no, Sally, do listen to me. I'm really only trying to help you—but he might have gone out for a walk to clear his thoughts; and if he didn't know the neighborhood he would most likely have taken the one path he did know, and might have lost his way, or fallen down somewhere—something like that—I don't mean anything serious. I thought perhaps I'd go and have a look at the place—just stroll up there, you know."

"Not alone?" There was a faint relenting in her voice.

Bill continued to hesitate.

"Well—I rather thought—it's quicker, you know."

"I'm coming with you," said Sally. "I simply won't stay here by myself, not if you talk forever. You don't know what it's like—just sitting and waiting."

As she spoke she had the door open, and after calling down the passage, "Cally, we're going out," she ran upstairs, and was back in an astonishingly short time with a grey woollen coat, a little grey felt hat crammed down on her head, and a bright violet scarf.

"I'm ready," she announced rather breathlessly, and they went out together. Bill and Sally turned up on to the moor. The sky rose above it, very blue, very full of light, absolutely cloudless.

They had walked in silence until they left the road, but with the sudden change in Sally's mood the silence broke and Bill was asking her:

"How long have you been here? All through the war?"

"Oh, no!" Her eyes were wide with dismay. Two years in Chark were bad enough, but seven—

"What did you do?"

Sally put up a bare right hand, and ticked off the fingers one by one. "Working parties—you know the sort of thing—nightshirts made from the Prince Consort's pattern, and woolly socks with all the feet different. Two—down came the second finger—"washing dishes and scrubbing floors. Three, V.A.D. and I quarrelled with the matron. After that I learnt to drive an ambulance, and they wouldn't have me over here because I was too young; so I went and drove for the French Red Cross who didn't mind whether you were nine or ninety, so long as you could drive. That's four, and five was Cousin Eliza after the Armistice."

"And your feminist friends?"

Sally's chin lifted.

"All doing ditto."

"Yes, I know. I didn't mean that—what I meant was—"

"Well, what did you mean?"

"Oh, hang it all, Sally, I only meant—"

"Yes?"

"Well," said Bill in what Sally called his nice voice, "I thought it sounded rather strenuous and lonely, and I was wondering whether you'd been able to keep up with your friends, or whether you'd made new ones, or what."

Sally looked at him through her eyelashes. He was really taking an interest, she decided, really being nice and friendly. An impulse moved her to frankness.

"When you say old friends, what exactly do you mean, Bill?" she asked quite simply.

"Well, I suppose I meant Mrs. Vine-Stevens," said Bill Armitage.

Sally gave a little slow nod.

"I thought you did. I never see her now—"

"a pause—"I haven't seen her or heard from her for years. As for the others, I haven't much in common with them. The only one I ever see is Etta Shaw. Do you remember her?" She used to be rather pretty. I do see her sometimes, but it isn't exactly a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

"I am old and disillusioned, and very, very good now," said Sally. "I belong to a Village Institute, and go to Mothers' Meetings. I used to read Tillotson's Sermons out to Cousin Eliza in the evenings. I know quite a lot of theology."

They had come up over the top of the rise, and for a moment they stood looking out to the edge of the cliff and the dazzling line of sea beyond.

"Is this the place?"

Bill's voice had not changed, but the atmosphere had. In spite of the flooding sunshine, coldness and shadow seemed to sweep between them.

"Is this the place?" he repeated.

Sally pointed. All her flow of words dried up.

"Over there," she said, and led the way across the heather.

THEY came to the black hole in the hill. It had been black at mid-night. It was black in the daylight. Furtive overhung it on crooked, twisted stems, and the heather huddled about its rim.

Sally stood quite still, looking down. The silence held her, and, as she stared down into the darkness the color slowly drained away from her face. She was afraid—oh, she was very much afraid of this place, but it had nothing to do with Fritz, it could not possibly have anything to do with Fritz.

As she stood there she was vaguely aware of Bill moving to and fro, now stooping down, now rising and walking on a pace or two; but the impression made by these movements of his remained, as it were, upon the surface of her mind. Within were fear, and the shadow, and her desperate struggle against them. It shook her, but she resisted. She was still resisting when

an exclamation from Bill startled the sun face of her mind into attention. She looked at him, and saw him rise from his knees with something in his hand.

It was a fountain-pen; Bill had it in his hand. There was distress on his face. He came towards her quickly.

"It's a Swiss make. Did he drop it yesterday afternoon?"

"No," said Sally, "I saw it afterwards. He was writing with it. Yes, it's his."

#### CHAPTER 6

DURING the week that followed, those who knew of M. Lasalle's disappearance became tolerably well convinced that it was a final disappearance, and that whether it had been effected by his own determination or by some outside agency, the chances were that he and his secret lay somewhere in the depths of the Smuggler's Leap.

Sally continued to say that it was not true and that she did not believe it. She said it to Bill Armitage, and she said it to Detective-Inspector Williams who came down in plain clothes from New Scotland Yard. Bill said nothing at all. And the Inspector said "Yes, yes," in a perfunctory sort of way, and went on asking her questions, more questions than she could have imagined that anyone could possibly think of.

With singular unanimity the Press ignored M. Lasalle and his disappearance, but in Chark interest ran high, and tongues ranged unchecked.

To Hannah Preston, the cousin who had disapproved of Sally's violet scarf, Mrs. Callender, of course under seal of secrecy, had confided her own version of M. Lasalle's farewell letter to his niece. The sister-in-law to whom Mrs. Preston subsequently imparted it—"between you and me and no one else"—asserted to her next confidante "that the 'ole thing fair made her creep."

To her niece, Gladys, Mrs. Callender merely described the hand on the window which she had not seen, and Sally's scream which she had not heard.

Her married niece, Ellen—niece and god-daughter—was privileged with the sight of an old snapshot of Bill and Sally, abstracted, or let us say borrowed, from Sally's photograph album.

On the Saturday of that rather long week Major Armitage walked into the cottage, and sat down with rather a purposeful air. He did shake hands with Sally, but it was a very incidental handshake.

"No, there's no news," he said, "but I want to talk to you. Is the door shut? And is that Challender woman really out of the way? I expect I should kill her if I saw her very often, so it's just as well I don't. I suppose you know that she tells her relations in the village everything that has and that hasn't happened, and, as the entire population appears to be related to her in one way or another, we are rather, as you might say, living in the open."

"I suppose it's that dried-up inspector who's been setting you against her?" said Sally hotly. "I hated him the minute I saw him. I simply couldn't do without Cally, and it isn't her fault if she's got a lot of relations. I think Cally must be an angel not to quarrel with them. I know I always quarrel with mine."

"But, then, you're rather good at quarrelling, aren't you?" said Bill. He said it with just a trace of a smile, but his eyes dwelt rather sternly on Sally, or she thought so. Her color rose brightly.

"Am I?" she said. "Well—I suppose you ought to know whether I did it well or not. Did I? I like doing things well, if I do them at all."

"I haven't time for old quarrels," said Bill shortly.

He was sorry for Sally, and he wanted to help her, but if she imagined that he was



going to dangle about and be flirted with, she would find herself mistaken.

"I've come down on business, serious business; and I want to get on with it." Sally folded her hands.

"Well, but I've been waiting for you to begin," she said.

**M**AJOR ARMITAGE pulled a copy of "The Times" out of his pocket.

"This is the first thing," he said. "Do you know anything about it?"

He held the folded paper out. She leaned forward and read in the Agony Column, just above his large, blunt thumb, "From Sally to P.L.: Please, please write. Dreadfully unhappy and anxious."

"Oh," said Sally.

The spark of anger was gone from her eyes; they looked in frank bewilderment from the paper to Bill, and back to the paper again.

"Who put it in?" she asked sharply.

"We don't know, if you don't."

"I? Certainly not. But it's quite a good idea; I wish I had thought of it."

Bill took the paper from her.

"The notice was sent to the office with one of your cards enclosed."

He produced a card and held it out.

"Is that one of your usual cards?"

Sally nodded, frowning.

"Yes, it is—but how on earth, and why?"

"Well," said Bill, "someone hopes to get information of M. Lasalle's whereabouts through you. That's tolerably certain, I think. You didn't advertise, so they've done it for you. They hope he'll write to you. And, with your Mrs. Callender in the house, the rest is easy."

"She's perfectly loyal."

"She talks. My dear girl, her motives may be excellent, but her tongue is about a yard and a half too long. No, don't get angry, or at any rate not for a minute. There's something else I want to talk about."

"Business first, and pleasure afterwards, in fact," said Sally. Then she laughed and leaned back in her chair. "All right, go on," she said.

"Well," said Bill. Then he stopped, got up, and went and stood in front of the fire. "It's this way. My official connection with this affair is—well, in fact, it's over. You know the conclusion that Williams came to. He's a very able fellow, and, and—well, that was the conclusion he came to. I know you don't share it. And, of course, I don't want for a moment to urge on you any point of view that would, in fact, distress you. But I think it's only fair to say that my own personal view, coincides with his, and that the War Office accepts it. In fact, we don't think there's anything more to be done. The attempt to drag the water at the bottom of the Smuggler's Leap failed, as you know. But there it is. As far as M. Lasalle personally is concerned, we don't think there's anything more to be done."

"Yes," said Sally in a very little voice. Her hands were holding one another tightly.

"As regards his invention, we incline to think that he took the secret with him. We have had a man over at Bernie, and he reports that before leaving home M. Lasalle burned a good many papers and destroyed all the materials with which he had been experimenting."

"That would be because of the spies," said Sally with decision.

"It—it rather points to premeditation."

"It points to spies," said Sally.

His half-unwilling admiration for the pluck with which she had defied probabilities rose a point or two as he watched her steady eyes and little, shaking hands.

He went on speaking.

"It's possible, of course, that the case has been stolen; the bogus advertisement points to something of the sort; but, of course,

that's not really in my line at all. That's a job for Scotland Yard, and we've asked them to keep a sharp look-out. So you see my business here is over"—he waited a moment, and then added, "my official business."

Her eyes widened suddenly like those of a startled child, and the forlornness showed in them as she said with a little gasp:

"You're not going away—and not coming back?"

"Do you want me to come back, Sally?"

said Bill, watching her.

Sally was silent.

Bill went on:

"What's the good of beating about the bush?" he said. "If we had met for the first time a week ago, it would all be different; but, as it is, I want to know where we are. I seem to have a knack of annoying you—we never have been able to steer clear of quarrelling—and so—"

Bill stuck.

After a long pause, during which Sally sat with her chin in her hands and her eyes fixed on the black woolly mat in front of the fire, he made another effort.

"You see, it's this way. Up to now I have had an official connection with your affairs—that is, as far as M. Lasalle's disappearance was concerned. Now that's over. If I go on coming down here, it would be on my own—as a friend; and I don't know whether you want me or not. Once," said Bill rather gruffly, "you told me not to butt in on your affairs—that you liked managing them yourself in your own way—and—well, it's not the sort of thing one wants to hear a second time."

"Did I say that?" said Sally's smallest voice. "How rude! Why did I say it? Were you trying to manage me?"

"I expect so. And we weren't bothering about being polite to each other just then."

"No?" said Sally. Her eyelashes just flickered up and down again. "No—I remember you called me a vixen, and a hoyden, and a little fury. Our manners are much nicer now," she concluded with an air of virtue.

Bill found himself watching to see if the dimple would appear.

"What's the good of raking things up," he said impatiently. "It's now, not seven years ago, that concerns us. Am I to leave you to manage for yourself, or do you want my help? That's what it comes to. It's up to you."

And at that Sally looked up.

"What do you want me to say?" she said.

"What you really think," said Bill.

"Shall I? Really tell the truth?"

"Please, Sally."

"One hardly ever does—not really. But I will if you like. After all, as I said the other day, you can't think much worse of me than you do, so what does it matter? What I feel at present is that everything is slipping—like being in the middle of a landslide, with a perfectly horrible nobody-knows-what's-going-to-happen-next sort of feeling about it. And—and you are something solid to take hold of—"

Bill put out his hand. It met Sally's, and found it very cold and small.

"All right, I'm here, hold on, my dear," he said.

#### CHAPTER 7

**A**FTER a Sunday of the most blameless description Sally felt at peace with the world, and in an angelic state of conscience rather unusual for her. Bill and she had parted friends, "for about the first time ever"—as Sally put it; she had sat through a very dull sermon without going to sleep; and on Sunday afternoon had spent an hour and a half reading aloud to Mrs. Preston's bedridden mother. What she had not bargained for was finding the cottage filled with a nice selection of Sally's relations. Hannah Preston was, of course, to be expected—

and endured. She was a person of many mournful disapprovals which clung like a mist and always made Sally feel limp. One went braced to meet her, and gave her credit for being a devoted daughter; but Sally's married niece, Ellen, and her unmarried niece, Gladys, were, she felt, superfluous. The cottage was not really big enough for them all. In fact, Sally had for a moment hesitated upon the doorstep when she heard their voices, and was only kept upon the path of virtue by the conviction that if they had not seen her come up to the door, they would certainly see her go away from it.

As she hesitated for that moment, and just before she raised her hand to the knocker, she heard Mrs. Preston say in her deep, carrying voice:

"No, not to say foreign she wasn't, Gladys, and wonderful interested."

"Lor!" said Gladys, and, as Sally knocked, there was a loud "ash" from Ellen.

Mrs. Preston's mother was so glad to see her that Sally did not regret having clung to the path of duty. She considered that she had earned the comfortable feeling with which she encountered Monday morning.

She came downstairs; had breakfast; waited for the post; read a dull letter from Cousin Eliza's solicitor; picked up "The Times," and there was the bombshell staring her in the face from the Agony Column. Sally stared back, and felt her heart pound against her side.

Friday's advertisement, the sham advertisement, had elicited a reply. There was no mistaking it.

"P.L. to Sally.—Don't worry. Messenger will meet you Chark-Strudwick Road eleven-thirty to-day. Absolute discretion."

**S**ALLY jumped up and looked at the clock. It was nearly half-past ten. Her eyes went back to the paper. Everything seemed to be shaking a little, but she steadied herself, and read the message again. It was from Fritz. That meant Fritz was alive. She had always said that he was alive. Bill didn't believe it. Now he would have to believe it. Would he?

Just the faintest little shiver of doubt came into Sally's excited mind, like a little draught penetrating into an over-heated room. If Bill were here, what would he say? He might say—Sally frowned, but her mind was clearing—he might say, if one advertisement was bogus, why not the other? He might say that.

Sally crumpled up the paper, and let it fall onto the floor.

If Bill were here, he would probably say any number of shifty, prudent things; but he wasn't here and she was certainly going to walk along the Strudwick Road, and meet the messenger who might have news of Fritz.

She ran upstairs for her hat and the violet scarf, and hurried out. As she unlatched the gate she heard a man's voice answering Mrs. Callender, and wondered vaguely why Sally was in the garden gossiping. She went on down the road.

The person with whom Mrs. Callender was conversing was Mr. James Preston, who combined the duties of village postman with those of obedient husband to Mrs. Callender's cousin, Hannah. Having left the letters half an hour before, he had returned at the moment when Sally was coming downstairs, thus missing her.

Whilst she was considering who on earth was talking to Sally, he was explaining at great length, and with much detail, how it had come about that, having a telegram as well as a letter to deliver to Miss Sally, he had entirely forgotten all about the telegram until well upon his homeward way. He and Mrs. Callender laughed together for some time before she thought of going to see where Sally was. To do



her justice, however, it must be stated that she already knew the contents of the telegram, having elicited from Mr. Preston that it did not contain bad news.

"Something about an appointment," he explained, "nothing to signify, so to speak. But perhaps you'd better just give it to her. Ellen, and—yes, if you are making a cup of tea, I don't say as I shouldn't be glad of one."

But Sally was well away down the road, and Bill Armitage's telegram, "On no account keep appointment," failed of its purpose.

Sally walked along the road. A slight feeling of exhilaration, a sense of escape, quickened her steps. There was no one to interfere, no one to stop her, but she hurried as though someone might try.

At eleven-thirty Sally was nearly two miles from Chark, and beginning to be bored, when a distant humming sound made her look round, and far down the long, white road a car came into sight. It was travelling fast, and as it drew near she saw that it was a two-seater Standard driven by a woman.

It slowed down, stopped, and the driver leaned over the side, asking, "Can you tell me, am I far from Chark?"

Sally got up and came forward. Her boredom was gone. She looked hard at the woman, and saw very little—a black felt hat crammed low over her eyes, a nondescript tweed coat whose collar hid the chin, and fold upon fold of navy blue motor veil, hands in leather gauntlets.

AS she came up to the car the woman spoke again. "Is it Miss Meredith?" And, as Sally nodded, "I am glad you have come; it was short notice, but I wanted you, and no one else."

"Well, I'm here," said Sally. "May I ask whom I am speaking to?"

"A friend," said the woman. "Of my uncle's?"

"Certainly, and of yours."

The voice puzzled Sally. It was low, rather muffled, perhaps by the veil, and singularly lacking in vibration. She received the impression that it was being used a good deal below its natural pitch.

With her hands behind her, leaning on her stout ash stick, she stood about a yard from the car, and asked:

"Have you a message for me?"

"But certainly," said the woman. She had no foreign accent, but each time that she spoke, her "r" was not quite the slovenly English "r." Her words were pronounced, they did not just slide one into the other.

"Will you give me the message?" said Sally. "I mustn't stop."

"It is a message from your uncle. No, I have not seen him; it would not be safe. Above all things it is necessary that we should not be connected, but he has sent me a message. Even that was a risk; but he could not bear to think that you were grieving, and besides there was the case."

"What case?" Sally's tone was cool and detached, but the hands that rested on the crook of the walking stick pressed it hard.

"The red lacquer case," said the woman. "You know, he told you; he showed you how to open it, and in his letter—"

"Yes, in his letter?"

"He said he was leaving it in the book-shelf, but after all—"

"Yes?" For the life of her Sally could not keep the word steady.

"Oh, he took it with him; you must have guessed that," said the woman coolly. "Didn't you?"

"Perhaps. What about it?" said Sally.

The woman looked back along the empty stretch of road before she answered. Then she leaned a little farther over the side of the car.

"He took it, but, of course, he couldn't keep it; it wasn't safe. He passed it to

me," and now she spoke low and rapidly. "Now he wishes that the case should be opened and the paper sent through the post—that is the safest of all—to an address which he has given me."

Sally remained silent for some moments, her eyes fixed on the blue motor veil. Behind it there were eyes that would not show themselves, lips which she could see moving, but whose expression was withheld from her. She spoke at last in simple, purred tones.

"Well, if he wants it opened, he can open it."

The clammy grey tweed coat did not quite conceal a very slight shrug of the shoulders.

"He has not got the case. How can he open it? He has passed it to me, and his message is this: 'Tell Sally she is to open the case and give you the paper. Then I am safe.'"

As if it were through opposite doors there came into Sally's mind two apparently unconnected sentences. One: "Her tongue's about a yard and a half too long." That was what Bill had said about Cally. And the other: "Not to say foreign she wasn't, and wonderful interested." That was Hannah Preston—about . . . ?

With the sound of those careful "r's" still in her ears Sally wondered whether Hannah had heard them too. She remembered how Ellen had said "ssh."

Then she spoke. Her voice sounded a little strange to herself, a little higher and louder than it needed to be.

"You have a written message from my uncle?"

A leather-gauntleted hand tapped impatiently.

"I tell you, even a message by word of mouth, it is a risk—and you say: 'Has he written?'"

"Why should there be any risk?" said Sally.

The hand tapped again.

"Do you doubt that I come from him? Is it that?"

Sally smiled. She was pleased to find that she could smile.

"Oh, no," she said.

Bill would have thought her tone too sweet. He had reason to beware of Sally when she spoke sweetly and raised limpid eyes. The woman looked behind her again.

"We must not waste time," she said.

"If you will open the case, I will take you now to where it is. Believe me, if you wish to help your uncle there is need for hurry."

Sally stopped leaning on her stick, and stood up straight.

"If there is anything that my uncle wishes me to do, I will do it—when I have his written authorisation. And now I must be getting home."

"You do not care," said the woman, "how much you injure him, your uncle? You will not move a finger to help when he asks for help? I am to go back and say 'Sally washes her hands of you, she will not help.' Am I to say that?"

Sally turned her face towards the car for a moment. Her brows were arched over scornful eyes. Her color was high.

"You can go back and say, 'Sally isn't a fool.'"

#### CHAPTER 8

AT home she found Bill's telegram. "On no account keep appointment." To persons of Sally's turn of mind it is very pleasing to find that you have done a thing which somebody forbids.

She sat down and wrote Major Armitage a faithful account of the forbidden interview, and she did not tell him that his telegram had arrived a day after the fair. If Bill supposed that just because they were friends again he could start ordering her about, he would have to be shown the error of his ways. Sally smiled and sparkled as she wrote.

When the letter was ready she asked Mrs. Callender to take it to the post, and as it chanced, Mrs. Callender met Mr. Preston and gave him the letter instead of going on to the pillar box with it herself.

"Just drop it in as you go along, James, and I'll step in and see Hannah," she said. And Mr. Preston, acquiescing cheerfully, put the letter in his pocket and forgot all about it until next day, when he found it with a guilty start, and posted it twenty-four hours late.

HE thought it best not to mention the matter, either to Hannah, his wife, or to her cousin, Ellen Callender, "least said, soonest mended, and I 'ates unpleasantness," being his ingenuous thought.

He was on his way up to the Cottage with another telegram.

"Ellen, she do talk," he continued to himself. "She makes a good cup of tea, but she do talk, and between her and Hannah I shouldn't hear the last of it this side of Easter."

He came round to the back door with a cheery, "Mornin', Ellen," and produced the orange envelope.

"A wonderful lot of telegrams your Miss Sally keep a-having," he remarked as he handed it over to Mrs. Callender.

"And a turn they always give me, whether or no," Mrs. Callender took the telegram gingerly as she spoke.

"And what is it this time?" she said.

"Meaning in the telegram, Ellen?" he inquired. "Oh, it's only to say 'e's coming down this evening, arriving six-thirty at Lenton, and wants 'er to meet him.' Mr. Preston stopped and chuckled. 'It'll be a match, I suppose,' he said complacently."

Sally walked to Lenton to meet the six-thirty. It was very dark as she stepped into the lane, and she stood for a moment looking about her and watching until she could distinguish the sky-line above the trees. Her torch was in her pocket, but she did not wish to use it. Presently the trees and hedges stood out like ink blotches on a dense, even dusk, and Sally stepped out, with the wind blowing in her face, soft with a hint of rain to come. She loved walking in the dark; everything so large, and quiet, and vague, and the wind moving on enormous gentle wings. It gave her what she called a world-without-end feeling. She felt as though she would never quarrel with anyone again, not even with Bill. "We ought always to go to Church in empty fields at midnight," she reflected.

Presently she permitted herself to think about Bill. Nice to be going to meet him. Nice to feel there was a person like Bill somewhere about, ready to weigh in with appropriate telegrams, and to catch a dull local train after office hours if you wanted him.

It was at this moment that Sally saw the beam of light. It sprang out of the dark—dazzling, brilliant—shifted, and fell in a long ray across the lane, making foot-marks in the dust look like craters, and pebbles like boulders, each with its hard, inky shadow.

Sally stood still and stared. The beam came from the headlight of a motor bicycle. She could just discern the vague outline close in under the hedge. The ray of light seemed to bar her way, and as she hesitated a man stepped through the lighted patch and came towards her.

"Miss Meredith?" he said.

His voice was strange to Sally, and the light had showed her no more than a pair of legs in drab overalls.

"Miss Meredith?" said the man, and she noted the trilled "r" again.

"I am Miss Meredith, but I am afraid I have an appointment."

"With Major Armitage—exactly, I will not keep you long."



"What do you want?" said Sally, a little sharply.

"My dear Miss Meredith, do you really need to ask me that?"

"It would save time if you would come to the point."

"Oh, I'm not pressed for time—not in the least. It is you who are in a hurry. For myself, I find it a charming night for a talk."

"Let me pass," said Sally, and found herself caught by the left wrist.

"Your pardon—not yet," said the man. "But I will come, as you say, to the point. You sent on Monday a message. It was to say that you were not a fool—a very interesting message, and in response to it I am here to deal with a young lady who is not a fool, but of sufficient intelligence to see when good terms are offered her."

"Let go my wrist," said Sally, in perfectly colorless tones. A white fury was upon her, which completely purged her of fear. She felt as dead as an electric wire, and as immune from touch. The man released her, but stood his ground.

"Good terms," he repeated.

"Yes?"

"For yourself, and for M. Lasalle."

"Yes?"

"Shall I state them?"

"If you like."

"For M. Lasalle—safety and release, and for you also safety and— He leaned forward and mentioned a sum of money that fairly took Sally's breath away."

"For this you will do one thing, one simple thing. You will open the red lacquer case. M. Lasalle has consented, he takes that has happened as an omen. To him it is Fate that has intervened, and he accepts what Fate has done. Only—you know him, he has a scruple of conscience—he will not himself open the case. He washes his hands of the whole thing. He has a new idea—something beneficent that shall make his name known. The inventor's fever is upon him again, and for the formula in the lacquer case he no longer cares. He says, 'Go to Sally, she will open it for you. Leave me in peace.'"

"Is that all?" said Sally, quietly.

"Is it not enough?"

"Oh, dear no."

"What more then?"

"The simplest thing in the world. A written authorisation from M. Lasalle."

The man swore under his breath, "You cannot have it."

"Then—" Sally made a slight gesture. The man's hand just touched her shoulder, and lifted again.

"MISS MEREDITH, I do not think you understand. That formula we most solemnly intend to have. You say you are not a fool. Then reflect. Those who can offer such a sum as I have offered you, is it that they will accept the present situation? I will be frank with you, as one person of intelligence with another. We have the case, and in the case we have the formula; but we cannot open the case without risking the destruction of what we seek. Our experts have examined the case, and they announce that they cannot recommend an attempt at forcing it."

"No," said Sally. "That's just what M. Lasalle told me. I expect you heard him. By the way, was it you at the window?"

The man threw out an impatient hand. "That report of the experts decides the matter. The lacquer case must be opened. You alone know how to open it. Therefore it must be opened by you. If you open it, you are rich and safe, and if not—you are—"

"Yes?"

"I do not threaten—I beg you to understand that I do not threaten—I deal only with facts. Does a person of intelligence hesitate between such facts as these?"

"I'm not hesitating," said Sally calmly. "Nothing would induce me to open the case

without M. Lasalle's authority. Is that quite clear? I don't mind repeating it if it's not, and I don't mind in the least how often I say it."

"I suppose," said the man, "that you now expect me to admire your spirit. You think perhaps, that I am impressed. Believe me when I say that so unintelligent a position merely arouses in me contempt; and if I have any other feeling it is, perhaps, a little yes, just a little pity, because, after all, you are young and charming; and to waste youth and charm is always a pity, is it not?"

"I really don't know," said Sally. "If you've said all you want to say, do you mind letting me pass? I want to get to the station."

"To meet Major Armitage? Yes, you may pass now. Was it not Shakespeare who said that journeys end in lovers' meetings? Pleasant, but not always true. Adieu, Miss Meredith."

Sally stepped back a pace, and threw up her right hand with the electric torch in it. Her finger pressed the switch, and the sharp little beam flashed out upon the man whom she had up till now seen only as a dark blur. The light showed her a figure of medium height, a leather jacket, and a head most effectually disguised by a leather cap and motor goggles; the chin was sunk in a dark muffer. So far as recognition was concerned she had gained nothing, and as the light fell upon him, the man gripped her wrist and turned it back upon herself.

The sudden dazzle and glare made her call out. The man's touch seemed to be forcing fear upon her, a fear which up till now she had not felt.

He stood looking at her with the light on her face. Then he said gravely:

"I shall be quite sure to know you again, but I do not think that you will know me. Think a little of what I have said. Think intelligently. Good-bye, Miss Sally."

He dropped her wrist, turned his back upon her, and walked over to the motor bicycle under the hedge.

Sally came up to the station just as the London train came in. Only three passengers alighted at Lenton. One was an old woman, another a girl in her teens, and the third a young man with a carpet bag. There was no Bill. Sally stood on the platform and stared at the train. Bill had not come.

She sat down on a hard, wet station seat. She sat down because quite suddenly she did not feel as if she could stand any longer. She wondered when it had rained. The seat was quite wet. It hadn't rained at Chark. There must have been a shower here just now. Why hadn't Bill come? What on earth had happened?

Sally shut her eyes. The feeling which she had described to Bill as "everything sliding" came upon her with renewed force; and there was no Bill to take hold of. She got up, and walked through the little anteroom with its smell of fish and its bright, hard light, and out through the open door beyond. She stood there and looked at the dark.

When she had stood there for five minutes, and had called herself every sort of name that she could think of, she went back into the station and telephoned to the White Hart for a cab.

#### CHAPTER 9

BILL ARMITAGE got Sally's delayed letter on his arrival at the War Office next morning. It was the third or fourth letter in a fairly big pile, and when he had read it he pushed the others on one side and rang up Scotland Yard. After a little delay he got Inspector Williams on the line, and to him imparted the details of the interview on the Chark-Strudwick road as set down by Sally.

Inspector Williams said "Yes" at intervals. Sometimes he said "Yes, yes," and at the end he said "Quite so." An efficient person, but not conversational.

"I shall go down this morning. There's an eleven-thirty. What about you? Inquiries at Strudwick about the car? All right. You'll take your own line then? I must get back to town to-night, but I don't think Miss Meredith ought to be alone in that cottage. What about her coming to London? Better not? Well, perhaps you're right. But someone ought to keep their eye on her. You'll take that on? Good. I may understand then, that from now on it won't be possible for these people to get her by herself. All right then."

BILL hung up the receiver and reached for Bradshaw.

Sally meanwhile was getting into the London train at Lenton. She had passed the sort of night during which one does not seem to sleep at all, and yet manages to experience a succession of vivid and rather terrifying dreams.

In her last dream she heard Bill calling her name in a tone that changed from appeal to violent anger. So vivid was the impression that she woke to find herself half-way to the door, with the tears running down her face. After that she washed in cold water, and dressed herself.

By the time she was dressed she had firmly decided that she would go up to town for the day and see Bill. She considered her decision very fortunate when a telegram interrupted her breakfast. It ran: "Unavoidably detained in town. Anxious to see you. Can you come up to-day? Will meet ten-thirty from Lenton. Bill."

The telegram took a weight off her mind. Bill was all right, then. He wanted to see her; she wanted to go up; and the day, instead of presenting itself as full of yelled anxieties suddenly cleared up and disclosed a very pleasant prospect.

Sally put on the hat she liked best, and told Mrs. Callender that she was going to shop and might be back late.

At Lenton, Sally, after passing two rather crowded compartments, ensconced herself in a third-class carriage, the only other occupant of which was a schoolboy of twelve or thereabouts. She had settled herself comfortably in a corner seat, and was looking idly out of the window when she saw, advancing along the platform and scanning every compartment by turn, a person upon whom her gaze rested, at first with bewilderment, and then with something like horror.

The person was a woman, a quite ordinary looking woman, but she wore a shapeless grey tweed overcoat and a dark blue motor veil over a black felt hat, and she looked into every carriage.

Afterwards Sally might accuse herself of being jumpy and imagining things. At the time she jumped up without hesitation, opened the carriage door, winked out, and plunged into the most crowded of the compartments which she had previously rejected. There were women in it with market baskets, there were children eating bulls' eyes, and a workman smoking shag. Sally took her seat thankfully in the crowd, and was impervious to the fact that her advent aroused no enthusiasm.

When they all had to change she again chose a full carriage. She caught another glimpse of the woman in the blue veil, and after she had got into the train she edged her way to the window, and stood there looking out. The woman was walking up the platform. There was a man with her, a man in a Burberry, a leather cap and motor goggles. Sally took her seat hurriedly. She did not, therefore, see that only the man got into the train. The woman went down the steps, crossed to number one platform, entered the telegraph office, and despatched a telegram



addressed to Miss Etta Shaw at a club in London. It ran: "Coming up by ten-thirty as arranged. Please meet." It was unsigned.

Sally sat in the train and struggled against a feeling that the day had clouded over. Bill would meet her, and she would tell him all about everything, and then they would have lunch, and after lunch perhaps they would do a show together. It was simply ages since she had seen a play.

"Oh, Sally, you are an idiot!" she said to herself. "You really are!"

The journey seemed to take a long time. When the train slid into the terminus Sally felt as if she had been sitting in it for hours, and that she hated trains and never wanted to see one again. She got out of her carriage and looked up and down the platform for Bill. There was a crowd of hurrying people all completely and utterly strange to her. She began to walk towards the barrier. Bill of course would be waiting there. And then something made her look round, and there, a few yards behind her, was the man in the motor goggles. He was coming up on her right hand side. Now he was abreast of her. He turned his head, and, for a sickening moment, Sally thought he was going to speak. Instead, he pushed against her ever so slightly and then passed on. Sally followed, gave up her ticket, and passed the barrier.

The man had disappeared. She looked around for Bill, and there was no Bill. A horrid blankness came upon her.

Sally gave herself a little shake, and, still looking about her, began to cross the station. She was looking for a man, and so did not recognise Etta Shaw until she fairly bumped into her.

"Why, Sally," said Miss Shaw, "what a surprise!"

SALLY found herself taken warmly by the arm, and was conscious that she was much more sincerely pleased than usual to see this old and rather outgrown friend. Ten years ago Etta Shaw had been a very pretty girl. Curiously enough, it was just that epithet that was always applied to her.

She pressed Sally's arm and reiterated her pleasure at this unexpected meeting.

"I have come up for the day," said Sally.

"So I see, my dear. Shopping?"

"Well," said Sally doubtfully, "I suppose I shall shop."

"Or are you meeting anyone?" said Miss Shaw brightly. "Am I in the way?"

If Bill were to turn up, Etta Shaw would most certainly be very much in the way. The thought flitted through Sally's mind and was immediately followed by another. If Bill didn't turn up? She routed this thought, but it left behind it the faint impulse to detain Etta.

"I must telephone," she said abruptly. "Are you in a hurry? I don't really know what I'm doing till I've telephoned. If you could wait a moment it would be rather nice; I really haven't seen you for an age."

Miss Shaw was most amiable about waiting. It appeared that she also felt it to be an age since she had seen Sally and had a good talk.

"Life's so interesting just now, don't you think so?" she said. "So full of movement and development; such wonderful new ideas abroad! Don't you think so, Sally darling?"

Etta's enthusiasms were apt to leave Sally cold. They not uncommonly centred upon oddish young men, rather weirdly dressed, and without visible family connections.

Sally disengaged herself, therefore, without replying, entered a telephone box, and having shut the door rang up the War Office, gave the number of Bill's extension, and received a rather serious shock.

Miss Shaw, waiting outside, heard her say, "What?" in tones of sharp incredulity, and then, "Called out of town suddenly? What? You don't know where he's gone? Are you sure he's out of town? Quite sure? Do you know at all when he'll be back? Not to-day? You're certain of that? Oh . . . no, there's no message, no, thank you very much, except perhaps you might say that Miss Meredith rang up."

Sally came out of the box looking pale and bewildered.

"Plans any clearer, dear?" asked Miss Shaw. Sally turned to her with relief. It was something not to be alone in this crowd which might at any moment give up the man with whom she had spoken in a dark lane.

"Well," she said, frowning a little, "I'm afraid my plans have all gone to bits. I came up to see someone on business, and they've gone out of town for the day; so really and truly, I suppose, I'd better just get something to eat at the station and go home again."

"Oh, but how dull!" said Etta Shaw. Her voice was pitched rather high. It produced an effect of bright monotony which the stress she laid upon many of her words hardly served to break.

"Yes, it is rather," said Sally, "but I don't really want to shop, and I expect I'd better be getting home."

"Oh, but you can't, not when you're actually here. Come and lunch with me at my club. Whatever happens, you must have lunch."

"But you?" said Sally.

"I was going there, anyhow. I've got a really delightful plan in my head, only I won't tell you about it until we get to the club. I think we'll take a taxi. I've got the car up in town, but it's having something done to it, and won't be ready till half-past four—tiresome, but, of course, I don't really want it to-day."

Etta continued to talk as she and Sally crossed the station and got into a taxi.

As they drove away and Etta went on talking Sally began to experience feelings of extreme resentment against Bill. To fall her twice was really too much. If he imagined for one moment that he could just send her telegrams whenever he felt inclined, and make appointments only to break them—well, Sally thought she could trust herself to put Major Armitage firmly in his proper place. "If anyone is going to do anything of that sort, it'll be me, not him," she thought vigorously if ungrammatically.

The taxi, wedged in a block, was moving slowly forward at the rate of about two miles an hour. Sally looked across to her left and exclaimed.

"What is it, Sally? How jumpy you are!"

"I'm not. It's Eleanor Farquhar, there on the island. Oh, I should like to see Eleanor again. I thought she was in India! Etta, I'm going to get out."

The color rushed into Miss Shaw's face. Her arm went firmly round Sally's waist.

"You can't, Sally; how mad. Besides I thought you'd quarrelled with Mrs. Farquhar. She's Major Armitage's cousin, isn't she?"

"Yes, yes, she is. I did, but it doesn't matter in the least; I love Eleanor."

SALLY got the taxi door an inch or two open, and just then the car in front of them shot ahead. Etta Shaw, leaning forward, pulled her back, and the island fell away behind them. Mrs. Farquhar on the kerb, waiting to cross, watched the taxi out of sight. "That was Sally Meredith," she thought. "I wonder if Bill ever sees her. I ought to know the other woman's face too—a hideous hat, anyhow." She plunged into the traffic, and Sally faded from her mind.

# CHAPTER 10

IT was after lunch that Etta Shaw propounded her plan.

"You know, Sally," she said, "you really are my oldest friend, and I never seem to see you at all."

"Cousin Etta," murmured Sally. She was looking round the room, thinking what very odd people belonged to Etta's club. There was a woman just opposite to them who wore what looked like a white viyella nightgown and a hat covered with purple ostrich feathers.

"Yes, I know. I'm tied like that, too with Aunt Emma. Not that she's really ill, you know, but she doesn't get out of bed. She just lies there, and has her cats and her birds; and sometimes she knows me, and sometimes she doesn't. Of course it's a tie."

Sally removed her fascinated gaze from the nightgown, looked at Etta with real sympathy, and said:

"Yes, it must be."

"I can't get away for more than one night, but I can do that; and I was thinking if you could have me . . ." She paused, and went on with heightened color and just a shade of something odd in her voice. "We're such old friends, I know I need not stand on ceremony . . . what do you think of my plan? I could drive you back in the car, stay the night, and then wander home across country? It would be rather fun finding the way."

Sally did some rapid thinking. She didn't want Etta, that was the first thought. On the other hand, nothing would annoy Bill more than to arrive and find Miss Shaw at the cottage.

Thought is a very rapid process. There was no perceptible pause before Sally said aloud:

"Oh, Etta, could you really?" and was immediately assured that Etta not only could, but would.

It was while they were having coffee that Miss Shaw suddenly put her cup down and remembered that she had promised to telephone to a friend.

"About our meeting next week, dear," she explained, "our big meeting—you know, I sent you the papers about it." At this point she lapsed obviously into quotation: "The opportunity for the great heart of the country to become vocal, and to demand not the shadow, but the reality of peace."

At the door she nodded brightly and made her way to a telephone box.

Having got the number she asked for, she burst out volubly, "It's all right, she'll come. I've invited myself to stay the night at the cottage, and offered to drive her down. Yes, quite pleased. I told her the car was being mended and wouldn't be ready till half-past four or so. If we don't start till five, it will be too dark for her to see which way we go. You're sure she won't recognise you?" She listened eagerly for a moment, and with a parting, "Then you'll bring the car round at five?" hung up the receiver.

Etta came back rather breathless. "And now we're going to have a treat," she announced. "This isn't like a formal club, you know. We all know each other, and have the same aims and interests, the same soul sense, in fact; and some of our more gifted members are going to give out to us this afternoon."

"Give out?" repeated Sally, endeavouring to control a suddenly obstreperous dimple.

"Yes," said Etta earnestly, with the gesture of one who hands food to the starving. "Don't you think genius is like that? It must give out, impart, radiate."

"I see," said Sally. "Yes, radiate must be quite clear. Who's going to do it?"

"Well, Sascha's going to play for us—"

"Sascha?"



Etta repeated the name that sounded like three sneezes. "I call him Sascha," she added. "It's easier, and we are very intimate."

"It's certainly easier," said Sally.

She settled herself down to enjoy her afternoon, and to watch the people who now began to fill the room. Etta seemed to know them all, and, according to her whispered comments, practically every one of them was either the greatest thinker since Schopenhauer, or a really divine musician, or almost too brilliant an intellect.

"Sascha" played to them, and Sally found his playing ordinary. In appearance he resembled any of those pallid, long-haired young men whom one may see playing first violin in a third-rate orchestra. He had the pasty skin, the large dark eyes, and the somewhat unwashed appearance common to them all; but when he laid aside his bow Etta Shaw turned tear-filled eyes upon Sally, and murmured, "Isn't he divine?"

It was after this that the fat young man with red hair and freckled hands got up, and in a small, high voice recited a poem entitled "Sunset."

A purple feather brushed Sally's cheek, and the woman in white flannel spoke across her to Etta in a deep, booming voice.

"Instant!" she said. "That is the word that comes to me. The clamorous voice, the eye that will not be denied—!" she paused, and added on a yet deeper note. "You know, of course, that his aura is almost pure magenta."

"Oh, how can he, with that hair!" said Sally.

"Sash," said Etta, and looked reproachful. The purple feathers drew away.

"He has a soul-twist," said the deep voice, and Sally just saved herself by turning a giggle into a sneeze.

Two hours later she had ceased to feel amused. The radiators had succeeded once another without pause, and, whilst the enthusiasm of Etta and her friends appeared to remain steadily at boiling point, Sally and long ago succumbed to the cold touch of boredom.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of considerable relief that she emerged with Etta into the dark and foggy street.

A Wolseley landaulet was drawn up to the kerb, and a chauffeur stood beside it, holding the door open. The light under the club portico showed him as a well-set-up man in neat, dark livery. He turned as they crossed the pavement, and Sally was startled by his extreme good looks. Etta poured out a flood of voluble directions whilst Sally took her seat; then she, too, got in, the door was shut, and the car moved off, gradually gathering pace.

Then Etta suddenly started, looked in her bag, and accused herself of being the most forgetful woman in the world.

"Telegrams," she explained, "telegrams that I ought to have sent off this morning, and they went right out of my head all through meeting you; and will you mind very much if I just stop and send them off now, for they really ought to go?"

**I**NSIDE the post office Etta Shaw wrote two telegrams and sent them off. Their contents would have interested Sally. The first was addressed to Mrs. Callender, The Cottage, Chark, and ran: "Detained for a few days. Do not forward letters. Meredith."

The second, over the address of which Miss Shaw hesitated for a moment, was to Bill Armistage at the War Office, and read: "Joining Fritz. Please do not interfere in any way. Most important. Sally Meredith."

Sally was just beginning to feel comfortably sleepy when Etta returned, and her drowsiness deepened as they ran smoothly

along, first between fog-bound lights, and later through the solid, misty darkness. Etta talked all the time, but her voice became a mere lulling murmur. Once or twice Sally half woke up with a jerk and said "Yes." Once she started awake, and looked with blinking eyes at a crowded street pavement where a line of stalls and barrows hugged the kerb under a flare of yellow gas. She gave a sharp exclamation.

For a moment she had thought that she had seen Fritz standing there in the crowd of dingly-dressed persons who were pressing round the stalls; but the whole thing was gone before she could take it in, and she sank into sleep again, deeper—deeper—deeper. Afterwards she never could decide whether it was her wakeful night and the stuffy air of Etta's club, or whether that sleep of hers had been less legitimately induced.

The car slid on, smoothly and without a check. The yellow mist changed to a white mist; and the white mist thinned away to nothingness. The full moon came up out of a bank of fog orange-red at first, but growing paler as it mounted. The sky cleared to a sapphire-black set with a sharp glitter of stars. They held their own for a brief half hour, and then the moonlight flooded the whole arch of the sky and the level fields and lanes beneath it.

**S**ALLY woke up with a start. The car had stopped. The door was open, letting in the frost, and Etta Shaw was getting out. She heard her say: "Shall I wake her?" and a man's voice answered "Not if she's really sound asleep."

Sally sat up and pushed the rug off her knees. Etta and the chauffeur were standing by the car talking. Sally looked past them and saw a high stone wall pierced by an oak door which stood ajar. This wasn't Chark—where were they, and why had they stopped? She struggled to order her thoughts, and leaning forward, called sharply:

"Etta, where are we?"

Etta Shaw turned. Her voice sounded high and nervous.

"Such a stupid mistake," she said. "He didn't understand, and it was so foggy I never noticed which way we came out of London. This is Charnwood, my aunt's house. You'll have to stay the night with me, instead of my staying with you—!" She ended as she had begun with "Such a stupid mistake!" and a light, fluttering laugh. Sally felt suddenly very much annoyed. Gaily would be frantic, and Bill—Bill would—well, what would Bill think? What had possessed her to sleep like that? She picked up the rug, and got out stiffly. They passed through the door in the wall, the chauffeur following. The door was shut behind them.

Etta went on talking.

"Such a cold night, and going to be colder. Something hot to drink, don't you think? Do you like cocoa? Oh, don't carry that rug, Lazare will take it."

The foreign name arrested Sally's attention, recalling it from vexed thoughts of Bill and Gally. She turned on the flagged path just below the doorstep, and looked with faint interest at the too-good-looking chauffeur. His pale, regular features were distinct in the moonlight. His glance at Sally was a bold one as he came forward with his hands out to take the rug from her. Sharply annoyed at his bad manners and at Etta's folly in engaging a man of that type, Sally looked down. She saw the chauffeur's hands palm upwards in the clear and brilliant moonlight—large hands with long, thick fingers, and, dark, against the pallor of the palm, a jagged cross-shaped scar.

"Oh," said Sally, on a little indrawn breath, and with that sound and that breath her power to move and cry went from her. The rug dropped from her hands

upon the path. She tried to get her breath, to scream, to move; and as she tried, and found herself numb with the nightmare sense of helplessness, the man she stared at caught her by the arm, and the hand with the scar covered her mouth.

#### CHAPTER 11

**I**T was when M. Lasalle was staring into the depressing depths of the Smuggler's Leap that there suddenly came upon him the New Idea.

With it he became aware of the overwhelming necessity for some place of security and retirement where in solitude and peace he might nourish and mature the New Idea—another invention. He fumbled in his pockets, pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the sweat of a past horror from his brow. The action was definitely symbolic, and M. Lasalle's thoughts were so much uplifted that the fall of his fountain pen entirely escaped his notice. Having wiped his brow, he turned from the Smuggler's Leap and walked slowly and dreamily back along the way by which he had come. Continuously he considered the twin problems which assailed him:

The Way of Escape.

The Place of Secure Retirement.

As he regained the path, a buffet of wind struck the headland and scattered heavy rain drops. By the time that he came in view of the high road the full force of the risen storm was beating upon a countryside already streaming with water. M. Lasalle came to the end of the path, and saw a large limousine standing in the road just at his right. The headlights turned the drenched road in front of them into a silver river. The bonnet of the car was open, and the chauffeur was burrowing into its depths.

M. Lasalle stood and looked at the handsome car, the oblivious chauffeur, and the stormy night. A voice spoke with extreme distinctness to an inner consciousness still grappling with the two problems. It said, "The Way of Escape." M. Lasalle instantly walked across the road, opened the door of the limousine, and got in. He sank upon comfortable cushions, and a feeling of peace descended on him, blotting out the storm.

After ten minutes or so the chauffeur shut the bonnet with a clang, started the engine, and took his seat. The car moved on its luxurious way. The rain continued. M. Lasalle sat at his ease, and watched the faint lights of villages appear and pass. After an indefinite time there were more lights, and more; then tram lines and lamp-posts with great blinding arc lights. A belated tram slid by, cutting in in front of the car and stopping. The chauffeur put the brakes on hard, the car came almost to a standstill in its own length, and M. Lasalle, opening the right hand door, stepped unobtrusively off the step into the wet road.

#### CHAPTER 12

**S**ALLY did not lose consciousness, but terror rushed in upon her and benumbed her every faculty. She felt herself lifted, an arm as hard as iron about her waist, the hand crushed down upon her mouth. It was worse than the most awful dream that she had ever had. To an accompaniment of twittering noises from Etta, an "Oh, do be careful!" treading on the heels of "Oh, you'll hurt her!" and "Oh, Lazare, do take care!" they crossed a hall and began to ascend a staircase. The man who carried Sally stopped halfway up the stair to say, "Chut!"—not roughly, but with a certain intensity. The fact that Etta instantly held her tongue pierced through Sally's terror and set her mind groping.

"Oh," said Sally, on a little indrawn breath, and with that sound and that breath her power to move and cry went from her. The rug dropped from her hands



roses. More rose garlands adorned the cream-colored walls. There were two windows with rose-colored curtains drawn across them.

Sally did not speak for two or three long, slow minutes. She looked at the comfortable, prim, everyday room, and she looked at Etta Shaw, whom she had known since she was seven years old.

"Will you explain?" said Sally.

She saw Etta look past her at the man for instructions, and she looked round quickly and caught Lazare's little nod.

"Now, Sally," Etta Shaw's tone started very high and tailed off.

Sally spoke again in that breath of a voice.

"What does this mean? Will you explain?"

"Now Sally, my dear, there's nothing to be frightened about, there really isn't."

"I'm not frightened," said Sally, lying valiantly.

"And you needn't be. All that has happened is—"

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all, sleep at home to-night. If you refuse—"

"Yes—that it what really interests me," said Sally coolly—"If I refuse?"

"Then we have made certain provisions for your comfort in this hospitable house, and we hope by reasonable argument and friendly pressure to induce you to exercise a lady's privilege and change your mind." He paused and bowed. Then after a moment:

"The provisions—I will explain them. This door"—he pushed wide the one which was ajar—"it leads to a small, but, I am assured, a comfortable bedroom, and the other, the opposite one, to a bathroom. Only the room in which we now find ourselves opens on to the corridor. That one door has, as you will see, two stout bolts on the outside. The windows of all three rooms are barred, and have old-fashioned shutters of your English oak. They look over the vegetable garden behind the house. The rooms were so arranged and the windows barred to meet the requirements of an aunt of Miss Shaw's who was at one time deranged. They are very—shall I say—convenient now."

His bold and sneering look made Sally turn again to Etta Shaw.

"And your aunt?" she said, and wished her voice were louder.

"I told you," Etta tossed her head a little. "I told you at the club that Aunt Emma doesn't notice things much. She stays in bed, and thinks about old times. If you screamed the house down, she would only think it was poor Aunt Harriet, the one who used to have these rooms years ago. She lives in the past, you see."

"And your servants?" Sally saw Etta through a mist, heard her laugh as if from a long way off.

"They are not servants, but devoted friends, ready to sacrifice anything and everything to the Cause. You won't find anyone to help you in this house, Sally, my dear."

Sally put her left hand behind her until it touched the arm of the settee. She leaned hard on it, and groped with the other hand until, passing over the smooth surface of a cushion, it found and gripped the back. Then she let herself down into a sitting position and shut her eyes.

The room was full of buzzing noises. Etta talking in a rapid whisper. Then, at last, Lazare:

"Get her some food, not too much," and after an interval the sound of a tray being set down.

Lazare's voice again.

"Quite useless to faint, Miss Sally, we are hard-hearted. You had better have some supper and go to bed. In the morning we will talk again."

"I'm not fainting," whispered Sally, and was aware of Etta saying pleadingly:

"Oh, Lazare, I don't like leaving her. Let me stay—do let me stay," and Lazare's abrupt answer:

"Foolishness. She is tough enough for two. Come away—at once Etta."

Then the door was shut, Sally was alone.

SALLY went into the bathroom and started the hot tap. Almost boiling water made her think less furiously of Etta Shaw.

When she emerged warm, clean, attired in Etta's nightgown, she felt curiously separated from the fear and misery of half an hour before. After all, this was a civilised country—cocoa, hot baths, and the thoughtful toothbrush spelled reassurance.

Sally came into the bedroom, shut the door, and then frowned a little. There was a keyhole, but no key. In spite of the cocoa, the hot bath, and the toothbrush, fear put up its head again.

"I'm a lumpy idiot," she said with emphasis. "But to go to sleep without anything to fasten that door, I simply won't."

She looked about her, and the next moment was moving the washstand. The back of it just fitted beneath the handle of the door, and jug and basin could be trusted to sound the alarm if anyone tried to enter.

#### CHAPTER 13

IT was many hours before she woke. She opened her eyes, and on the instant a sense of strangeness came upon her like a breaking wave.

Sally rubbed her eyes, sat up, and shook back her hair. She was remembering. The quick procession of yesterday's events rushed through her mind, and in a trice she was out of bed and at the window. It was closely shuttered, and the shutters were locked. Pull as she would, she could not open them.

She dressed rapidly, put the washstand back into its place, and emerged into the sitting-room. More pink darkness, more rose-colored curtains, more locked shutters. In the bathroom the same effect, but here produced by a rose-colored blind. Sally switched on the light, and sat down on the pink settee.

Her watch had stopped, so she had no means of knowing what time it was, but she thought hopefully of breakfast. Last night's cocoa and bread and butter seemed a long time ago. She was hungry, but her courage had come back to her. Yesterday's terrors seemed as far away as yesterday's cocoa.

All the same, she jumped a little when the door opened and a man came in. He had a flat, rather stupid face, and little dark eyes. Without taking the least notice of Sally, he crossed to the fireplace, knelt down, produced paper and sticks, and proceeded to build and light the fire. After a moment Sally said politely:

"Good morning. Can you tell me the time?"

The man continued to take no notice.

Sally tried the same remark in French, Italian and German, with the same result.

After that nothing happened for half an hour. Then Etta Shaw came in, leaving the door ajar behind her. She stopped just inside the room, and said good morning in rather uncertain tones. Sally responded cheerfully.

Etta came further in, and began to talk, her manner suggesting an odd blend of the solicitous hostess and the careful gaoler.

"I'm so glad you're all right," she began with a jerk, "and, oh, Sally, you do realise that if it were anything but a matter of life and death, and, and—service to the Cause—I mean you do realise, don't you? And I do hope you didn't lie awake, or feel worried or anything."

"Thanks," said Sally, "I slept beautifully. Are you going to open the shutters?"

"Well," said Etta, "that's just what I was going to say—about the shutters, I mean. You will be reasonable, won't you?"

"That depends," said Sally. "What do you call being reasonable?"

"Well, if you promise not to scream—just give your word of honor, you know—I'll open them directly."

"And if I don't promise," said Sally, "we shall just have to go on wasting your electric light, is that it?"

"It doesn't cost much," said Etta. "We make it ourselves." She spoke with perfect simplicity.

Sally burst out laughing. You couldn't go on being angry with Etta, she was such a fool.

"Well, it would be a pity to waste it, anyhow. I don't mind promising for—let's see—the next two hours. I should like some breakfast before I start screaming—that is if I'm allowed breakfast. Am I?"

Etta got very red.

"You promise not to scream, or call out, or wave things out of the window? It's only the vegetable garden, but we've got to be on the safe side."

"For two hours, yes."



"On your word of honor?"

"Oh, very well, my good Etta—Yes."

Etta produced a key, and unlocked first one shutter and then the other. As she threw them back the light came in, pale, golden, exquisite.

Sally looked out and saw a turquoise sky overhead and, below, endless lines of cabbages emerging from a silver mist. There was no human habitation in sight, no smoke from any chimney, and no sound of traffic, nothing but the misty garden stretching to meet a hedgerow full of billowy elms, and beyond the elms a belt of woodland.

She turned to find Etta looking at her with tears in her eyes.

"Sally, you'll do what they want, won't you?" she said in a low, agitated voice.

"Do you know," said Sally, "what they want me to do?"

Etta threw her a startled glance.

"They want you to open the red lacquer case."

"Yes," said Sally, nodding encouragement.

"Why?"

"Because your uncle's formula is inside it."

"Yes?"

Etta snatched up her hand, and her words came with a rush.

"That wicked, that abominable formula! Any one who could invent such a thing, or dream of letting it loose on the world, is just a homicidal maniac; and if governments and laws won't restrain a person like that, and take his murderous weapon from him, why, I, for one, will stick at nothing to rescue what remains of civilization from the appalling, appalling fate prepared for it."

"Yes, yes," said Sally. "Of course you wouldn't, and that's why you've kidnapped me?"

"Yes," said Etta, with a sort of gasp. "When one has to choose between such awful, awful horrors and a little discomfort to one individual, do you think one hesitates?"

"I'm sure you don't," said Sally. "I don't see you hesitating for a moment. Well, what next?"

"Open the case and give us the formula, and, and—"

"And what?"

"You shall go free at once."

ETTA came closer, her hands clasping and unclasping upon one another with an awkward yet pitiful motion. That she was in deadly earnest was plain.

"And the formula?"

"Is destroyed for ever."

Sally looked at her keenly. It was possible to be such a fool, for here was Etta proving it in her own person. Amazing! "You want the formula in order to destroy it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And M. Lazare, he wants to destroy it, too?"

"Lazare is the noblest and most devoted of us all. I have never met anyone like him. Oh, Sally, wait till you really know him. We are absolutely at one in our aims and ideals—the most beautiful soul-companionship."

"Mercy—she's in love with him!" The dismayed thought flitted through Sally's mind. Aloud, she said:

"Let's stick to the formula. You think M. Lazare wants it destroyed?"

"What else?" Etta's surprise was quite genuine.

Sally crossed to the fire, stirred it with her foot, and then turned round, hands clasped behind her and a slight smile on her face.

"Then, my dear Etta, it's all so nice and easy—he has only to meddle with the case, try and force it open, stamp on it, put it in the kitchen fire—in fact, any old thing—and the formula will be destroyed all right. He heard Fritz tell me that there was a compartment full of nitric acid which

would open and flood the case if anyone tried to find the spring without knowing the secret. You see it's as easy as mud. Why drag me into it at all?"

SALLY suddenly changed her light tone to one of deep seriousness. "Etta," she said, "just look the thing squarely in the face. Your friend Lazare doesn't destroy the formula because he doesn't want to destroy it. He wants to use it—he offered me a very large sum of money for the use of it. Talk about letting homicidal maniacs loose upon the world—you'll know a good deal more about it if M. Lazare gets away with Fritz's formula."

The angry red flushed high into Etta's face.

"He said you would slander him—" the words came tumbling out. "I suppose you think yourself very clever—I suppose you think you can separate us, shake my faith in him, with your inventions, your clever, silly inventions; but I tell you, Sally, that nothing could shake my faith. He says we must make sure, for the whole future of humanity now hangs trembling in the balance!"

Sally groaned.

"Oh, Lord!" she said. "Etta, you make my brain reel! How do you do it? It's like turning a tap, and out it comes. I don't think I can bear any more before breakfast." She twinkled impishly, and added: "Come off the high horse for a bit, and let's call pax."

The door banged on the last word. The bolts were rammed home. If Sally's incautious tongue had routed Etta, it had certainly not tended to ease the situation.

She tossed her head and laughed.

"Oh, well, she'll come round," she said to herself. It was not the first time she had seen Etta fling out of the room in a temper and it did not greatly distress her. Her immediate concern was breakfast. Was there going to be any, or was there not? The question became more and more insistent.

At last, when she had almost given up hope, the automatic person who had lighted the fire came in with the black japed tray. Without a word he set it down and went out again.

Sally nearly flew across the room. The pink-rimmed cup half full of sugarless cocoa—no jug this time to refill it from. On the pink-rimmed plate a single slice of plain, dry bread.

"Pigs!" said Sally, and ate it lingeringly.

It seemed to make very little difference.

When the last crumb had gone she went and looked dejectedly out of the window, and wrinkled her brow at the cabbages.

Her thoughts were not exhilarating.

A quite horrid feeling of loneliness sprang up in Sally. Thinking of Bill was a mistake. She ought to have known better. The picture of him, big, solid, comfortable, and so dreadfully far away was being too much for her fortitude. She brushed her hand across her eyes, and turned with a start to face Lazare, who was closing the door behind him. It shut, as it had opened, without making any noise at all.

Lazare advanced with a bow.

"Good morning, Miss Sally," he said. "I am come for our little talk—I hope a friendly one, and that you will not send me away as angry as that poor Etta, whom I have met and consoled. It would be better not."

He seated himself on the raised end of the settee furthest from Sally, and indicated the opposite corner.

"Sit down, and we will talk."

"No, thanks," said Sally, her head in the air and her hands behind her back. The consciousness of tear-stained cheeks lent pride to her tones.

Lazare watched her for a moment, and then spoke.

"Very well," he said, "but it is not my

will if you stand before me as a prisoner, so do not set it down against me. Come, are you going to be reasonable?"

"Not what you call reasonable, M. Lazare."

"That," said Lazare, "is a pity. Have you ever reflected, Miss Sally, how much wasted energy would be saved if people would do at the beginning what, in the end, they will certainly have to do?"

"Abstract cases don't interest me," said Sally coldly.

"Very well, we will come to the point. You are admirably direct for one of your sex, differing in that respect, if I may say so, from our dear Etta, who has a great penchant for the abstract, and desires never to arrive at the point. You will open the case?"

"No," said Sally.

"Oh, but you will. I can assure you of that. It is only a question of when."

"All right," said Sally. "And when I've opened it?"

"The rest is my affair."

"Why don't you assure me that you only want the formula in order to destroy it?"

"Because, my dear Miss Sally, you would not believe me."

"Etta believes it," said Sally, "she actually believes it." She looked at him hard, saw a faint stir of amusement in his face.

"She does me the honor of having a very high opinion of me," said Lazare politely. "I gather that you have tried to shake it. Believe me, my dear Miss Sally, it is a waste of time."

#### CHAPTER 14

LAZARE stayed for two hours. During these two hours he passed from sarcasm to threats, from polite ease to a manner of cold brutality. For the last three-quarters of an hour his conversation was limited to one sentence fired off at regular intervals.

"Will you open the lacquer case?"

Sally remained standing by the window all the time, but she edged backwards so that she could lean against the wall. She found herself counting between the sentences—"one, two, three, four, five, six."

"Will you open the lacquer case?" Silence.

Then—"one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—when was it coming—eleven, twelve."

"Will you open the lacquer case?"

After nearly an hour of it she was only just holding on to her self-control. When she was at the last gasp Lazare got up and went out, humming the door.

Sally felt her way to the nearest chair and sat down. She did not think at all or want to think. She just sat and let the blessed silence soak into her. It was like water when one is very, very thirsty.

Then, the door opening and closing again, she looked up, trying to keep the sudden terror from her eyes. It was Etta with a tray—not Lazare, thank God, not Lazare. Etta exclaimed sharply as she put the tray down.

"Oh, Sally!"

"If that's something to eat, I'm ready for it," she said, and saw the unbecoming flush mount to the roots of the faded hair.

"They—we want you to write a card first—just a few lines; and then you shall have this nice hot soup. It really is good: Aunt Emma has just had some."

"A card?"

"Yes, to Mrs. Callender, just to tell her you are all right, and that you don't know when you'll be back."

"I won't!" said Sally, with sudden vigor. Etta wrung her hands.

"Oh, Sally, don't make him any angrier," she whispered. "Don't, don't, don't! I've never seen him so angry—and it frightens me. Do write the card."

Whilst Etta spoke, Sally tried to think. A little ray of hope flashed upon her.

"I won't write a card," she said, "I'll write a letter."

"But why?"



"I don't like postcards," said Sally; "never did. Perhaps I don't like acting under compulsion either. Anyhow, I'll write a letter if I write anything. I don't mind saying that I'm ready for the soup." She talked on to give herself time.

Etta fluttered nearer the door. "I might ask him," she said waveringly. "There couldn't be any harm in my just asking; at least I don't see how there could be. I think I'll just ask him."

The last nervous sentence took her out of the room.

Sally had the cup of soup in her hand as the door closed. She drank it in great gulps, making sure of it before she began upon the slice of bread. When Etta's hand touched the handle she had only eaten half of a rather meagre slice. The other half went into a pocket of her coat.

Etta came in in a hurry. "He says you may write the letter, but not to imagine that you can play any tricks." Then as her hot eyes fell upon the empty tray, she gave a startled cry and looked frightened.

"Oh, what will he say?" "Why should you tell him?" said Sally, and knew as she spoke that Lazare would not be told; so much was evident from Etta's look of relief.

She pushed her chair up to the table, took ink, pen and writing block from Etta, and sat ready to begin. She had her plan. It was a risk, of course, but that didn't really seem to matter now. She looked seriously at Etta, and said with a sort of careful simplicity:

"What do I put on the top of the paper?" "London," said Etta.

"Only London? Won't she think that odd?"

"Only London. I don't suppose she'll think about it at all."

Sally wrote "London" in the right hand top corner. "Do I put a date?"

"Yes, date it to-day."

Sally dated it. Then she dipped her pen, and wrote in a style carefully modelled on Cousin Etta's letters to servants: "Mrs. Callender." Etta instantly took the sheet away and tore it up.

"Now, Sally," she said angrily. "What's the good of that? You know perfectly well you wouldn't write that to that old servant like Mrs. Callender; nobody would."

"Cousin Etta did."

"You wouldn't, so it's no use your trying to play those sort of tricks to make her believe that there's something wrong."

"I'll write anything you like," said Sally, meekly. "Shall I say, 'Darling Mrs. Callender, and send her my love'?"

Etta tapped an impatient foot. "Write the way you always do," she said.

"All right," said Sally.

She dipped her pen, wrote the place and date again, and then, more slowly, "Dear Mrs. Callender."

ETTA looked over her shoulder and nodded.

"Now put: I'm obliged to stay here for a day or two. I will write again when I know my plans. Don't forward any letters as I may be back any day."

Sally wrote with bent head, a little glow of triumph warming her, as she remembered other careless scraps which began, "Dear Sally," and were rounded off by wildly illegible initials. It would be odd indeed if Sally were not suspicious over this formal note. At least if she did not suspect she would be seriously hurt; and in either case she would certainly talk about it to all and sundry.

She looked up as she finished writing, "any day," and inquired:

"Anything else?"

"No," said Etta, "that will do. Now sign it."

Sally wrote, "Sally Meredith" in her best hand, whilst Etta watched her, frowning.

"Don't you put 'Yours truly' or anything?"

"I will if you like." And Sally wrote in, "Yours truly" above the signature.

SALLY finished the half slice of bread, settled herself comfortably on the settee, and went to sleep.

She woke from a dream of fighting cats, opened her eyes, rubbed them, and wondered if she were still dreaming.

A young man was standing in the middle of the room playing a minor scale on the violin. As his melancholy, dark eyes met Sally's sleepy ones, she recognised the young Pole with the unpronounceable surname who had been one of the "radiators" at Etta's club the day before.

She blinked at him with innocent kitten eyes, and said:

"I didn't hear you come in. You are M. Sascha, are you not? I heard you play at the club." The minor scale proceeded. Interspersed with it, phrases almost totally unintelligible.

Sally was unable to decide whether it was embarrassment or an almost complete ignorance of English which produced this confusion, but confusion there certainly was. She repeated her remark in French, inquiring at the end of it whether monsieur spoke French.

The melancholy eyes looked offended. In atrocious but fluent French M. Sascha informed her that he was an educated Pole, and that all educated Poles spoke French. Whilst he spoke he continued to play the scale.

"Then let us talk," said Sally.

She began to realise why she had dreamed about a cat fight. M. Sascha's notes were of a piercing intensity.

"You can tell me about Poland. I've never been there."

There was a momentary gleam in the violinist's eyes but he shook his head, and began to play arpeggi at top speed.

A curious idea slid into Sally's brain. Fritz and the story of the young violinist who was a spy—if it were Sascha? It might have been. Sally ventured a chance shot. Leaning forward, and smiling sweetly, she let her gaze rest admiringly upon the young man and inquired:

"Did you ever finish your 'Symphonic Overture,' Monsieur?"

The effect was instantaneous. His bow halted on a discordant note, then dropped, whilst a flood of words broke from his lips.

"My symphonie, you have heard of it? Ah, mademoiselle, what felicity! But, until you have heard it, you cannot conceive all that there is in it of inspiration and of terror. And the moment of that inspiration—wonderful! An experience of the most remarkable. See, you are sympathetic. I will recount it to you. I stand—regard me—I stand in the laboratory at midnight. It is dark. Only a single ray from an electric torch pierces the gloom, and discloses those machines by which men wrest from reluctant Nature her sublime secrets."

He began to play as he spoke.

"See, this is the motif of darkness, typifying the immense darkness of ignorance pierced by the single ray of inspiration. I look around me. I behold all these things. They repose, these forces, these terrors. They lie concealed in a powder, in a liquid, in an acid that frets to be free. Listen to the motif of the picnic acid. It dreams already of the bomb that is to be. See, I will play to you it's dream."

After this, half an hour passed very pleasantly. The dream of the picnic acid was succeeded by love passages between the quicksilver and gold—"nobles of the elements." The quicksilver motif was really rather charming, and the passage ended, as Sascha explained, in the union of the lover and his beloved, no longer two but one—"the perfect amalgam." He

talked all the time, and the music having ceased to describe explosives, Sally's eyelids closed. When he embarked upon the "Sleep of the emollient oils," she too slept. It was very nice and peaceful after Lazare.

A discord waked her. Footsteps in the passage and voices—Lazare and Etta. Sascha clutched his damp brow.

"All, all have I forgotten for my symphonie!" he panted. "I was to play scales and exercises—to practise, and every minute I was to ask: 'Will you open the lacquer case? Mon Dieu, what will Lazare say?' He looked terrified. The door was beginning to open."

For the second time Sally came to the rescue.

"Why should he know? I shan't tell him," she said.

Etta and Lazare came in.

#### CHAPTER 15

WHEN Bill Armitage reached Chark and discovered that Sally had gone up to town for the day, he experienced feelings of great irritation. Why should Sally go to town? If she must go, why go to-day of all days? Mrs. Callender was not helpful, and for once she was not talkative. Like David she held her tongue, and it was pain and grief to her. Afterwards, in the society of Hannah Preston, she made up for this unnatural silence.

Bill got Etta Shaw's telegram about an hour after his return to town. He had gone to his room at the War Office in a bad temper. The telegram did not sweeten it. It was mysterious, and he hated mystery.

"Joining Fritz"—where, and why—in Heaven's name why? And then the snub direct—"on no account interfere." That cut. Bill did not admit that it cut. He covered the wound with anger, the anger of a man who is struck by a friend. The blow fell on the old wound and roused the old resentful pain. He told himself that he washed his hands of Sally Meredith. This was the second time she had told him to mind his own business, and, by Heaven, she should not have to tell him that or anything else again.

Major Armitage wrote late, his brain busy, his face like a thunder cloud. Clerks had their heads bitten off. Altogether Etta Shaw would have considered that her telegram had enjoyed quite a success.

Next day Bill lunched with his cousin Eleanor Farquhar. She was his favorite cousin, but she found him a none too easy guest of the monosyllabic and abstracted order.

They lunched tete-a-tete, a fact much regretted by Eleanor as the meal proceeded. One by one her topics of conversation were ruthlessly slaughtered by an indifferent "Yes" or "No."

Eleanor was pretty, dark, and lively. Her eyes began to sparkle behind their justly admired lashes. She sought a weapon with which to prick this monstrous indifference, and found one to her hand in the suddenly remembered glimpse of Sally. She tapped on the table with a pretty ringed hand, and said:

"Ever see anything of Sally Meredith these days, Bill?"

She had the satisfaction of seeing her cousin blush.

"Er—sometimes."

"I saw her yesterday in a taxi with a woman whose face has been worrying me ever since. I remembered her at once. —Sally I mean—, she hadn't changed a bit. I thought she looked awfully pretty, but I can't place the woman she was with, though I knew her face. You know how worrying it is when you cannot get hold of a name or a face. There, I almost had it then, but it's gone again—older than 70, rather hard, an appalling hat, Reckitt's blue."

"Was it Etta Shaw?"



Bill's tone was indifferent, but Eleanor looked at the big hand clenched on the table, and saw the knuckles whiten.

"Why, yes it was, BILL. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Bill. "Sally's affairs have nothing to do with me." And he began to make violent strictures upon a new play which neither he nor Eleanor had seen. They went on talking about plays, and when lunch was over and Bill excused himself on the score of work, his cousin Eleanor watched him go with a little amused pity in her dark eyes.

"Poor old Bill, he's still got it badly," was her comment on the situation; "but, at any rate, I made him talk."

It was on Monday that Sally walked out along the Strudwick road and met the woman in the blue motor veil. On Tuesday she talked with Lazare in the pitch dark of a lane near Lenton station. On Wednesday she went to town and met Etta Shaw instead of Bill Armitage. Thursday was the day of Bill's lunch with Eleanor Farquhar; and it was on Friday that Inspector Williams rang up.

AT the first sound of the clipped, laconic speech, Bill Armitage's expression changed.

"That you, Major Armitage? Inspector Williams speaking."

"Yes, what is it?" For the life of him Bill could not keep the words from hurrying.

The inspector's voice came to him over the wires with maddening deliberation.

"Thought I'd better ring you up. Bit of a queer start down at—you know where. Young lady not back. Haven't heard from her, I suppose?"

"Yes, er, no."

There was a pause.

"I should rather like to come round and see you, if you'll be at liberty."

"What do you mean by a queer start? Yes, I'm in, come round."

There was no reply, the inspector having rung off. He arrived presently, a wooden faced person, very neat and well set up. He took a chair before he replied to Bill's immediately repeated question: "What do you mean by a queer start?" Then he said:

"Just got back from Chark when I rang you up. My man there wired me to come down this morning. Seems the housekeeper got a letter from the young lady this morning; and an hour afterwards it was all over the village that the letter wasn't from the young lady."

"What do you mean?" cried the astonished Bill.

"That's what I said to Thomas, the man down there; and all he could say was that such was the talk in the village. Well, I went up to The Cottage and saw the housekeeper and—well, to cut a long story short, here's the letter, sir."

He took out a pocket case, extracted Sally's carefully written note, and put it into Major Armitage's eagerly outstretched hand.

"What do you make of it, sir?" he said.

Bill looked at the letter steadily.

"It's her handwriting," he said at once, "but—" he frowned and narrowed his eyes.

"Well, sir?"

"It's too tidy, formal. It looks as if she'd written it very slowly, making every letter—oh, hang it all, it's her writing, but it's not her."

The inspector gave a slow nod.

"Just what that Mrs. Callender said, only she put it on different grounds. She said, 'It's Miss Sally's writing, but Miss Sally never wrote me a letter that began and ended like that,' and she stuck out that the young lady never wrote it. Says she always wrote to her 'Dear Sally,' and finished up with her initials."

"Then what?"

"That isn't all, sir. After a bit of pump-

ing, she told me Miss Meredith went to town Wednesday to meet you, sir, less-ways to meet someone who wired to her to come up, and signed the wire, 'Bill.' I take it you didn't wire?" Bill shook his head.

"Someone did. It was handed in at the Charing Cross post office at 8 a.m., sender's name and address not filled in; and the girl will get into trouble for that. Just now, when I asked you on the phone whether you'd heard from the young lady or not, I didn't know what to make of your answer, sir. Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me whether you have heard from her."

Bill pulled a drawer open, took out Etta's telegram, and handed it over without speaking.

"H'm," said Inspector Williams. "Fritz being—?"

"M. Lasalle," said Bill, "that's what she called him."

"H'm. Well, that's not all, either. Wednesday Miss Meredith got the wire telling her to come up to town, but she'd already walked to Lenton Station the evening before to meet the six-thirty. You didn't send a wire asking her to do that, did you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, Mrs. Callender says you did; so I followed that up, and here's a copy of the wire somebody sent. Same post office, you see. Now, sir, here are three telegrams, two supposed to be from you, and one supposed to be from the young lady, the two from you being fakes. Well, sir, I just put it to you. What about it?"

Bill pushed back his chair. If Sally's telegram was a fake—but whose fake? Not a stranger's. It must be somebody who knew her pet name for old Lasalle, and who knew also just where to catch him, Bill, on the raw. Who on earth? And the answer came in his Cousin Eleanor's pretty, teasing voice, "I've got it, Etta Shaw."

"And Mrs. Farquhar saw Miss Meredith with this party? On Wednesday. Is she sure it was Wednesday?"

"We'll make sure."

Bill grabbed the telephone, was fortunate in finding Eleanor at home, and began to put a series of questions to her.

"You remember seeing Sally Meredith in a taxi with Etta Shaw? What day was it? You're sure it was Wednesday? Absolutely sure? Sorry to bother you, but it's important."

Eleanor's exasperated voice rang in his ears.

"Really, Bill, you're the limit! Of course I'm sure."

"Ask what Miss Meredith was wearing, sir," said the Inspector quickly.

Bill asked the question, and heard Eleanor's soft laugh.

"My dear boy, what a flattering interest! Well, if you really want to know, and as far as I could tell, Sally had on a little black velvet hat, grey fur and a dark grey coat, or a coat and skirt. I could only see half of her, so I can't tell you what her shoes and stockings were like. The hat was awfully becoming." She laughed again.

Bill rang off, and repeated the substance of Mrs. Farquhar's remarks. The clothes corresponded with Mrs. Callender's description. The inspector's comment was that it was all a bit of a queer start.

#### CHAPTER 16

IT was Saturday morning.

Sally stood by the barred window, her back to the rose-colored room that she loathed, her hands gripping one of the bars. Lazare had just left her, and she was trying to steady her shaken, trembling thoughts. For two hours he had been battering her with the one question, and

at the end had gone away in a cold fury that shook Sally's self-control and left her dazed.

"You think," he said, "you think that we shall not proceed to extremities—you feel yourself sheltered by Etta—you think 'she will not let them go too far.' I tell you,"—he stood in the doorway, a hand on either jamb, his light eyes hard on her—"I tell you, I am at the end. Till this evening I give you, and no more. Then, if you do not open the case, you go elsewhere, where there will be no Etta, no other woman, not even that young fool Sascha who begins to be soft hearted over you, no one but myself, and some others perhaps even less sentimental than I am. There are ways of making a woman do as one wishes. Believe me we shall employ them."

He stood in silence for a moment, then let his hands fall from the door posts. There was finality in the gesture; they fell heavily. The door shut. The bolts ran home.

It was then that Sally turned from the room and gripped the cold iron of the window bar. Her eyes, unseeing, stared at the sky. She did not know how the time passed. There was no time. Only a cold and desolate fear, colder than the iron and more desolate than pain.

The last forty-eight hours had been a nightmare. She had not undressed or slept for longer than an hour or two at a time. She had been kept on a starvation ration of dry bread and weak cocoa. She had not been alone for more than ten minutes at a time. When Lazare left her Etta would come with her obvious, her increasing, terror, her tearful entreaties, her appeals. When she went away another woman took her place; Etta called her Nadine. She was hard-faced, dark and silent. Her part in the household seemed to be that of nurse to old Miss Shaw. Sally feared her, and believed her to be utterly without compunction. Then Sascha would be sent into the room to practise, and at intervals to ask her the one intolerable, maddening question: "Will you open the red lacquer case?"

WHEN she heard the door open she let go of the bar, and turned round, her head up, whistling a little luring air. They shouldn't see that she was frightened, anyway.

Sascha came in, violin in hand. Sally went on whistling. It wasn't so difficult as when she thought it might be Lazare returning. The Pole shut the door and came forward.

"You whistle?" he said. "Lazare leaves you in such anger as I have never seen, and you can whistle? Is it nothing to you?" He waved the violin at her, and his ugly French became more rapid still.

"You are brave, but it is mad to be too brave—mad, Mademoiselle Sally, mad!"

He paused, took breath, and asked with a complete change of voice and manner:

"What was that air—the one you whistled? I do not know it. Like this, was it?"

"You are mad," said Sascha gravely. Then with a burst of emotion. "Behold your face white, and thin, and the circles about your so beautiful eyes; and your little hands, they shake for all your bravery, your little trembling hands that I would kiss. Ah, Mademoiselle—!" with amazing suddenness he was on his knees, catching her dress with the hand that already held the bow—"Ah, Mademoiselle, will you not save yourself, whilst there is time? I love you, is it not that you know it? And if I love you, can I see you destroy yourself, and for what? For an idea, a scruple, and—I know not what—"

Sally sat down and folded her hands. She looked at Sascha and saw his face work. She felt his clutch on her skirt, and she felt something vehement and passionate in him that clamored to her to save herself.



Her eyes grew dark and intent. When her voice came—at first it would not come—it was full of a sort of faltering earnestness.

"Have you ever seen a battlefield?" she said.

"I—no—," he stammered.

"I have. I drove for the French Red Cross. We used to go down to the firing-line and bring in the wounded."

After a long pause, which he did not break, she said very low:

"That's why."

"Why will you not open the case?"

Sally nodded a child's gesture, so simple.

"Yes—more battlefields—worse—," she made long breaks between the words, which came whispering across the little space between them. Sascha felt awed. Presently he would go over the scene, dramatise it, sensationalise the emotion and draw music from it. For the moment he felt simple, and very young. He bent and kissed the edge of the grey tweed skirt which he held.

Sally pulled it away sharply.

"Good gracious, don't do that!" she said. "Get up, and be sensible—and you'd better get going with your fiddle, or someone will come in to see what on earth we are doing. Play something restful, there's a dear boy, and, if you love me, let me go to sleep."

"If I love—when it is that I adore!" Sally smiled at him.

"Well, that's awfully nice of you," she said briskly.

His eyes reproached her. They were soulful eyes, very like those which a dog fixes upon a mistress whose cruelty refuses him cake at tea. Then with a start he searched four pockets in rapid succession, and at last produced a large slab of chocolate neatly folded in silver paper. With a deep bow he handed it to Sally, who actually found that she wanted to cry.

#### CHAPTER 17

AT four o'clock that afternoon Lazare came away from the telephone with the look in his face which Etta feared more than anything else in the world.

He met her as he turned from the instrument, took her familiarly by the arm, and marched her into the dining-room. He had shut the door, and she was fluttering and asking: "What is it?" when he abruptly bade her be silent for once and listen.

"Major Armitage is coming down here," he said, and, as Etta gasped and caught at his arm, he went on:

"If you're going to be useless to me, say so at once, and I go elsewhere."

"To Nadine, I suppose?" said Etta, frightened, but holding on to him.

"Certainly, if I think she will be more useful."

"No, no, Lazare—why do you speak to me like that? You know I'll do anything."

"You will do as I say, exactly and without protest?"

She bent her head, struggling with the tears which he hated. Lazare unclasped her hand from his arm before he spoke again. Then he said:

"Major Armitage and Inspector Williams are coming down together. Something has made them suspect you—yes, you, my Etta—and they are coming down with a search warrant. They are coming by car. We have an hour—or, to be safe, since one of them is an impatient lover—three-quarters of an hour. Major Armitage's car could not do it in less. There is, therefore, no need for panic."

"How do you know?" gasped Etta.

"My dear Etta, what a question! One has ears and eyes everywhere in an affair like this. 'A' collects information about Major Armitage, and 'B' shadows Inspector Williams. Both report to 'C,' whose duty it is to keep me informed. So simple. Now you have to listen. This is what you must

do. You will go to Sally Meredith, and you will weep. That, my Etta, will be, for you, no difficult task."

Etta flushed, and he went on.

"You will weep, and you will say that you cannot any longer bear this state of things; your heart is torn, and you cannot bear it. See how much in character is the role which I assign to you."

"What do you mean?" Etta fell back a pace, looking at him strangely.

"It is most beautifully simple. Your heart is torn, you can bear it no longer, and you offer to let her go. Nadine is in your aunt's room, Sascha and I in here. You take her out by the back way, up the garden and through the gap in the hedge. In the lane there you will walk as far as the stile. Then you will tell her to get over the stile and take the footpath through the fields. Meanwhile you yourself will return to meet Major Armitage."

"You're going to let her go? Oh, thank God."

"You thank a little too soon. I let her go as the cat lets the mouse—to run a little way, to think itself free—and then again the sharp claws and the glaring eyes. I think that the psychological effect will be good, quite apart from the necessity of having an empty house for Major Armitage and his inspector to search."

The high flush died out of Etta's face. She put out her hands rather aimlessly, and said in a choked voice:

"You mean to bring her back?"

"Certainly."

She burst into tears.

"I can't do it, I can't. I thought you really meant to let her go. Why don't you? Oh, Lazare, why don't you? We've gone far enough—too far—I can't go on, I can't." She began to sob bitterly.

Lazare looked at her with contempt.

"What a useless woman you are," he said.

"I go to Nadine."

With that she caught at his sleeve.

"Oh, Lazare, don't ask me."

"I do not ask you, I ask Nadine."

She clung to him, weeping.

"She does not love you as I do."

"Prove it."

"How can I? I can't deceive her. I can't."

"Can you not? This scruple comes late. Who deceived her at all but you? Who brought her here? And who—who will pay the penalty?"

Etta shivered, partly at his tone, and partly at the picture he suggested. She had not thought of herself like this. It sounded small and sordid, and she had had in mind the heroic pose.

LAZARE'S hands fell heavily on her shoulders.

"Look at me, Etta," he commanded, and as she looked up, still with that shiver running over her, he let his eyes dwell on her nervous shifting ones, and said: "Will you do it, Etta? For me?" He drew her suddenly nearer, and kissed her.

"For the Cause?" He kissed her again.

Etta's glance kindled. Her facile enthusiasm flared up.

"Yes, yes," she said. "The Cause, and you. You are the Cause, and what I do for you is done for humanity. You were right to remind me."

Her color was once more high. Lazare took her to the door; drew her, still talking, into the hall, and at the foot of the stair repeated his instructions.

Sally woke up with a start as Etta Shaw came in. Still sleepy, she heard Sascha dismissed, and seized a moment when Etta's back was turned to slip the rest of the chocolate into her pocket. "Thank goodness I've got one," was her reflection. Then she sat up and blinked at Etta, who immediately said:

"Sally, darling. Oh, Sally," and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, Etta, for goodness sake!" said

Sally, crossly. "You're as bad as that awful poem about Mary Magdalen—you know the one where it calls her eyes 'two portable and compendious oceans.' If you don't take care, you'll melt. I shall throw cold water over you if you go on."

Etta choked down a sob, came close, and whispered:

"Oh, Sally, you're in such frightful danger."

"Yes, I know," said Sally. "What about it?"

EMOTIONAL conversations with Sally were apt to be one-sided. There was as much offence as emotion in Etta's, "Oh, Sally, but you are."

"All right," said Sally. "We'll take it that I am. Don't you think that as my very oldest—er, friend, and my actual hostess, it's rather up to you to do something about it?"

"Yes, yes," said Etta, with another sob, "that's what I mean, that why I'm here—as your friend, Sally. I can't bear it any longer. My heart is torn, and I can't bear it, and I'm going to let you go."

Sally steadied herself against this unexpected rush of hope. It was like being struck by a big wave, but she kept steady and controlled her voice.

"Good work!" she said. "It's decent of you, and I shan't forget." Her hands gripped one another. "When?" she asked. "Now, at once. We must hurry whilst the coast is clear. Here's your coat and your fur. Your hat's on the table. I don't think you had an umbrella."

"No," said Sally, in a funny, shaky little voice. "I didn't." How exactly like Etta! Heroics one moment and umbrellas the next. Sally preferred the umbrellas.

She put on her outdoor things in silence, and then drank what she hoped would be the last cup of cocoa that she need ever taste. Hunger and the emergency alone could have got it past her lips. As it was, she fixed her mind on the great fact that she was being set free, and swallowed it. Etta tiptoed along the passage, and came back.

"Quick—there's no one there. I'll go first," she said, and Sally followed her into the passage. It was getting dark, and no lights had yet been lit. The murmur of voices came from a room on their left. "Aunt Emma. Quick—Nadine is there," whispered Etta, and they reached the stair head. Sally held tightly to the baluster. It was so dreadfully like a dream. The dusk, the hurry, and Etta's whispering voice. They passed a half landing with two doors, and came down a short flight into the lower hall. They came into a stone passage, and so to a door at the end of it. The evening damp struck in as Etta unlocked and pulled it open—a blessed cold and clarity. Sally was dragging a little on Etta's arm as they turned into a walk between high box hedges but she kept on gallantly.

Sally, in the lane, leaned against the bank, panting.

"All right, in a minute," she said, and when the minute had passed:

"Now where?"

"Just down the lane as far as the stile. It's only a hundred yards or so, and then you get the footpath across the fields to Upper Elvery. It's two miles. Can you manage it, do you think?"

Sally nodded fiercely. Manage it? With Lazare behind her?

They pushed on to the stile in silence, and there Etta stood still.

"I must go back. You can't miss the way if you keep to the footpath. It comes out on the Upper Elvery road two miles from here. Turn to the right when you get to the road and you'll be at the station in ten minutes."

Sally climbed over the stile and turned.



Etta was just a dull blur in the shadow of the overhanging beeches. She did not move either to go, or to take the hand which Sally held out. Perhaps she did not see it.

"Good-bye, and—thanks," said Sally. "Why didn't you open the case, why didn't you?"

The words seemed to burst from Etta's lips. Sally stared. "Oh, come Etta," she said, "don't dig that up again. You know why, or if you don't, it's because you can't take in some of the plainest speaking I've ever wasted on anyone. So long, I expect we'll meet again some day."

"It's your own fault," said Etta very low, and with that she turned and ran back along the lane.

Sally shrugged her shoulders, told herself that she would be able to bear up if she never saw Etta Shaw again, and set out across the fields.

She walked released and the dusk covered her.

Etta ran back to the house as if it were she who were pursued.

Lazare was waiting for her at the back door. He took her by both arms and brought her into the lighted kitchen.

"She has gone across the fields?" he said.

"Yes."

"It will take her more than half an hour to reach the road. I can be there in ten minutes. Now, this is what you have to do. First wash your face, and you are not to weep again, or I am done with you. Then you will send Nadine down here, and you will sit and read aloud to the old lady. That will compose you. I am taking the car out at once, and I will drop Sacha in the village where he may sit at the inn until the coast is clear. When Major Armitage arrives you will be polite and surprised. You will let the inspector search the house. If you are asked where is the chauffeur and the car, he has gone into Ledlington to have a prescription made up for your aunt. I will really do that in case they make inquiries. I shall just have time. When they are gone, ten minutes later you will turn on the lights in my room and leave the blinds up. I can see that from the cross roads."

He turned to go and heard Etta's voice, plaintive and hesitating.

"You haven't—oh, Lazare, I have done it. Aren't you pleased?"

"I shall be, when it is finished," he said harshly, and went out.

#### CHAPTER 18

"THIS must be the place, sir. Two miles out, and a high wall running all along by the road—"

Major Armitage brought the car to a standstill and swung round his hand still on the steering wheel.

"Well, what's the procedure?" he asked. "Ask if the lady is at home as if you were paying a friendly call. I should say, sir."

"No thanks, Willama. It's a beastly job, but don't make it any worse than it is. This is an official visit, and you do the talking."

"Very good, sir—it's all in the day's work as far as I'm concerned."

They got out, tried the door in the wall, and found it unlocked whereat the inspector frowned.

"Either there's nothing in it, or they're expecting us," he said as they passed in.

There were lights in the front of the house. One room on the ground floor showed a glow behind curtains. From a bedroom above it a broad ray of warm light streamed out upon the dusk.

Bill pressed the bell, but the inspector lifted up his hand and beat a heavy tattoo with the knocker. The sound died away, and a momentary silence was broken by

the tapping of high-heeled shoes upon a stone or brick floor. An instant later the unbolted door was opened by a woman in the grey alpaca and white linen of a nurse—rather hard-faced, but very correct, with dark, inquiring eyes. Correct—yes, that was the word—impassive, too, and foreign certainly.

Bill summed up Nadine in these terms whilst the inspector was asking for Miss Shaw and they were being shown upstairs as far as a half-landing which displayed two doors. Nadine opened the one upon the right, switching on the light as she did so and they were left in a primly old-fashioned drawing-room. It was of good size, but so crowded with furniture as to lose all effect of size. Heavy brocade curtains of a rose-magenta in color hung before the two windows. An enormous ebony piano sprawled across the far end of the room, and photographic enlargements of Miss Shaw's parents adorned the patterned walls.

Major Armitage had time to observe these things, and was proceeding to condemn the room as "frowsty" when the door opened and Miss Etta Shaw came in. She had washed her face as Lazare had bidden her. She had also composed herself to the best of her ability, but she was obviously in some agitation as she came forward and enquired:

"Did you wish to see me?"

"If you are Miss Etta Shaw," said the inspector. Bill merely bowed, and wished for the thousandth time that they were through with it and on the road again.

"I am Miss Etta Shaw."

"THEN I have a few questions to ask you, if you will be so good as to answer them." The inspector here dived into his pocket and produced a notebook from which, having cleared his throat, he proceeded to read.

"When, if I may ask, did you last see Miss Sally Meredith?"

Etta flushed scarlet, and swung round on Bill. "Sally? You're Major Armitage, aren't you? Isn't Sally at Chark? Don't tell me there's anything wrong."

"One minute, Miss Shaw"—the inspector's tone was dry—"I asked you a question, and I'll be obliged if you'll answer it."

"But I don't know what you mean. What does he mean?" and she again addressed herself to Bill.

"I asked you, Miss Shaw, when you last saw Miss Sally Meredith?"

Etta had a moment of indecision. Then in the nick of time she remembered the meeting with Eleanor Farquhar, and said with an air of offence:

"I don't know why you ask me that, but of course I have no possible objection to answering any question. I met Miss Meredith by chance on Wednesday last, and she lunched with me at my club."

"When did she leave?"

"With me at about half-past four or five o'clock. I had my car outside, and I drove her to the Piccadilly tube station and dropped her there."

"You'd be prepared to swear to that?"

"Of course." Etta stared at him with hard blue eyes. "And now, perhaps you'll tell me why you ask me all this, and what Major Armitage has to do with this—this inquiry?" Have you gone into the Police, Major Armitage?"

She gave her high laugh, and Bill felt his old antagonism rise until it almost choked him. He looked gravely at Etta Shaw and did not say a word, whilst the inspector, wooden and imperturbable, continued his questions.

What did the household consist of? How many servants? Their names? Nationalities? Length of service?

"H'm—all foreigners" was his sole comment, as Etta with each reply became more obviously worried and upon the de-

fensive. As he closed the notebook he said:

"And you dropped Miss Meredith at the Piccadilly tube at five o'clock?"

"Yes, I told you so."

"H'm"—a pause, then sharply. "Then now do you account for the fact that she was seen driving with you through Ledlington nearly an hour later?"

Etta's restless brain was working quickly and angry she might have broken down, but the inspector's manner had fretted her temper to breaking point. She stared at him furiously.

"I can't account for things that didn't happen."

"You assert that you were alone in the car when it came through Ledlington?"

Etta's restless brain was working quickly enough. It had been dark—too dark for anyone to have more than an impression about the inmates of a closed car. It must have been the policeman at the level-crossing in Ledlington who had thought that there were two people in the car. Impossible that he could be sure, impossible.

"Of course," she said, so calmly that the inspector thrust the notebook into his pocket and remarked that, if Miss Shaw were ready, he would like just to go over the house.

"You've got a warrant?"

He showed it to her, and she led the way to the door.

"Upstairs first, please."

THEY mounted the stairs in silence. At the top Etta opened the first door on the right.

"My aunt's room," she said stiffly, and they looked in upon a scene which she felt to be extremely reassuring.

Old Miss Shaw was sitting up in bed with an embroidered cashmere shawl about her plump shoulders. The room was full of the comfortable glow of firelight and of shaded electric lamps. The light fell softly on the old lady's pink cheeks and eyes of china blue. Her silver hair was surmounted by an old-fashioned cap adorned with frilled rosettes of narrow lace and lavender ribbon. An enormous white Persian cat lay at full length upon the pink elderdown that covered her feet. A kitten of the same family, very young and fluffy, was arching its back and gazing with bolting eyes at Alfred, the elder of Miss Shaw's two beloved canaries, at that moment perched upon his mistress' outstretched finger. Marmaduke, the younger and more timid of the birds, had retreated to the open door of his cage, which stood, as it always stood, upon a special table at the bedside.

By the fire sat Nadine sewing. In effect, a most reassuring scene.

Bill was conscious of hot embarrassment; and even the inspector coughed and became aware of his heavy boots.

"A man to see to the electric light, Aunt Emma," said Miss Shaw, going up to the bed and speaking gently.

Bill frowned. The words came so glibly. Did one lie like that without practice? Suspicion was hot in him in spite of the old lady and her cap.

"That door beyond?" said the inspector gruffly.

"A dressing-room. Nadine will show it to you." Etta's tone was indifferent, but the inspector did his duty and tramped across the soft pink carpet with its white rose garlands to inspect a dressing-room which certainly did not contain Sally Meredith. Meanwhile old Miss Shaw had turned her head. The china-blue eyes dwelt vaguely on Bill, and presently she said in a sweet, fluttering voice:

"Do I know you, my dear?"

Bill came a step or two nearer, and said: "My name is Armitage, Miss Shaw. What a beautiful cat."

The old lady beamed at him.



"Clarence, do you hear that?" she said. "The gentleman says you are beautiful. And he's a good pussy, too, which is better than being handsome." She nodded gravely, and then added in a confidential whisper: "He understands everything, every word. We mustn't make him vain."

They left the room feeling that Miss Etta Shaw had scored. She herself had a slight air of conscious triumph as she passed before them up the passage and threw open a door upon the left.

"These were my Aunt Harriet's rooms. She was not herself for some time, and we had to have these bars put up. I use the sitting-room occasionally."

"Now, why?" thought Major Armitage as he stood in the doorway—"why so much explanation?" and at the same time he was aware of the unreasonableness of the thought. He did not follow the inspector into the bedroom and bathroom, but walked idly to the right-hand window, standing, had he but known it, where Sally had stood so often.

He turned from the window, and with the instinct to move and do something, walked to the settee and moved one of the cushions. It was crooked, and he had the straight eye of the games-playing man. A tiny edge of white showed where the back of the settee met the seat. Half mechanically he picked up a small white handkerchief, and immediately came broad awake. Four inches square, made of veined linen. How many times had he teased Sally about her handkerchiefs!

HE called "Williams," sharply, and held out the big hand with the ridiculous thing on the palm.

The inspector took it, turned it over.

"No mark, sir," he said.

"It's Miss Meredith's, I swear it is."

Etta raised an angry voice.

"Really, Major Armitage, what next?

Half the women I know use these handkerchiefs. What nonsense!"

Inspector Williams shrugged his shoulders. "Let's get on," he said without emotion. He passed into the corridor but Bill touched Etta on the arm and held her back for a moment.

"Miss Shaw, you're angry, and perhaps have a right to be angry," he said rather gruffly. "I won't say you haven't, but if you do know anything about Sally—Miss Shaw, it's a rotten game—I mean Sally's so damned plucky, you know."

He broke off, oppressed with the sense of failure to say what was in his mind to say, and of failure, utter failure to move this woman with the hard, flushed face and angry eyes.

"I don't know what you mean. I think you're mad," said Etta Shaw.

The search went forward. They passed from room to room, and, having finished with the house to its last cellar, they tramped through the dark garden, inspected the empty garage and peered into glass houses and potting sheds. In the end they drove away, carrying with them the little linen handkerchief and the memory of Etta's face.

At the cross-roads Bill drew up.

"What do you make of it, Williams?" he said; and the inspector said he didn't make very much of it any way. The man at Ledlington thought that there were two ladies in the car. He recognised Miss Shaw, and thought that there was someone with her. "You think you've found Miss Meredith's handkerchief. There's a deal too much thinking about the whole thing."

But, as they parted in Ledlington, Bill had a word to say.

"Evidence or no evidence, that woman's a wrong 'un," he said. "Take it from me, Williams, she's a dead wrong 'un through and through, and I'm dead sure she knows something—dead sure of it."

The conviction grew as he drove alone, mile after mile of dark wet road slipping

away behind the car. Lonely roads at first, then houses, lights, and the intersecting tram lines, and the packed life of outlying London. He was driving slowly along a crowded thoroughfare, now waiting his turn in a block, now edging ahead of some lumbering dray, when, there on the dirty pavement under the glare of the crude electric light which advertised a cinema, he caught sight of a face he knew. It was a dreamy face under an old felt hat. The round blue eyes looked directly at him. Bill, breathless with excitement, laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"M. Lasalle!" he said.

#### CHAPTER 19

LAZARE had made good time into Ledlington and back. He took the Upper Elvery road, and as he drew up under the hedge, just short of where the footpath across the fields ended in an old-fashioned stile, he reckoned that he had ten minutes to spare, even if Sally made better time than he thought possible.

He meant to wait for her in the road, but on second thoughts considered that their little explanation had better take place in some less exposed place. He therefore switched off his lights, crossed the stile, moved a pace or two to the right and, leaning against the trunk of an elm, became, in his dark livery invisible among the shadows. He felt, as he waited, no ennui, but the rising excitement of the gambler who awaits the fall of some decisive card. He had played boldly in letting Sally go. The sudden threat had prompted some sudden counterstroke, and he had taken the risk and played boldly and high. Now, with the issue still uncertain, he counted all the risks and knew that there was not one which he had not foreknown and hazarded with cool acceptance. Sally might turn back. She might suspect Etta, and do anything but follow her instructions. She might meet someone. In fine, there were risks, and he took them with his eyes open.

Sally came slowly through the darkness. She could no longer see her way. She felt the muddy path under her feet and trudged on. If she stepped on grass she stopped and felt for the mud again. A mist had risen and hung a few feet above the fields. She had the feeling that she was wading in some cold impalpable stream, between shores that hid strange dreams. A night bird called harshly and was silent again and from far overhead she heard the beat of its wings.

To float like that with warm wings that beat upon the darkness and bore one home! Sally lifted each foot in turn, and as she set it down she went on saying: "I must, I must, I must."

Because of that insistence she went on walking. It would have been so easy to stop lifting her feet, to stop thinking, to lie down in that cold stream of mist and let it cover her whilst she slept.

Lazare heard her come slowly, slowly, and he moved to the very edge of the dense shadow and waited for her there. She did not see the stile or know that it was there until she struck her knee against one of the wooden bars. Then she cried out—such a faint little cry—and immediately Lazare had hold of her, his right arm about her shoulders pinioning her, and his left choking the little faint cry almost before it was uttered.

Sally felt nothing. The shock was too great, and she too near the end of her tether. She did not faint, but the capacity to feel any emotion was gone. She was aware only of external things; that Lazare's arm was like an iron bar about her shoulders; that it was difficult to breathe with his hand over her mouth; that the hand itself smelled of petrol and tobacco. These impressions came calmly into her consciousness and were suspended there. They produced no effect. They did not seem to concern her at all. The iron bar about her

shoulders—no, she knew that it wasn't an iron bar; she knew, of course, what it really was—Lazare's arm. It tightened. He was going to lift her over the stile, and then suddenly the lifting movement stopped. They stood linked together listening. A hum that became louder, much louder, a faint glow that turned to glaring whiteness, and with a roar and clatter a large motor van came banging down the road. Sally felt herself half lifted, half dragged behind the elm trunk against which Lazare had leaned. She felt this still in that queer surface way, and knew, if she could scream or do anything to attract attention, that here was help and safety. The glare and the grinding noise went by. She had not moved or even tried to scream. She knew that she had lost her chance, and the knowledge did not move her at all.

Lazare waited until the noise had died in the distance. Then he proceeded to gag Sally very neatly, using a folded linen handkerchief and a woollen muffler. He also tied her wrists and ankles with strips of cloth. Then he lifted her over the stile and set her down in the corner of the car, after which he lit his lamps and drove slowly down the road until a cross lane enabled him to turn.

As he ran back along the way that he had come, a solitary cyclist passed them. Sally saw him, as it were, spring out of the darkness into the white circle made by their headlights; she saw his heavy, good-natured face, the loud check upon his tweed cap; and then the darkness had him again.

The young man, for his part, saw a face at the window of a passing car—just the top of a pale oval and two eyes, the rest lost in a muffler. He saw this and thought no more of it. There was, indeed, nothing in it to give him food for thought. Sally shut her eyes, and became less and less aware of the darkness, the movement, and of those impressions which still rested vaguely upon the surface of her mind.

Lazare drove briskly for about half an hour, choosing unfrequented by-ways. At the end of half an hour he turned and drove back, slowing down at the four-crossway just above Charnwood. He looked back into the car where Sally sat motionless, and then across the trees to where lights showed in the lonely house. One high uncurtained window blazed against the sheer dark. He gave a satisfied nod, and drove on.

THE door in the wall was ajar. Etta met them on the threshold.

"Lazare, Lazare he's come, he's here!" she whispered; and as Lazare pressed on up the stair she followed, making desperate attempts to attract attention. He took no notice until he had laid Sally down on the rose-colored settee in old Miss Harriet's sitting-room. Then he turned an impatient face.

"What is it? Here, help me to get this off," and he bent over Sally, unfastening the muffler and removing the gag.

"He's here!"

"Who is here?"

"Le Noir!"

Lazare's hands stopped moving. He said: "So," in an expressionless voice, then, "Where?"

"In the dining-room. He wants to see you."

"Naturally."

He folded up the muffler and rose to his feet. "Uncle her. And you'd better give her some soup. Then stay here with her until I send for you." He went out, and Etta cut the strips of cloth from Sally's wrists and ankles, put a cushion under her head, and went across the passage to send Nadine for the soup.

When she returned, Sally's eyes were open. They looked at her, at first without any expression at all. They reminded Etta for these few minutes of the eyes of one of Aunt Emma's kittens, for they held neither



knowledge nor fear, but only a clear wonder. The look changed very gradually. Etta wished that Sally would look away or shut her eyes. She was thankful when Nadine came with the cup of hot soup. Sally drank it very slowly. When it was finished her eyes came back to Etta's face, and she said in a soft, bewildered voice:

"Why?"

"Etta looked away."

"Why did you?"

"You had better not talk, Sally."

The eyes began to accuse her. She could not evade them.

"You did—didn't you? Why?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes you do. But after all, what does it matter?"

Sally put her head down on the cushions and shut her eyes. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered very much. Time went on. Then suddenly Etta's tears falling hot upon her hand, and Etta's voice choked with sobs:

"Sally, you'll do what they want you to. Oh, you must. I know you don't trust me now, but, Sally, you must. They mean to make you. They'll do awful things, and you'll have to give way in the end."

Something pierced Sally's numb indifference. She would have to give way in the end. That was fear. That thought itself was fear. She turned wild eyes on Etta Shaw, and then, as words of appeal trembled on her lips, the door was opened and Lazare came in.

"You are to come down," he said, speaking roughly. "Can you walk?"

Sally got to her feet, holding to Etta's arm. As she walked she let go of it, and by dint of clutching the baluster she came down the stairs.

In the hall she paused. Lazare opened the dining-room door.

"In here," he said; and they passed in. Etta first, then Sally, and last of all Lazare. He shut the door, and, going over to the table, sat down. Etta guided Sally to a chair and took one beside her. The chandelier, fully lit, hung down above the dining-table and was reflected from its polished surface. In the middle of the table, rose-red against the dark mahogany, was the lacquer case. Sally saw it, and for a moment could see nothing else. When at last she lifted her eyes from it she was aware of Etta on her right and Lazare upon her left; beyond Etta, Nadine; and on the farther side of Lazare, Sascha; and immediately opposite, sitting alone at the head of the table, a lean man with long hands hidden by black kid gloves and a face hidden by a black mask that covered him from brow to chin. Above the mask a black skull-cap such as priests wear or Harlequin in the masquerade. The gloved hands were folded upon the table.

"This, Miss Meredith," said Lazare, "is M. Le Noir. He has come to see the affair finished. The lacquer case is, as you see, before you upon the table. You will now open it."

**S**ALLY did not reply. She was counting the fishes and the roses on the case. There were three fishes and six roses. It was the third fish that she pressed, the third fish and the sixth rose. It would be very easily done.

"You will open it, and you will play no tricks. If you bungles and spoil the paper, you may be very sure that we shall kill you. You are too intelligent not to see that. I am sure. If you give us the paper you are compromised sufficiently, and we can let you go with safety to ourselves; but, unless you are compromised, we can never let you go. I am sure you see that. Now you will open the case."

He took it up as he spoke, and laid it before her. Sally looked away from it. She looked at Sascha, but his eyes were downcast and his dark young face sullen. He suffered, but he was afraid. Sally stopped looking at him.

"Open it," said Lazare, in a commanding voice. He tapped the table, paused, and, bending to Sally's ear, he whispered a single sentence, a single threat.

Those around the table heard no word of what he said, but the surface quiet and indifference of the whole circle was violently broken.

Sally screamed once, not loudly, but on a dry, hoarse note. The sound brought Sascha to his feet trembling like a startled animal, his hands gripping the edge of the table, his dark eyes wide and blank.

Lazare said: "Sit down, you fool!" his voice in a dead monotone, and the boy dropped back into his chair still holding the table edge.

Nadine looked scornful. Etta's mouth fell open, giving her a vacant look. Le Noir did not move. Eyes, hands, and mask—all remained like a black picture painted on a background of dense shadow. Sally did not scream again. She shivered from head to foot and woke up. The dazed indifference which had shut her in went with a crash like ice that gives to a sudden thaw. She did not feel cold, or tired, or weak any more, but strong, vital, and intensely conscious. No more drifting with the stream of encompassing thought, no more quiescence. She was suddenly shocked broad awake into an intense consciousness of her danger and of a courage that rose to meet it. She sprang to her feet and cried in a clear, ringing voice:

"What fools you are—what utter fools! Don't you see when you're beaten? Don't you understand that nothing, nothing, will make me give you that formula?"

The eyes in the black picture that was Le Noir shifted a point. Their gaze had been upon Sally. They shifted to the right and rested on Lazare. They conveyed without words a faintly ironic impression, as who should say: "Is this the girl broken down—at the yielding point?"

Lazare started back, cold and deadly into the momentary hush came the loud pealing of the front doorbell.

#### CHAPTER 20

**T**HERE was not much that was admirable about Lazare, but he possessed the coolness and courage that dominate an emergency.

Before Sally could scream his hand was on her mouth, and whilst he held her, struggling this time like a wild thing trapped, he spoke in his usual tone of command.

"It is probably the inspector—I ought to have expected it. Sascha, you will take Le Noir out by the back way. Wait with him in the shed until I send you word. Etta, you will help me to get her upstairs. They are not likely to search again; but be prepared. Take the lacquer case, Nadine, and put it in the old lady's room. In a drawer; they will not look for it among her caps, I think. After that you will open the door. If it is the inspector or Major Armitage, Miss Shaw is engaged. If he asks for the chauffeur, show him in here, and come and tell me."

Sally had stopped struggling as soon as she found that it was not possible to wrunch herself free. Instead she let herself go limp all over and hung a dead weight upon Lazare's arm. That horrible gag again! But no use to struggle; better let them think she had given in or fainted. The thoughts flashed through her mind, and it remained clear, receptive, ready to seize upon any chance.

The bell was ringing a second heavy peal as they carried her through the hall, Lazare going at a steady pace, Etta shaking, trembling, in a dumb terror, but fearing Lazare more than she feared the law. They took her into the old room. Then Lazare said: "The bathroom. Open the door and set the taps going. Splash and make a noise. Lock yourself in with her

until I come. Do you understand? I'll kill you if you blunder, you foolish woman."

All so gently spoken, Etta nodded, speechless. They laid Sally on the black-and-white linoleum floor, and Lazare went out. Etta's shivering fingers were already on the taps. The water flowed with a pleasant gurgle. The little room began to fill with steam. Etta shot the bolt, and sitting down on the edge of the bath she began to cry quite silently, her face working, her hands twisting upon one another with a horrible writhing movement. Sally's wide clear eyes watched her. She felt pity. To be like that—how dreadful!

Downstairs Nadine had opened the door. Inspector Williams stood upon the threshold. A hiring bicycle leaned heavily against a bush of eunymus at his left hand.

"Good evening," he said. "You take a long time to answer bells in this house, don't you?"

Nadine smiled gravely.

"I kept you waiting?" she said in the good English that yet had such a foreign sound to the inspector's ears. "I am sorry. I was with my old lady, and I could not leave in a hurry. She does not like hurry."

This was a long speech for Nadine, but the inspector was not to know that. He thought her a pleasant young woman, and not ill-looking—for a foreigner. Trim, too, and neat waisted, in that grey-and-white uniform.

"Well," he said, "I thought I'd like to see that chauffeur of yours. I missed him at Ledington, so I took a bike and came along here after him. I see he's in, as the car is standing outside."

"Oh, yes, sir. Will you come in? I will tell him, and send him to you. He is in the kitchen, I think."

Nadine smiled again. Sally had never seen her smile; but she could smile at a man, and with a very good effect. Her eyes told the inspector that he was a fine figure of a man. Her smile displayed some very beautiful white teeth. Inspector Williams walked into the dining-room, and sat down in the chair lately vacated by M. Le Noir. He admired the polished table, and the admirable set of Adams chairs which surrounded it. He had a brother in the antique furniture line, and fancied his smattering of knowledge. When Lazare came in he looked up sharply and saw a respectfully mannered chauffeur who came to a halt just inside the door and bade him a polite good evening.

"Ah—the chauffeur?"

"Yes, sir."

**T**HE notebook came out again. When the elastic band had been slipped off and the right place found, the inspector was ready. He did not exactly dawdle, but he certainly made no haste. In his experience, a witness was never the worse for a little anticipation. It made them nervous, and if there were any cats in bees, it so to speak loosened the string that kept the bag shut.

"You drove Miss Shaw down from London on Wednesday last?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you pick her up?"

"At the club, sir."

"At what hour?"

"About a quarter to five, I should say."

"She was alone?"

"No, sir."

"Who was with her?"

"Another young lady, sir."

"Did you know her?"

"No, sir."

"Miss Shaw did not mention her name?"

"Not that I remember."

"How was she dressed?"

Lazare appeared to be thinking.

"I could not say—something dark, and fur round her neck. It was foggy, and getting late."

"Well, it doesn't matter. You drove the two ladies down here?"



"No, sir."

"Come, come, you were seen driving them through Ledlington; you were seen by more than one person."

"It may be. I drove Miss Shaw through Ledlington on our way home. The other lady we dropped at the Piccadilly tube station before we left London."

"At what time?"

"Five o'clock, or perhaps a few minutes after."

The inspector heaved an inward sigh. Duty had urged this second visit, impelled the hire of a bicycle, and brought him on a fool's errand. The man seemed all right, well-mannered, well-set up. Couldn't help being a foreigner, nothing else against him. He shut the notebook, got up, nodded affably to Nadine in the hall, and heard the door close behind him with feelings of satisfaction. He lifted the bicycle out of the enormous bush, passed through the gate, mounted his hireling, and rode briskly in the direction of Ledlington.

Lazare permitted himself to smile. He glanced at the clock and stood with folded arms, waiting until five minutes had ticked themselves away. Then he crossed the hall, opened the door that led to the back premises, and called: "Gregor!"

**I**NSTANTLY the silent man who kindled the fires and did most of the work of the house came to meet him. Lazare spoke to him in a rapid undertone, and, turning away, walked slowly up the stairs. He stopped at Miss Shaw's door and knocked. When Nadine opened it he said in a low voice:

"It's all right. He's gone. Come downstairs. We must talk things over."

"Nadine," said old Miss Shaw from the bed, "you are letting in the draught upon Alfred." The soft voice was reproachful. "Shut the door, my dear. Alfred hates draughts; and so do I."

Nadine came out into the passage.

"What a life!" she said. "When will the affair be finished? I have enough of it, my dear Lazare; and that I tell you frankly."

"Come down and we will talk it over. I have sent for Le Noir to come back. It is safe enough now."

He laid his hand on her shoulder in a sort of caress, and for a moment she lifted her fine eyes and smiled that slow smile of hers. Then she moved back a pace, and said:

"Etta, does she come down?"

"Certainly."

"My dear friend, I do not find that very clever of you. If it is necessary to proceed to extremities"—she shrugged her shoulders—"you think she will be of use, your Etta?"

"It is you who are not clever, Nadine. If we proceed to extremities, it is above all things necessary that at every step Etta should be involved. Otherwise"—he made a gesture with one of those ugly hands—"I have a little imagination, my dear, and I see Miss Etta Shaw very comfortable in the witness box whilst you and I are in the dock. Therefore, every step that we take, our dear Etta takes it too. I go to fetch her."

Nadine looked down as if considering, then suddenly, fiercely, raised her eyes to his. "Our—dear—Etta," she said, with a pause between each word. "She is not dear to me, but she is dear to you. You make love to her, you kiss her. Am I blind? Or do you think I am stupid as she is?"

"Not stupid," said Lazare lightly. "Oh, no, my dear Nadine, not stupid—only jealous."

Nadine laid her hand on his breast. "Jealous—of Etta?" she laughed. "Mon ami, you flatter yourself, but you do not flatter me."

"It is true all the same."

Nadine shook her head. Then with a sudden rush of anger she said:

"Why do you make love to her?"

"Because I choose," said Lazare. He laughed, and then added, "Come, Nadine, do you think that even that dear Etta would believe all that we have told her if she were not just a little blinded by passion? She and her New Party of Peace! Do you really think she would believe that you, and I and Le Noir are all consumed with a desire for peace, peace"—he laughed hardly—"if it were not that a woman in love will believe anything?"

#### CHAPTER 21

**"LASALLE,"** said Major Armitage.

Fritzi turned, with Bill's hand on his arm and the sound of Bill's voice in his ears. A look of surprise was succeeded by one of friendly recognition, which, in its turn, slowly gave place to an expression of undoubted dismay.

"Major Armitage!" he said. And then, spreading out both his plump hands, "Alas, you have found me."

"We thought you were dead," said Bill briefly.

M. Lasalle looked shocked.

"How could I be dead? Where, my dear friend, was my corpse?"

"In the Smuggler's Leap," said Bill, a little grimly. "You see, we found your fountain pen there, and your footmarks on the edge. And Miss Meredith told us how worried you'd been. And, of course, we thought—"

M. Lasalle looked, for him, severe.

"You thought—what did you think?"

"We thought that you had committed suicide."

Fritzi's blue eyes expressed the uttermost reproach and horror.

"If a suicide!" he gasped.

"Sally didn't believe it," said Bill.

Fritzi beamed.

"Sally is intelligent," he said. "She would never believe such a thing."

Bill took M. Lasalle by the arm and drew him on to the kerb beside the car.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "Where are you living?"

M. Lasalle hesitated. He had the air of a child who desires to conceal something.

"My friend," he said, "where I live, it is, shall I say, a matter of confidence? With your permission I will merely describe it as a place of retirement. I had need of such a place, and one was provided."

"I want to talk to you," said Bill. "We can't talk here."

M. Lasalle considered.

"This road, it is true, is noisy," he said. "Yet it is amongst these thronging crowds that I can think so well. I come out. I plunge into this moving stream of persons all intent upon their own business, and I find that my ideas flow on undisturbed. But, as you say, for conversation it is not so well. You shall drive me in your car to a more retired street. There we can talk."

Bill felt a consuming impatience, but M. Lasalle appeared serenely unaware of the fact. He kept up a continuous flow of conversation to which, it is to be feared, Bill paid but perfunctory attention. He heard the story of Fritzi's midnight walk of his misery and despair, of the coming of the New Idea, and of the way of escape afforded by the opportune motor and its obnoxious chauffeur.

"Figure to yourself," said M. Lasalle with extreme gravity. "To this day he does not know that he was to me a good angel!"

Bill turned out of the thoroughfare into a side street. Without commenting upon this statement, and after a slight dramatic pause, Fritzi proceeded to describe vaguely, but with enthusiasm, the New Idea.

"A food for infants, beneficent and nourishing beyond all others. My friend is not that an idea? To feed, to invigorate the coming race—that is better than to destroy. You say to me that there are already a hundred foods and each one

claims that it has these qualities; but to that I reply: Mine is beyond them all—it is truly novel, truly wonderful—it is better than nature. Ah! is not that a triumph?"

Bill said nothing. He drove the car in silence. Two more turnings and they were in an ill-lit, dingy street, empty from end to end. Here he drew up, and turned upon his companion with a purposeful air.

"Now, M. Lasalle, we will talk," he said. "This is what I want to say to you."

M. Lasalle interrupted him.

"My friend," he said reproachfully, "do I not talk? Have I ceased to talk since we met? It is, in effect, a long time since I have talked so much."

"I don't mean that sort of talk." Bill's tone was dogged. "I want you to listen to me."

"Very well, I am all attention."

"Well, monsieur, after you disappeared, Sally told us—"

"Ah!" interjected M. Lasalle, "you call her Sally?"

Bill began to feel sympathetically towards persons who slew benevolent uncles and buried them in lonely woods.

"Yes," he said briefly, "what I'm trying to say is this: Sally told us that you were very much troubled about your invention."

"Ah!" said M. Lasalle, "it does not matter now. You have an excellent and sympathetic heart, but, indeed, my friend, I am no longer troubled about the matter. It is gone into the past. It is for me no more; and, instead, my whole mind, my energies, my intelligence, they are occupied with a new idea, its inception, its development. It is in order to mature this idea undisturbed that I am in a place of retirement."

"M. Lasalle, will you listen to me?" said Bill loudly.

"But, my friend, of course." In the dusk M. Lasalle was seen to wave his hands with an inviting gesture.

"Sally said that before you disappeared you had been bothered with people trying to get hold of your formula. I want to know if that's a fact."

"But, yes, it was certainly a fact." He used the past tense as one who speaks of remote events.

"Will you tell me who they were?"

M. Lasalle hesitated, threw out his hands. "To what purpose? The affair is in the past."

"I'm afraid it isn't. I'm afraid I must press for an answer. Who were those people who approached you?"

Fritzi became agitated.

"Monsieur, I cannot tell you. It is an affair of confidence. They approach me in confidence. They rely on my honor. I refuse their offers; but I pledge myself to secrecy. It is true that I have cause to complain of their conduct. They spy upon me. They will not take my answer. They even threaten. But yet I feel that I did give my pledge. It is an affair of my honor, and I beg that you will not press it."

"I do press it," said Bill, stubbornly. "The men are criminals. You say they threatened you. I know they threatened Sally. How can you hesitate?"

Fritzi became yet more perturbed.

"Ah, my friend, you are young. You are of the age that judges rashly and condemns without thought. These men, I regard them in a sense with pity. They are without moral principle, it is true; and it makes them to be pitied that it is so with them. Of them some have, perhaps, suffered and been oppressed. Of one it is true, I know."

**B**ILL strove for patience. "M. Lasalle, the matter is serious. I ask you for names and facts, not for philosophical discourses."

"But, my friend, I am bound; and the affair, as I say, is in the past."



"I wish to heaven it were M. Lasalle, you've got to pay attention! The affair is very far from being in the past. The formula has been stolen, and Sally has disappeared."

"Mon Dieu!" said M. Lasalle. "What is that you say?"

Bill said it again rather louder than before.

"Oh, la, la, la, la, la," said M. Lasalle. Then with sudden vigor:

"Impossible!"

"What is impossible?" said Bill. "Do you mean that the formula isn't stolen, or that Sally hasn't disappeared?"

"My friend," said M. Lasalle most unfairly, "calm yourself. Tell me what has occurred. Why do you say that the formula is stolen?"

**I**T was too dark to see Fritz's face, but his voice held an odd infection.

Bill groaned inwardly. The whole thing was like a nightmare. Why should he be holding an apparently endless conversation with a lost uncle in a dark street that smelt of dustbins?

"Because," he began, and then, as if suddenly enlightened, "Oh, I say, do you mean that it isn't—that you took it with you? Because, if you did, it would mean—"

The idea almost knocked him off his balance. Why, it would mean that Sally was all right. It would mean—he caught Fritz by the arm, and almost shouted, "Sally, is Sally with you? She said—I mean the telegram said so, only we thought it was a fake. Is she, is she? Oh, for the Lord's sake, do say something!"

"My young friend," began M. Lasalle, then he paused, coughed, and said uncertainly, "Sally? What is all this about Sally and telegrams? With me? But, no, my friend, how should she be?"

"Then it was a fake," groaned Bill, and relinquished his hold upon M. Lasalle's arm.

"Go on about the formula," he said. "You are sure you didn't take it with you?"

"Of course I am sure. I left a letter for Sally, and in it I told her that the red lacquer case was in the bookshelf. I told her behind which book she would find it, and all the decision of whether to use or to destroy it I left in her hands. They are small, Sally's hands, but of the most capable."

"She looked in the place, you said. The red lacquer case was gone."

"Impossible! You are sure?"

"It was gone; and now Sally's gone too."

"La-la-la—and when did Sally go?"

"On Wednesday," and Bill groaned out the story of the woman in the blue motor veil who had, as he put it, come bothering Sally on Monday, and how she had gone up to town on the Wednesday and disappeared. He told of the faked telegrams and of his fruitless search for Sally, and at the end Fritz took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair.

"But it was on Wednesday that I saw Sally," he remarked, and felt Bill grip his arm again.

"When? Where did you see her?"

"In the road over there, near to where you met me. I had gone out to take the air, to think, to dream; and all of a sudden like a flash I saw Sally."

"Where?"

"In a car. It went slowly because of much traffic, and the light of a street lamp shone in upon Sally's face. I think she had been asleep. She blinked and looked at me, and I think to myself, 'Aha, now you are caught.' And then the car moves on and they are gone."

"Which way was it going?"

"How can I say? It came from London, however."

"What time was it?" The words hurried from Bill's lips.

"My friend, when I work the time is nothing to me. How do I know?"

"But the street lamps were lighted. It must have been after dark."

"Yes, yes."

"Have you no idea what time it was?"

"My friend, none."

"What sort of car was it?"

"It was a car."

"Yes, so you said; but what make?"

"I do not know. To me they are all alike."

"Was it a Wolseley?"

"My friend, I tell you I do not know the one car from another. I hear them spoken of, a Ford, a Wolseley, it is all the same to me."

Bill's jaw dropped. That there should exist a human being whose intelligence was so low as not to be able to distinguish a Ford from a Wolseley simply staggered him.

"Oh, I say!" he said.

"Yes?" M. Lasalle was all polite attention. "What is that you say?"

Bill said nothing. He was speechless. He began to put in some rapid thinking. Old Lasalle was a washout, absolutely. No use wasting more time on him. But he had seen Sally; and in spite of his vagueness it was also quite obvious that he had seen her driving in the Ledlington direction after dark, and at a point at least five miles distant from Piccadilly. So much for Etta's evidence.

He experienced an instant and overwhelming desire to get back to Ledlington, to find the inspector if possible, but anyhow to get back to Ledlington. He felt furiously incensed with M. Lasalle. What business had he to lay Sally open to these risks?

"My friend," said M. Lasalle at this auspicious juncture, "you appear to me to be troubled. If it is about Sally, I beg of you not to be uneasy. For me, I am persuaded that if Sally has gone away, it is for some very good reason. Reflect! You think that I am dead. Am I, therefore, dead? Not at all. I have merely retired myself that I may have some peace. In my judgment it is so with Sally. She has retired herself. She plays you a trick. Presently she will laugh at you."

At this moment Bill lost his temper so thoroughly that his subsequent recollection of the terms in which he expressed himself was rather vague. It is, however, certain that he was extremely rude to the astonished M. Lasalle, that their parting was of a very abrupt nature, and that a little later on three policemen called upon him without success to moderate the speed at which he was driving in the direction of Ledlington.

M. Lasalle, for his part, resumed his interrupted walk.

"That is a worthy young man, of a rash and impulsive temper, but worthy. That he loves Sally is apparent even to me, who am not observant in such matters. It is also his excuse. By this time, he doubtless regrets his hasty words and his discourteous departure."

He continued to walk, gazing dreamily at the passers by. Presently a strange little smile crossed his face.

"The red lacquer case—the formula," he murmured. "I wonder—very much—I wonder."

**S**ALLY lay quite still. The bedroom was rather cold. The air in the little bathroom was heavy with steam. The sound of running water and the sound of Etta's voice went on continuously.

Etta had not moved. She sat on the edge of the bath twisting her hands and talking in a low monotone that was not at all like her usual voice.

"Sally, I can't help it. You know that I can't help it, don't you? I don't know what to do, I don't, indeed. If I could help it, I would. Lazare says—and I must believe him—you do see that, don't you? If I didn't believe what he says, everything would go. You must see that, Sally. You couldn't expect me to let everything go like that. Sally, don't look at me like that. I'm doing it all for the Cause, for the Cause and for Lazare; and what is one individual when the whole cause of humanity is at stake? I have to think of that. You must see that I have to think of that; you must, Sally, you must."

It was the same thing over and over, always coming back to that appeal to Sally, until Sally herself was sick with pity, and knew that for nothing in the world would she have changed places with Etta Shaw.

The water went on running. Etta's voice went on. Then footsteps, a loud, impatient knocking on the door, Lazare's impatient voice:

"It is I. Open the door."

Etta shivered, drew the bolt with a jerk, and let him in. He stood on the threshold, threw Sally a glance that noted her unchanged position, and said:

"She has not tried to move?"

Etta shook her head.

He knelt down and removed the gag. Sally relaxed every muscle. She lay there, her eyes closed, her mouth fallen a little open. Lazare shook her, gripping her shoulder roughly.

"Here, none of that," he said. "Get up."

**B**UT when she neither stirred nor answered, he picked her up, stood for a moment to bid Etta "stop that confounded water running," and then set Sally down on the settee in the sitting-room.

"We don't want her just now. She'll come round fast enough when we do. Etta, it is up to you. Nadine has gone down. We must come to a decision, and how can we do that without you?"

He put his arm around her as he spoke, felt that she was trembling, and spoke soothingly to her as they went out. As soon as Sally heard the click of the bolt she opened her eyes and sat up. The voices died away. The footsteps died away. Sally's hearing, like all her other faculties, was at its most acute. It was as if her consciousness was flooded by an intense light in which every thought stood clear and every perception was heightened. She was aware that a crisis was approaching, and that the danger in which she stood was real and imminent, but she was not actually afraid. The emotion that had been fear seemed to have changed, and to stimulate instead of depressing. Something in her tingled at the thought of Lazare and his threat; her head came up, and her jaw set firmly. She knew that she would never open the case for them, never give them the formula. The terror lest she should give in had passed, and with its passing she was strong.

Nadine had gone down. Lazare and Etta were going down. They were going to come to a decision about her, Sally. They would all be downstairs. Sally had in her mind the picture of an empty passage with a door on the right and, a couple of yards further on, another door on the left. The door on the right her door, the door on the left the door of old Miss Shaw's room. If—Sally's heart began to beat—if she could only make the old lady hear. She remembered what Etta had said about her aunt—"she doesn't get out of bed, but, of course, there's no reason why she shouldn't"—and a terribly insistent hope that she might, if she were to hear Sally calling.

As the thought took shape Sally was at the door, her mouth pressed to the crack. She called, "Miss Shaw! Miss Shaw!" She went on calling.



OLD Miss Shaw was sitting up in bed. Nadine had left her comfortably propped up with pillows. The room was pleasantly warm. The fire burned clearly. Miss Shaw was talking to Marmaduke who had come out of his cage and was sitting timidly on a little sugar-loaf peak that she had made for him with a fold of the embroidered linen sheet.

"Foolish, my dear, foolish," she was saying. "I have told you so very often that Gwendoline will not hurt you."

She stroked the head of the white kitten which lay beside her fast asleep, a shred of rose-leaf tongue caught in its milk teeth, its blue eyes only half closed.

"Gwendoline is young, and you should make allowances for youth and high spirits as Alfred does."

She put out her finger, and Marmaduke said "Twee!" rather nervously, and retreated to his cage.

"Fie!" said old Miss Shaw. "Fie!"

It was at this point that she thought she heard someone call her name. She listened intently, and she heard it again: "Miss Shaw, Miss Shaw." It seemed as though the large white cat heard it too, for he got up, stretched himself, and jumped down from the bed.

"Did you hear it, Clarence?" said Miss Shaw. "Did you hear someone calling me? Now that is very singular. I don't know when it happened before, and I don't know who it can be, my dear."

Clarence walked to the door, sat down before it, and uttered the loud harsh mew of a pure-bred Persian. The voice kept calling. Clarence turned his head, cast a glance of the utmost reproach at his perturbed mistress, and mewed again.

Old Miss Shaw moved Gwendoline very gently to the bottom of the bed. After that she closed the door of the canaries' cage. Then she folded back the bed clothes, and cast a guilty look around. Clarence mewed for the third time.

"There is someone calling me," said old Miss Shaw. "Who can it be? It cannot be Etta or Nadine, for they do not know that I got out of bed when I am alone. Who can it be?"

She pushed the bed-clothes still further down, put her feet out of bed, and sat looking at the door and listening.

"Miss Shaw! Miss Shaw!"

Someone was certainly calling her. The voice sounded as if it came from Harriet's room. Who could possibly be in Harriet's room? It couldn't be Harriet. Oh, no, it couldn't be Harriet. Harriet would not call her Miss Shaw. She would say "Emmy dearest." Old Miss Shaw's eyes filled with tears. Who could possibly be in Harriet's room? She stood up, holding to the bed-post and then walked slowly to the door. Her feet were encased in bed socks of pink lambs-wool so that she did not feel the need of slippers.

Clarence mewed for the fourth time. He also looked at her angrily and patted the door with his white furry paw. The minute that it was open he stalked majestically into the passage. The old lady followed him.

There was someone in Harriet's room.

"Miss Shaw! Miss Shaw!"

Miss Shaw came slowly toward the sound. She reached the door, rested her left hand on the jamb, and with her right tapped upon the nearest panel, making the faintest of sounds, and listening tremulously for a response.

Sally, leaning against the inner side of the door, had heard each stage of the old lady's approach, the click of the latch, Clarence's mew, the shuffle of Miss Shaw's feet in the woolly bed socks; each of these sounds was more beautiful to her than music.

When that mere whisper of a tap brushed the far side of the panel against which she leaned, Sally's sharply indrawn breath answered it. Her voice would not come for a moment, and she heard Miss Shaw give a little, whimpering cry.

"Oh, dear. Oh, dear," and then—"Is there any one there?"

"Yes, yes," breathed Sally, trying to keep the thread of sound steady and controlled.

She heard Miss Shaw's hand slide on the panel. She heard her give a deep sigh.

"Oh, who is it?"

Sally got her voice clear.

"I'm locked in. Will you undo the bolt, dear Miss Shaw?"

"The bolt?"

The hand slid and fumbled again, touched the bolt, and fell away.

"It's so cold."

"Please, please, Miss Shaw. Open the bolt. Let me out."

Once more that slow groping, but this time the bolt moved, creaked a little, and slid back.

Sally's hands gripped each other.

"There's another bolt lower down. Will you open it? Please open it."

"My dear, I think—I think I should be going back to bed. The passage strikes a little cold."

"Just the one bolt dear, dear Miss Shaw, just the one bolt. Then I'll help you into bed. That will be much better."

CLARENCE was rubbing and purring about his mistress' ankles. She felt sufficiently encouraged to bend a little and push back the second bolt.

Next moment the door was open. Sally and Miss Shaw stood looking at one another, with Clarence purring between them.

"I'll—take—you—back—to—your—room," Sally had to force the words, but they came.

But Miss Shaw shuffled past her into the room.

"Harriet's room," she said. "Such a pretty room. We always liked pink, Harriet, and I. A gentleman who was an admirer of mine when I was a young girl once told me that I reminded him of a pink rosebud. I thought that very pretty. He was a fine, tall man, but he had false teeth. Alfred, my eldest canary, is called after him. I had a good many admirers, my dear, but I never married—I never married."

She paused, stopped looking aimlessly about the room, and, fixing her china-blue eyes on Sally, she said:

"I'm afraid I am rather forgetful, my dear. Do I know your name?"

"My name is Sally. Dear Miss Shaw, won't you come back to bed? It is much too cold for you here."

"All in good time," said Miss Shaw. Sally took the old lady firmly by the arm.

"Come back to bed," she said. Bending forward, she whispered, "Supposing somebody were to come?"

"Ah, yes, yes. Very well thought of my dear, and, as you say, it is cold."

She let Sally lead her to the door, and watched her fasten the bolts again.

"But why do you do that, my dear?" she asked.

Sally did not answer. She piloted Miss Shaw safely into her own room, deposited her in her bed, and tucked her up. Gwendoline had not waked up; she lay in an extremely engaging attitude, her head pillowed upon her paw, breathing regularly. Alfred and Marmaduke sat side by side on their perch, with golden feathers all fluffed out.

"And now my pillows," said Miss Shaw. "There are five, my dear, and I should like you to shake them all thoroughly. It does make such a difference."

"I must go," said Sally, desperately.

"One moment—or, rather, why must you go? People keep going away to-day, Etta and Nadine, and that very large, pleasant young man who said his name was Armitage. He reminded me a little of Clarence—not the cat, of course, my dear, but my cousin Clarence who went to Australia in the year '63 and was never heard of again. Or was it South Africa?"

"Did you say Armitage?" said Sally, breathing quickly.

"No, no," said Miss Shaw. "It was he who said Armitage. He stood there just inside the door, looking quite immense, and I said to him, 'Do I know you, my dear?' and he said, 'My name is Armitage.' And then he admired Clarence and stroked his head."

"When?" said Sally, "when?"

"Just after tea," said Miss Shaw placidly. "Nadine had taken away the tray, and the man came to see to the electric light, though I didn't know that there was anything wrong with it."

Sally's heart beat violently. Bill was looking for her! Bill had been here! Then, that was why they had let her go. It was a cruel trick to get her out of the way, and Bill had come and gone, and had not found her. Just for a moment her heart failed her a little; and then she was strong again.

"I must go," she said. "Dear Miss Shaw, don't tell anyone you've seen me. You don't want them to know you got out of bed, do you?"

Miss Shaw shook her head with astonishing vigor. Then she took Sally's hand and pressed it.

"Come again soon, my dear. And before you go, if you would fetch me a clean pocket handkerchief from the chest of drawers over there; the left-hand top drawer, and the handkerchiefs are on the right-hand side of it, marked with my initials."

THEN Sally remembered.

It was just as if Lazare was standing in the room, the sound of his voice came so plainly to her ears. She heard it again as she had heard it when he bade Nadine take the red lacquer case into the old lady's room and hide it there. "They won't look for it under her caps," he had said.

Sally caught the old lady's hands in both of hers. "Where do you keep your caps?" she panted.

A huddly puzzled expression came into Miss Shaw's blue eyes.

"My dear, I asked you for a handkerchief, not a cap," she said.

Sally dropped the hand and ran across the room to where the chest of drawers stood facing the door. The top of it was covered with photographs in frames, each standing by itself upon a little crocheted mat.

Sally began to open the drawers with trembling hands. The top drawer had linen in it, and the next, black silken garments that crackled and smelt of camphor. The caps were in the bottom drawer. There were dozens of them, all made on the same formal pattern, with rosettes of lace and net, and quillings of pale colored ribbon. Some had blue ribbon, and some pink, and some lavender. There was one with cherry-colored rosettes. As Sally turned them over, Miss Shaw's fluttering voice continued to remind her that the handkerchiefs were in the left hand top drawer and on the right hand side of the drawer.

The red lacquer case was wrapped in a fold of white net inside the cap with the cherry-colored rosettes. Sally unfolded the net with light shaking fingers, and saw it. She held it. She looked at it. There were the three fishes and the six roses. It was really the red lacquer case. She held it in her hand.

What next? Where was she to go? Every second mattered now. Instantly, and before an answering thought could



shape itself, there came the sound of running feet. Someone coming up the stairs, running quickly and lightly with the sound of a high heel tapping.

Sally spun round, the hand with the lacquer case behind her. Miss Shaw's eyes were round with dismay, her puckered mouth opened with an "Oh!" of frightened breath.

No time to get away. No time to pass the stair head unseen. No chance at all really, but a desperate one that must be taken. As these thoughts came, Sally had the dressing-room door open, was on the threshold, her eyes imploring those vague blue ones that watched her from the bed.

"DON'T tell. They mustn't know," she breathed, and closed the door with her left hand. The right still held the red lacquer case. She leaned against the shut door. The room was in total darkness. She heard the running feet cross the threshold of Miss Shaw's room, and stood rigid, listening, listening. She heard Miss Shaw say "Nadine," and waited for what would come next. The footsteps came quickly across the room. Sally could not move a finger. If Nadine were to open the door, she would find her. She was coming straight towards it. She was going to open it. "Ah!" Sally took a long, long breath. The footsteps stopped short. She heard the jerk of the bottom drawer; she heard it catch as it had caught just now when she herself had opened it; and she knew that Nadine had come to get the lacquer case. And the case was not there. "Who has been to this drawer?"

Old Miss Shaw could see what Sally could not see. She looked at Nadine with the red patch on either cheek, the blazing suspicion in her eyes, and she began to tremble and to whimper softly, taking little distressed breaths and fidgeting with the sheet.

"Who has been to this drawer?" demanded Nadine coming a quick step nearer. "Have you been out of bed? Have you been to the drawer? Tell me at once, at once!"

Miss Shaw began to cry.

"No, no, oh, dear me, no," she said, and then said it again, and then a third time.

"Who has been in here? Tell me at once. Tell me who has been to the drawer."

"No, no, oh, dear me, no, no," wailed Miss Shaw, and then, in a piteous voice "If you would give me a pocket handkerchief, my dear. They are in the left hand top drawer, and on the right hand side of the drawer, marked with my initial."

Nadine raised her hand, took the old lady by the shoulder, and said:

"Who—has—been here?" She spoke low and furiously. Miss Shaw broke into wailing sobs.

"No, no, oh, no. Oh dear me, no," she gasped, and Nadine, suddenly releasing her, sprang for the door. She left it wide open behind her. Sally heard the sound of her flying feet, the tap of the high-heeled shoes as she whirled downstairs. The canaries fluttered and twittered. Miss Shaw wept on.

There was just this one minute. Nadine had gone to Lazare with the news, and in a minute they would be here again, skilled and desperate searchers. Before Nadine had reached the stair-head Sally was out of the dressing-room. She put her finger on her lips, ran to the farther door, and passed like a flash from warmth and light, rose shades and pink wreathed carpet, into the visible dusk of the passage, with its cold air, the walls which looked black, and the narrow strip of crimson felt which lay on its polished boards like a dark streak.

All the light there was came from the stair-head on the left and from Miss Shaw's open door behind her. The light

from the stairs was no more than twilight reflected from the chandelier in the hall below. Sally heard the dining-room door flung open, caught the blurred sound of voices, and ran on tiptoe as far as the top of the stairs. For one breathless moment she leaned over the smooth rail, and wondered if it were possible, just barely possible, to reach the half-way landing; but immediately the vague noises from below rose in a sharp crescendo, a chair fell with a crash, and even as Sally drew back shuddering, the hall was full of people and voices. On the other side of the stair-head, a second passage showed. She did not know where it led to, but she ran for the darkness and the shelter, ran with her hands stretched out before her, groping along the wall, the fingers of her right hand slipping on the shiny wallpaper. There was a clatter of footsteps and a hum of voices behind her coming nearer. Her hand touched wood, the jamb of a door. She felt for the handle, turned it, and slipped into a dark and unknown room. The door opened outwards, the handle on the side nearest the stairs. Sally left a crevice open, and stood there with the dark all round her, looking through the narrow crack. She could see the landing, vague in twilight, and three figures at the top of the stairs. Then, with startling suddenness, the whole scene sprang into light as Lazare depressed the electric switch.

He stood on the top step, his hand raised and touching the wall, Nadine beside him, and Etta on the step below. They were all talking at once. Sascha and Le Noir were nowhere to be seen. The passage into which Miss Shaw's room opened was now lighted from end to end. Lazare stood for a second, his eyes searching it. They dwelt upon the door of Miss Harriet's room, and Sally thanked Heaven that she had remembered to fasten the bolts. Then the lifted hand dropped, Etta passed in front of Nadine, and they all went along the two yards of passage, and through the door of Miss Shaw's room.

## CHAPTER 23

MISS Shaw was still sitting exactly as Nadine had left her, the large slow tears rolling over her pink cheeks and making a damp patch on the fine, embroidered shawl she wore.

Etta came to her, kissed her, patted the trembling hands, and spoke soothingly.

"Aunt Emma," said Etta, "dear Aunt Emma, do tell me, did you get out of bed just now? Did you dear?"

"No, no, oh, dear me, no," sobbed Miss Shaw. "I don't know, my dear, I don't know."

"Now Aunt Emma, don't be afraid. There's no harm if you did get out. Just tell me, did you open your cap drawer and take my—my card case out of it? It was red—a flat case, about so big. Did you take it out of your cap drawer?"

Miss Shaw stopped sobbing and sniffed.

"She tumbled my caps," she said, her mild blue eyes looking reproachfully at Nadine. "She tumbled them; and you know how particular I am about my caps."

Sally, looking through the crack of the door, had seen Etta go into Miss Shaw's room, had seen Lazare and Nadine follow her. They left the door open behind them. Already she knew what she must do, what she must try and do; knew also how small a chance she had of succeeding. She must get down the stairs now, at once, whilst they were in Miss Shaw's room. She had quite a clear picture of what would happen in a minute. Etta would make Miss Shaw talk, they would find out that she, Sally, was missing, and the house would be searched from garret to cellar. If she could get downstairs, and out of the house before they missed her, there was a slender chance; otherwise none at

all. But to leave this dark room and go out into the light, to pass so close to that open door and risk the stairs! They were there as Etta disappeared into her aunt's room; and when Lazare and Nadine followed her and passed from sight, Sally had already taken her decision, was already pushing the door open. To come out into the unshaded light of the landing was like taking a plunge into ice-cold water. Sally did not give herself time to think. She ran quickly, lightly, out of the dark passage on to the stair-head and down the stairs. As she passed the corner she heard Miss Shaw sniff and say: "If you would get me a pocket handkerchief, my dear." There were eight steps and a turn, six more and the half-landing with the drawing-room opening on to it.

Sally reached the turn on noiseless, flying feet, caught the stair rail to steady herself as she swung round, and came down on the second step of the short half-flight. Here she checked for a second, listening. Above her the voices went on. She looked down through the bannisters and bit deep into her lip. Someone was on the stair coming up from the hall, not running or seeming to be in a hurry, but walking heavily with bent head and hanging hands. Sally looked down petrified, unable to run on or to go back, unable to move at all. As if drawn by her gaze the bent head lifted; a dark, startled face looked up. Sascha's eyes met Sally's.

Agonised anxiety, agonised protest, that is what each read in the other's eyes. Sally checked a sob, and ran down the four remaining steps. As she reached the half-landing Sascha threw out his arm as if to bar the stairway to her, and she heard a man's footsteps cross the hall below. At the same time Etta cried out in the room above, a sharp, startled cry.

There was no going on, there was no going back.

The drawing-room door was not a yard away. Sally opened it, ran in, and when she would have closed it behind her, found Sascha on the threshold. He came in quickly, pushed the door to, and they stood in the dark, breathing hard, and heard a step go past, and up to the flight beyond. Then Sally breathed his name and felt him quiver, they were standing so close together.

"Help me," she said, "Sascha, Sascha!"

Her groping hand found his wrist and clung to it, and the pressure pleaded as her whispering voice had pleaded. Sascha shuddered from head to foot and was silent. The hand that lay against Sally's was as cold as ice. Then, like a person in a dream, he put out the other hand and turned on the light.

The three globes in the central chandelier flashed into brilliance, making the room a dazle of garish magenta. The heavy curtains drawn across the windows, the upholstered furniture, seemed to rush into sight. Sally almost screamed. It was so sudden.

HER hand dropped from Sascha's wrist. She fell back a pace. And then he was close to her, whispering in her ear, agitated and incoherent.

"Sally, if they find you, you are lost. I can do nothing, and I suffer. You say 'Help me.' No one can help you unless you do as they say."

"Put out the lights," said Sally.

"No, no, it is the only chance. You say 'Save me.' I will do my possible. If the room is dark, they suspect at once; but if there is light, if I practise here, it may be—see, my violin, there on the piano. I must play, but my hand shakes."

"Yes, yes, I see. Play quickly."

As she spoke a door slammed violently upstairs. Sally darted across the room, parted the rose-magenta curtains, and, letting them fall together behind her, she threw up the window with desperate hands.



CHAPTER 24

MAJOR ARMITAGE had

driven through Ledlington at a scandalous pace about fifteen minutes after Inspector Williams had bidden Lazare a polite good night. He whizzed past the inspector in a dark lane without a guess at his identity, and with no more than the casual reflection that bicycles were the curse of the country road.

At the four-crossway above Charnwood he halted to consider a plan of campaign. A deep inward conviction that Sally was in danger had sent him tearing back upon his tracks. He had thought only of getting back at any cost and in the shortest possible time. Now he realised that a plan was necessary, and set about making one.

The front door approach to Charnwood having been tried, and not having proved a striking success, some less obvious method commended itself to his mind. Upon three sides and part of the fourth side the house and garden were surrounded by a high wall. This he had noticed when he and the inspector searched the grounds. But a belt of woodland ran along the back of the property, protected by a high thorn hedge which met the stone wall again lower down, and Bill distinctly remembered that at one point there was a gap in the hedge. He remembered it because he had stood there in the gap for a moment and looked down into the lane below. He did not know how narrowly he had missed seeing Le Noir's car cunningly drawn in under the trees a few yards up the lane; but he remembered the gap and the lane, and it occurred to him, as it had occurred to Le Noir, that it would be a handy place to leave a car, and a convenient one at which to enter the Charnwood property without advertising his arrival. He could then reconnoitre the neighbourhood of the house, and be guided by what he observed there. This settled, he drove slowly along the ridge above Charnwood, looking for the lane which he reckoned should run into the main road somewhere within the next quarter of a mile. He had no difficulty in finding it, for, as he felt his way, looking all the while to the right, a bright glare pierced the trees, throwing the branches into ebony relief, and with a grinding of gears a small car pushed up the last steep rise that brought the lane into the high road. It turned the corner, slid past him in a blinding dangle, and was gone. M. Le Noir was on his way to town in a hurry.

Bill Armitage dropped down the lane until he sighted the gap in the Charnwood hedge, drew up under overhanging trees, and, shedding his driving coat and gloves, proceeded to climb the bank and to make an unlawful entry upon the property of Miss Emma Shaw.

When Sally ran, therefore, it was from Bill that she ran. A dozen more flying steps and she would have run right into his arms, but those steps were never taken. Instead she fled panic-stricken down the dark right-hand turning, and Bill, absorbed in his thoughts of her, never even knew that she had been within his reach. He strode on in the mood for adventure.

Lazare had not sighted Sally, but Sascha had, for when Lazare rushed downstairs, Sascha darted to the window, appalled by the thought that Sally had fallen and perhaps been terribly injured. As he stood peering out he saw a dark figure scramble up and run in the direction of the box hedge. Sally, then, was neither killed nor injured, and she was making for the gap in the hedge. Lazare would catch her. She had no chance. Lazare would certainly make for the gap, since only by the gap could Sally possibly escape. Sally had no chance at all against Lazare. He would overtake her or cut her off. She would be brought back, and he, Sascha, would have to stand by and see her tortured, or worse,

it creaked and moved stiffly. She leaned out. A long-drawn wail from Sascha's violin seemed to fill the room behind her.

It was Le Noir who had gone upstairs. He did not hurry himself, but came at an even pace to the stair-head and along the lighted passage. The door of Miss Harriet's room was standing wide open, and from within came the sound of voices. He walked slowly past Miss Shaw's room, glancing in as he passed, and came to the other door.

Lazare came to meet him, deadly pale. "She's gone," he said.

Le Noir surveyed the scene. Nadine, with that unaccustomed patch of red high on the cheek bone; Etta, limp and tearful; Lazare's extraordinary pallor; trailing from a chair, Sally's grey fur; and, fallen on the ground near the settee, her little black velvet hat.

"How?" he asked.

It was Nadine who answered him, her voice shrill with rage.

"It was the old woman. She must have got out of bed and let her out. So much for this fool who says she cannot walk, she never gets out of bed." She glared at Etta as she spoke, and said, "Fool!" again viciously.

Etta sobbed, and Lazare spoke.

"She's taken the case," he said.

Le Noir put a hand on his arm, moved a pace or two aside, and spoke in such a manner that no word reached anyone except Lazare. Then he turned and went back by the way that he had come without hurry and passed out into the night.

A SMALL two-seater car stood close in under the trees.

Le Noir took off his skull-cap, mask and gloves, assuming in their stead goggles and a fur coat. Then he drove away. The address at which he subsequently arrived would very much have interested Inspector Williams.

Lazare, left behind, took command of the situation. He turned first to Etta.

"Find Gregor. Tell him not to leave the foot of the stairs. Send Sascha here. She cannot have got down. There was not time." And as she made haste to obey, he spoke to Nadine.

"You and I must search the house room by room. Lock each door and take the key. She must be found. She is not where we left her, she is not in these rooms. Take the other passage whilst I go to the drawing-room. If you call, I shall hear."

"If I get my hands on her!" said Nadine fiercely, and they hurried out.

In the drawing-room Sally leaned from the window, straining to see, stretching out her hands and feeling along the ledge and below it. The window ledge was wide. She leaned right out. There was ivy growing on the house, and something with a thick, woody stem, wistaria as she guessed. She crawled out on to the ledge, felt for the woody stem where it bent, and came up on the far side of the window. Holding on to it with her left hand, she knelt on the ledge, her right hand on the sill. Kneeling like this, she looked into the room and called, low but insistently.

"Sascha, come here! Don't stop playing, but come quick."

The light struck in between the curtains as he parted them, and showed her outside on the ledge, leaning on one hand.

"Shut the window, shut it," she whispered, and he dropped on one knee and caught her hand.

"Sally—beloved—you kill yourself. I am to see your death?"

"I hope not. Oh, for goodness gracious sake, do what you're told, my dear boy. Shut the window, shut it!"

They both heard Etta run down the stairs, and, close on that, a heavier tread. Lazare's. Sascha choked on a sob and pulled the window down.

"Latch it," said Sally through the glass, and he obeyed. He stooped for the bow that he had dropped, lifted his violin into position, and began to play the air of the Liebestod.

The heavy step was at the door; Lazare was on the threshold, cold fury in his eyes.

"Is this a time to play?" he said, and came striding into the room.

Sascha fell back before him.

"What is it?" he stammered.

"She's gone. She's taken the case and gone. That's all, and, if you don't hanker after prison life, you'll turn to and find her before she gets clear away and brings the police down on us. If you've any sentiment in the matter, just think what your hands will be like after picking oakum for five years or so. It will be good-bye to that cursed fiddle of yours, anyway."

"Five years!" gasped Sascha. "Prison!" His voice failed.

"Abduction is a pretty serious affair if one is caught. Pull yourself together. We'll find her, we must find her. How long have you been in here? Are these windows all fastened?"

Lazare parted the curtains, letting the light shine upon the catch of the nearer window. Seeing that it was latched, he was passing to the farther one when there came to them from outside a tearing sound followed by a thud.

With an oath Lazare sprang to the door and made down the stairs at top speed, calling upon Sascha to follow him.

Sally had not waited for Lazare to burst into the room. As soon as she saw Sascha's hand go up to latch the window, she gripped the thick, but rather loosely-hanging wistaria stock in one hand, the close-growing ivy with the other, and, feeling with her toes for any slight foothold, swung herself gingerly off the window-sill. She shifted her grip carefully, and came down a foot or two. She reckoned that the window was not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the ground, fifteen at the outside. The ivy held well, and she gained confidence and let herself down another five or six feet, scared by the rustle of the leaves and the sound of the voices in the room above. And then, all of a sudden, the ivy stem which she was gripping tore away from the wall, her foot slipped from its precarious hold, and she fell outwards and backwards, hardly repressing a cry. The distance was nothing, the ground below a newly-dug bed in which bulbs had just been planted. Sally was shaken and frightened but not hurt. As she lay huddled up on the moist earth and gasped for breath, she heard Lazare's oath and the rush of feet, and in a moment she was scrambling up and running, somehow, anyhow, away from the house.

IT was dark, but not pitch dark; trees, bushes and walls were blacker than the general gloom. Sally's feet found a path, and she ran for her life.

She gained the path, and after a yard or two it turned. The hedge would hide her now until they, too, reached the turn. She ran her fastest, trying to remember how the path went and whether there were turnings in it. She thought there were turnings, but was not sure. Oh, why hadn't she noticed more when she and Etta passed this way?

Ah, there was a turning now, leading off to the right. She passed it by a yard or two, and then stopped short, shaken by a new terror. She could hear Lazare behind, running and calling, and in front, coming towards her down the narrow way between the hedges someone else, walking quickly with the firm tread of an active man.

She stopped dead, spun round, ran back, and dived down the turning that led away to the right.



He could not bear it. There were things that one could not bear—one could not. He choked, and hurried after Lazare, stumbling on the stairs because his eyes were hot and misty with tears. The hall door stood wide open. At the foot of the stairs, Gregor, impassive and silent with folded arms, Sascha pushed past him and ran out and round the house. He could hear Lazare ahead of him, making for the gap. He could see the beam of light from the torch in Lazare's hand. It shifted from side to side, swinging to and fro as he ran, lighting vividly now a leafless bough, now a bush full of berries, now a space of newly-turned earth.

Sascha ran; and thought of what five years in prison would be like, and his hands. His heart failed him, and he checked and almost stopped. His hands would grow like Lazare's hands, ugly and thick, and coarse; and they would never make music any more. He would never play again. They would kill his music. Five years! But Lazare would torture Sally. She was so brave she would not open the case just for threats. They would torture her, and worse. Five years—his music—Sally—prison. His music fell away into the shadowed background of his mind. There remained Sally, only Sally. Sally whom he loved and who would never, never care for him, Sally whom Lazare would torture, only Sally.

He lifted up his voice and called hoarsely: "Lazare, Lazare, Lazare!"

The beam of light rested, falling across two high black pillars with a lane between them, leafy pillars, each leaf picked out by the intense white glare, the entrance to the box walk. Lazare halted just as he was about to enter the path, half turned, and called back over his shoulder:

"What is it?"

"Lazare—here—this way—I saw her," panted Sascha; and Lazare turned, the beam of light slipping from the high box walls, coming nearer, flashing into Sascha's eyes. He threw up his arms to snield them, and Lazare was by his side.

"You saw her?"

"Yes, from the window."

"Which way did she go?"

"Round the house, to the front."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, yes, I saw her. She ran; I saw her."

Lazare made for the house.

"Nadine, take a torch and follow the wall up the hill. I will beat down towards the lane. Send Gregor to guard the gap. You had better stay in the hall, and remember, if you play false, prison may have what is left of you, but you'll reckon with me first."

"I saw her," gasped Sascha, and between terror and relief saw Lazare swing off to the left and disappear round the side of the house.

#### CHAPTER 25

THE unconscious Bill meanwhile pursued his way. The dense box hedges deadened sound and let no light come through. If Lazare had passed the turn of the path Bill would have both heard and seen him. As it was, he heard nothing. The stillness of the early evening had given place to gusts of wind that promised rain. Sascha's voice did not carry any distance, and Major Armitage presently emerged from between the tall pillars and made his way quietly in the direction of the house. There were lights to be seen in it. The landing window flared uncurtained, and a long streak lower down on the left marked the position of the window out of which Sally had climbed. Bill reached the back of the house and

turned to the right. There were the barred windows just above him now, old Miss Harriet's room, the bedroom and bathroom. There was no light in any of them. He stood, listening, but could hear no sound, then walked the length of the house and turned the corner. A solitary window showed unlighted on the second floor. It faced up the hill towards the four-cross way, and was, if Bill had but known it, the window of Miss Shaw's dressing-room. He stood and looked at the window thoughtfully. It seemed to be open at the top. He thought it was open, but he was not quite sure. He went on looking until he could have sworn that it was open, that a dark bar crossed it at a place where no bar would be unless the top half of the window were pulled down for six inches or so.

Bill was meditating a burglarious entry into the house of a blameless old lady. He was, in fact, working out the details in an admirably methodical manner. He was also, though of this he was of course unaware, about to fulfil a lifelong dream. The dream was Miss Emma Shaw's, and the first step towards its fulfilment was taken when Bill advanced to the foot of the wall and laid his hand upon the stem of a very fine pear tree which was trained against it.

The pear tree was of the same age as Miss Shaw, and from the age of ten years had been regarded by her with something of romantic terror, she having then overheard a housemaid remark that, if ever she saw a ladder put ready for a burglar, it was "That there dratted tree."

BILL ARMITAGE found it uncommonly convenient. It was as easy as walking upstairs. Had it grown against the drawing-room window, Sally would have come safe to ground without the tumble that betrayed her to Lazare. Bill simply walked up it, and arrived upon the window-sill ingeniously astonished at finding burglary so childish an affair. The window was open at the top. He pushed the upper half down, and then, putting his arm over the top, pulled up both panes, until he could crawl under them.

The room seemed very dark indeed, dark with the unrelieved gloom of a small place shut in by walls. He groped his way with great caution, and was brought to a halt by a chair which creaked faintly as he touched it.

A burglar cannot have a good conscience. Conscience played him false. When the chair creaked he grew cold all down his spine, and had a vision of headlines in the daily Press, "Major Burgles Country House—Full Details."

His feet and hands seemed to swell to an immense size, and to become very heavy as, with infinite precaution, he edged forward an inch at a time until one of those oversized hands brushed the panel of a door. He found the handle and stood irresolute for a full minute. Then he turned it, and was horror-struck at perceiving a streak of light shine brightly through the opening door. At the same time old Miss Shaw's voice said pleasantly, "Come in, my dear." Almost without knowing it, Bill went in.

Miss Shaw gazed at him across the cage which contained Alfred and Marmaduke, and opened her mouth to scream. It became quite round, but the sound that should have issued from it did not come. Even in his embarrassment Bill realised that it was exactly like watching somebody scream on a film. As the thought came and went, the round, open mouth relaxed, the pink face took on first a puzzled, and then a smiling look of recognition.

"Armitage," said Miss Shaw, still fluttering a little. "Armitage was the name,

not a burglar. You startled me just a little, my dear, because I have always expected a burglar to come in through that dressing-room window.

"ARMITAGE was the name?" she inquired. Bill admitted it.

"Yes, yes, and it was my dear cousin Clarence of whom you reminded me. He was much attached to me when I was young, very much attached; but my dear Mamma did not regard the attachment with favor. You see, he was a cousin for one thing, and he was not in a position to contemplate matrimony—not at all in a position to contemplate it—even if I may say so from a distance; so he went to Australia, and, my dear, we never heard of him again; but you resemble him very strongly, indeed, you really do. It affects me, even after so many years, my dear Mr. Armitage."

"Major Armitage," said Bill, in some confusion. The situation was a little beyond him. A burglarious entrance in quest of Sally was one thing; an old lady's bedroom with an old lady in tears because he, Bill, recalled a lost romance of her youth, was quite another. Miss Shaw was dabbling her eyes with the edge of the sheet.

"No one will give me a handkerchief," she said, with a small but plaintive sniff. "My dear, if you wouldn't mind. They are in the left hand little drawer of the chest of drawers, on the right hand side of the drawer, marked with my initial. My dear Harriet marked them. I did hers, and she did mine; but my dearest Harriet was always the most proficient with her needle."

Bill opened the drawer which smelled of lavender, took the top handkerchief from a neatly-folded pile, and presented it to Miss Shaw, who immediately stopped crying, and thanked him sweetly.

"They do come and go so," she explained, gazing at him with a confidence which he felt to be touching. "Etta and Nadine, and the man who came to the electric light, and the chauffeur—a man whose manners are deplorable—and the other young lady whose name I forget, they will come and go. They just come and go."

Bill started.

"The one whose name you forget—was it Sally, was it, Miss Shaw?"

"Sally—yes—yes—why, yes, Sally—that was it. She was in Harriet's room with the door bolted on the outside, such a singular thing when you come to think of it, two bolts both fastened on the outside of the door, my dear; and if I had not heard her calling me, why she might be there now."

Miss Shaw had an air of triumph.

"You let her out?"

"I got out of bed, and Clarence mewed. Did I tell you that I had called him after you? No, no, I mean, of course, that I called him after my dear cousin whom you so very strongly resemble. He mewed—my dear pussy, I mean—and I got out of bed. You won't tell anyone, will you?"

"No, never; I promise. You let her out?"

Miss Shaw nodded, folding her hands upon the embroidered shawl.

"It was Sally?" asked Bill, trying to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"She said so, I said, 'Who are you, my dear?' and she said, 'I'm Sally.' I remember very well because one of the gentlemen who admired me when I was young used to sing a very pleasing song about 'Sally in our Alley.' No one sings it now, but the air was very pleasing, and I remember he always said at the close, 'But it should be pretty Emma.' My name is Emma, you see, my dear, and he admired me a good deal."

"Where is Sally?" said Bill.

Miss Shaw looked at him doubtfully.



"They all want to know that," she said. "Strange, isn't it? Etta went on asking me that until I felt quite bewildered—my niece, Etta, you know, poor James' daughter; but perhaps you didn't know my brother James."

By main force Bill edged in with a desperate question. "Where is Sally? Do you know? It's frightfully important, Miss Shaw."

"She told me not to tell," whispered Miss Shaw, fidgeting with the bedspread. It had a fringed edge. She became intent on plaiting the fringe.

"She wouldn't mind your telling me, she wouldn't really. I want to help her. Where is she?"

The old lady threw him an odd, half-furtive glance. "You bear so very strong a resemblance to dear Clarence," she murmured, "even the voice. My dear, are you attached to this young lady?"

"To Sally? Of course I am. Please, Miss Shaw, where is she?"

"Of course, of course, Sally is a pretty name, but it has gone out of fashion a little."

"Where is she, Miss Shaw, where is she?"

"But, my dear, I don't know," said old Miss Shaw.

# CHAPTER 26

WHEN Sally turned and ran from Bill's advancing footsteps, panic came on her. She no longer groped her way or tried to run warily, she no longer thought or planned. With a wildly beating heart she fled blindly into the darkness and saw it full of floating sparks of fire. She did not know that the box hedges on either side had ceased, or feel that her feet were now upon rough grass. She went faster and faster, her pace increased by the downward slope of the ground, until suddenly with a splash she was ankle deep in ice-cold water, and the shock of it brought her to a standstill, trembling and panting.

Sally turned to the left and made for the deep shadow there. She must hide, and then presently, perhaps, she could make her way back to the gap and get away by the lane. When she came close to the bushes she found that they were rhododendrons grown wild and hanging in branching masses over the water. She moved along, looking for an opening and presently found one. She had to push aside some jutting sprays, and then found, to her surprise, that she was in a narrow pathway which appeared to skirt the lake. The overgrown shrubs had once, no doubt, been neatly kept and clipped, but now they straggled everywhere, sending up young shoots under foot and arching densely overhead. It was dreadfully dark, and very wet under foot. The only gleams of light came from the water on her right, wherever there was a gap, or a thinning of the rhododendron wall. Sally began to feel cold and desolate. This was a horrible black mass, and she was hungry, and her feet were wet, and she wanted Bill, oh, most dreadfully, she wanted Bill.

Meanwhile Bill Armitage had emerged from Miss Shaw's room and advanced cautiously to the top of the stairs. He was tolerably sure that Sally was not in the house. She must have been found by now unless she had managed to escape into the grounds. The house was deadly still; no footsteps coming and going, no voices. He went cautiously down the stairs as far as the turn, and looked over the balustrade. He could hear the ticking of the tall clock which stood in the corner of the hall just out of sight, and he could see the chandelier hanging from the ceiling with all three of its globes alight. He was just going to take another step or two

when the sound of a groan struck upon his ears. It seemed to come from the hall. After a moment it was repeated. Bill moved carefully, shifting his position until he could see the foot of the stairs, and there, on the last step, sat a young man with his head in his hands groaning. From the strong draught which was blowing up the well of the stairs, Bill concluded that the front door must be wide open. As Miss Shaw would doubtless have said, a very singular situation. How to connect the groaning young man and the open hall door at all helpfully with Sally was not immediately clear. It occurred to Bill, however, that, exit by the door being barred, he had better once more make use of the dressing-room window; and he began to go upstairs again, taking two steps at a time.

On the top step he turned his head and saw Etta Shaw standing just where the left hand passage came out upon the stair-head. Light streamed from an open door a yard or two behind her, and she came forward quickly, almost running, dabbing her eyes with a bright blue handkerchief, and sobbing as she came.

She did not see Bill until she almost ran into him, and the second's grace gave him time to get his balance. Even as she recoiled with a little gasp of surprise, he said very gravely, "Hush, I want a few words with you," and led the way, with a composure which he was far from feeling, down the other passage, and into Miss Harriett's room.

AS he went, he wondered if she would scream and give the alarm, but when he switched on the light and closed the door he found that she had followed him, and was waiting in obvious terror for what he had to say.

What she expected, he did not know. What he said was:

"Where is Sally?"

She turned pale, then red again.

"I don't know. I don't know," she whispered, looking at him with frightened eyes.

"Your answers were not at all satisfactory. I have returned in order to make further inquiries. I suppose you know that there are very heavy penalties for kidnapping and that sort of thing. I ask you again: Where is Sally?"

"I don't know, I don't know. Oh, Major Armitage, I really don't know. I can't go on like this. I can't. I told Sally that I couldn't, and I can't."

"Sally has been here, then?" said Bill sternly.

"No, no, I don't know what I'm saying, and I don't, I don't know where she is. Oh, let me go, let me go."

"Control yourself, please. I don't wish to keep you. I think you had better go to your aunt. Sit down and pull yourself together, and then go to her. Don't let her see you like this."

"Where are you going?" said Etta, as he opened the door. "What are you going to do, Major Armitage, what are you going to do?"

"Find Sally," said Bill grimly, and shut the door on her. He had never disliked anyone so much in his life.

His passage through Miss Shaw's room was of the briefest. The old lady, who was trying to coax Marmaduke from his perch, had hardly time to look up, the canaries hardly time to flutter, before the dressing-room door had closed upon him.

Old Miss Shaw went on looking at the door through which he had vanished for some time. Then she turned back to her birds with a deep sigh.

"Very singular, very singular indeed," she observed, and Alfred and Marmaduke twittered their agreement.

It was with considerable relief that Bill found himself out of doors again. The house was too much for him. He felt quite definitely that he could not cope any further with the groaning young man, or with Etta, or with Miss Shaw. He felt he had had enough of canaries, and cats, and sentimental reminiscences. Being out of doors again felt very good indeed.

He made his way to the front of the house, and perceived in the distance the flash of a torch away on the left and down the hill. The high wall lay between him and the road, and a belt of shrubs followed it, cypress-like shapes that made a gloom and gave out aromatic odors as he brushed past them. A furlong or two beyond the house, and the shrubs were on either side with a narrow gravel path between them. All the trees and bushes were wild and ill kept, and as Bill moved cautiously along the path he kept his hands out before him, and fended off more than one straying branch which would otherwise have caught him across the face. He lost the light which he had seen, and blundered on in the dark which became deeper as the ground sloped downwards and overshadowing trees grew thicker and wilder.

At last even the glimpse of deep lead-colored sky was gone, and the branches covered everything with an interwoven roof. It was like moving in a tunnel, a tunnel that was low, and narrow, and wet under foot. Bill wondered where on earth the pathway was taking him. Touch and hearing were his only guide, and under his groping touch elusive leaves withdrew, whilst his ears seemed full of odd whispering noises and of the sound of his own feet slipping and squealing in the muddy slime.

Then suddenly the light again. A flash like the flicker of a bird's wing, gone in a breath and leaving an even, inky black behind. He stood still and counted ten. Then again the quick flickering light, but this time he was expecting it, and his eye caught the flicker of water, and saw that his path lay along the edge of some large pond or lake. The flash came from the water's edge about fifty yards away, and between it and him he had a glimpse of a black waterway that was bounded on every side by the dark. He listened intently, and heard the lapping and the even flow of the water, the passing gust of a wind with fine rain in it, the rustle and movement of leaf on glossy leaf, and faintly behind these sounds the impact of feet moving, as his own had done, in wet and boggy ground. The sound was so faint that he could not be sure that it was not fancy that made him suppose he heard it. Then it ceased, and again the light flashed out, much more to the right now, and making for a full half minute a lane of brightness that moved steadily up, down, and sideways before it disappeared. In that half minute Bill heard a new sound, a little gasping sound that made him take his own breath quickly. It was very faint, very weak, but it came to him through all the voices of the night, and cried to him; and as he heard it he saw.

A yard or two from where he stood the path ran sharply in to the right and then out again in a hair-pin bend. The water followed it. The bank, crumbling and irregular, fell away on the near side. On the far side, high, overhanging the water, and held up by branching roots, an entangled covert of rhododendron made a wall that topped the bank.

And under the bank stood Sally. The ray of light passed between shadowing boughs, and Bill saw her. His heart leapt. He saw her. The ray of light passed on. He had seen her, and in his mind he saw her still, standing close in under the bank, almost knee deep in water, bareheaded, the short, bright hair dragged, dishevelled, the little white face piteous beyond words, the eyes blank with terror.



## CHAPTER 27

WHEN Etta Shaw was left alone in Miss Harriet's room she sat quite still for a moment, with a frightened look on her face, her hands tightly clasped in front of her. Then suddenly she seemed to wake into restless activity. With a start she jumped up, opened the door, found the passage empty, and came along it and down the stairs with a rush that shook Sascha to his feet. He stood looking after her, tear-stained and weebegone, as she ran through the hall and straight out of the open front door. The light from the low-hung chandelier streamed out, showing the unwhitened step and the flagged path beyond. Tiny growing things had pushed between the flags. They cast little blue-black shadows upon the rough grey stones.

Etta's wild rush brought her to the edge of the light, and then she stopped, sobbing and panting. When a figure stepped out of the darkness, she called out on a thin, high note, and got back a "Silence, fool!" from Nadine, at which she choked and was quiet. Nadine's voice, low as it was, held so much cutting contempt that it froze her words and sobs. She stood and stared until Nadine shook her by the shoulder.

"What is it? Why do you run out—cry out? Has anything happened?"

"He has come back."

Etta whispered the words.

"Who has come back? Le Noir? Does Lazare know?"

Etta shook her head.

"No, no, not Le Noir."

"Who then? Quick! Who has come back? Ciel, woman, if I had a knife, you should feel the point! Who has come back?"

"Major Armitage—and I think—"

"You think? Where is he?"

"I don't know—I don't know."

Nadine's grip tightened on the quivering shoulder.

"You've seen him?"

"Yes."

"Talked to him?"

"Yes, yes."

"What did he want. How did he get in?"

"I don't know. He said he wasn't satisfied; and then he left me in Aunt Harriet's room, and went—"

"Where?" The word was jerked at Etta.

"I don't know—I don't know."

"You never do, fool!"

NADINE swung her to one side and began to run down the hill towards the lake. She had seen the flash of Lazare's torch, and the first thing to do was to warn him that Major Armitage had returned. She switched on her own torch as she ran, and shifting it to her left hand drew from the pocket of her nurse's apron a small automatic pistol.

Bill Armitage, a little dazed and still shaken by a gust of fury, heard the sound of her running feet, the tap tap of them on the gravel, changing to a sucking sound where the bog began. Then, as he scrambled to his knees, slipping and grasping at branches that betrayed him, the footsteps ceased, something pressed cold against the back of his neck, and a deep, cool voice said quietly:

"Hands up, Major Armitage, or I fire."

Bill's rage overpowered him. He kicked out violently in the direction of the voice, and promptly fell face downwards in the mud. The pistol pressed hard upon his neck. The voice said viciously, "If you move, you're dead," and then, rising, a tone or two, called on a resonant, carrying note, "Lazare! Lazare!"

Sally had not seen Bill. The ray of light which rested on her had not reached him. She had not seen him, but she had heard his footsteps on one side of her, knew Lazare to be coming up on the other, and

felt herself hemmed in, past hope of escape. When he slipped and fell she shuddered all over and bit deep into her lip to stop herself from screaming. She must not scream. She must stay quite, quite still, and perhaps they would not find her. She stood, holding on to a slimy root, the water up to her knees and icy cold, her woven skirt sopping wet, her hands wet and so dreadfully, dreadfully cold; and standing like that, all in the dark, she saw the flicker of Nadine's torch, and heard her say Bill's name.

Bill! It was Bill!

She had been so terrified of that heavy tread, and it was Bill all the time. Everything seemed to shake, Nadine's voice came from very far away.

"If you move, you're dead."

SHE was speaking to Bill. She was armed and Bill was not, and he had slipped and fallen in that horrible mud. Sally tried to think, but she seemed capable only of holding on tightly to the slippery root. She tried to let go of it, to move, to do something, but her fingers remained rigidly closed. And then Nadine called out, and Lazare came running along the path, his torch sending a dancing beam before him, his voice answering Nadine.

"What is it? Where are you?"

"Here, I've got Major Armitage. Quick, my friend!"

They spoke French. Sally heard Lazare pass her, his tread sounding almost above her head as he came round the hairpin bend. Then there was the confused sound of some sort of struggle and Lazare saying low and viciously:

"Do you want to be shot? What a fool you are, Major Armitage."

Sally trembled from head to foot. It was so dark. The light came and went. There were bushes between her and those three on the path beyond. What was happening? She could hear Bill's voice now, half choked. What were they doing to him? And then Lazare spoke, coming forward a little and pitching his voice so that it would carry without being loud.

"Miss Sally, are you there?"

No answer. Sally could just see him now, a dark figure at the water's edge. He swung his torch in a half circle, and called again:

"I know you're here. What a lot of trouble you give! It is most unwise of you. I have seen footprints, so you see I know that you are here. If you do not immediately come out, we shall shoot Major Armitage. I don't think anyone will look for him in the lake. Do you hear, Miss Sally?"

No answer. The torch swept round and back again. It was strange to see green leaf and pale folded bud spring into view as the beam touched the darkness. Strange to see the little rippled waves each with its tiny shadow. If Lazare had taken three steps to the right, the light would have reached Sally; but a bush screened her, and the light stopped short.

"Miss Sally, if you don't come out you will be sorry."

Bill Armitage, lying like a trussed fowl in the middle of the boggy path, strained at his bonds, and strained in vain. They had stuffed some woollen abomination into his mouth, his hands were strapped behind his back, and his ankles tied together. If only Sally would not listen. If only she would stay hidden. It was the one chance, the only possible chance for either of them.

"Miss Sally, for the last time, will you come out? If you do not—" He swung round. "Nadine, are you ready? Very well. I will count slowly up to ten. If by that time she does not answer, you will shoot. It will make very little noise."

He paused. Then, "I will begin to count now, Miss Sally. One—two—three—four."

He counted evenly without haste. Sally heard him as if in a dream. It was not a nice dream. She wanted to wake up, but the dream held her.

"Five—six—seven—eight—nine—"

When Lazare said six, Sally began to try and move, but she could not. She began to try and call out, but she could not make a sound. She stood rigid, and heard him slacken pace a little on seven—eight—and nine—and then, with a gasp that seemed to be wrenched from her, she called aloud and her voice was like a child's cry in the night.

"Stop. Stop—I'm here!"

Lazare drew a breath of relief. His bluff had not been called. In these matters one could always count on a woman in love. The rest would be easy now.

He stepped to the right, swung his torch, and saw Sally standing under the bank, her eyes wide upon him, her lips still quivering.

"Come across."

In his bonds Bill writhed at the tone of authority. They were done now, at the mercy of this merciless devil. Sally shook her head only just moving it.

"I can't."

"Come across."

"I can't let go." Her teeth chattered on the words.

Bill heard Lazare swear, and, with ears unnaturally strained, caught every sound that followed, the heavy tread, the breaking of twigs, the water dripping from Sally's drenched skirt as Lazare dragged her roughly up the bank, her sobbing breath and broken, "No, no, I can walk, I can," as he lifted her; and with every sound the sense of his own helplessness became more unendurable. Lazare came to a halt beside him, looked down at him for a moment, and stirred him with his foot as one would a sleeping dog. There was no violence in the movement. Bill could imagine a smile on the man's face; he had reason to be pleased with himself.

He spoke to Nadine.

"Take the whistle out of my breast pocket and blow three longs and one short. Gregor will hear it and come. We need him."

Nadine took the whistle. Her hand touched Sally, who sagged helplessly against Lazare's shoulder.

"Bah!" she said, and flicked her lightly on the cheek. Then she laughed, and blew the whistle.

The sharp bright sound seemed to pierce the darkness like a flame.

They stood and waited for Gregor.

## CHAPTER 28

GREGOR came to them, guided by the flash of the torches. He showed no surprise, but stood stolidly a yard away from the odd group and waited for his orders, as no doubt he would have waited in a burning house or on a sinking ship. Lazare spoke to him in Russian.

"Have you anything to report?"

And for the first time Sally heard the man speak.

"There is a car in the lane," he said.

"Where?"

"Under the trees above the gap."

"It is not Le Noir's car?"

"No."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

Lazare touched Bill with his foot again.

"So that's how you came, my friend," he said. "Well, it's easier to get in than out again." Then he turned back again to Gregor.



"Untie his feet. He can walk to the house. You will hold his arm and guide him, and Nadine will come behind with the pistol. It's time we were out of this. I will go first."

As Bill Armitage tramped back up the sloping path maddening thoughts rushed through his mind. A wild desire to make a dash for it, a realisation of the hopelessness of such an attempt, Sally's nearness, her piteous plight, a raging contempt for the ease with which he had fallen into a trap. These thoughts, and others as uncheerful, bore him wretched company.

As they came up the flagged path to the open door they could see that Etta Shaw was pacing the lighted hall within.

As Lazare came into the hall Etta veered, cried out, and stood staring.

"Open the dining-room door," Lazare ordered. "The lights, put on the lights. Do you expect me to see in the dark?"

He lowered Sally into the armchair at the foot of the table, and she huddled in it, her eyes closed. Etta looked away from her, moving nervously until Lazare was between her and that pitiful figure. With averted eyes, and in a low, hurried voice she said:

"There's been a telephone call."

**L**AZARE held up his hand, went quickly to the door and shut it, leaving Bill in the hall with Nadine and Gregor. Then, as he turned:

"Who rang up?"

Etta whispered the answer.

"Le Noir."

"What did he want?"

Etta moved again. Her back was to Sally now; it was easier to speak. From where she first stood she could see, not Sally's face, but one of her hands lying palm upwards on the drenched woollen skirt. She did not like to see Sally's hand; it was easier to speak when she could not see it.

"He wanted—oh, I don't know—I think he wanted to know what happened after he left."

"He was ringing from London?"

"I—I think so."

"Well, what did you say?"

"I—I said you were out. I didn't know what to say; I was afraid. I said I thought he had better ring up again. I said—"

Her voice trailed away and ceased, and sharp across its last vague murmur there came the ring of the telephone bell.

Lazare made a stride towards the instrument, then turned, flung the door wide open, and called to Nadine.

"Here give your pistol to Gregor, and come and take this call. I think I know who it is, but it's better to be on the safe side. Gregor, if he moves, shoot at once."

Bill stood quite still. His rage was under control, his mind busy, searching desperately for something, anything, which might be turned to advantage. Nadine passed into the dining-room and shut the door.

As she touched Lazare in passing, he said very low: "It's probably Le Noir. Just make sure, and then I'll speak to him."

Sally had not moved, but the sound of the telephone bell had roused her. Her mind was clear; only it was such a terrible effort to move, to think, to do anything. For herself, she only wanted to slip away into oblivion. She no longer cared what happened to her. But there was Bill. The thought of Bill hurt so much that she knew she must go on trying, go on keeping awake.

It was the look in his eyes that she could not bear. It wrung her heart. The power of thought and action returned to her on a hot tide of pity and love, and, as Nadine took down the receiver, she raised herself a little, gripping the arms of the chair, and cried out very high and sharp:

"Help! Help! Help!"

Nadine was very quick. Her hand covered the mouthpiece as the second cry rang out, and next instant she had hung the receiver up. Sally saw her swing round, saw Lazare's face of fury, and slipped sideways from her chair in a heap.

She was in the hall after that, dimly conscious of angry voices, of someone shaking her roughly, and from very far away Sascha's voice: "Mon Dieu, what have you done to her?"

Then another interval of vagueness, and thought began to stir.

Bill would think they had hurt her. It was horrible for Bill. She must let him know that she was all right. Then hard on that thought another: she must go on pretending to be unconscious. They must gain time, they simply must. She had screamed twice before Nadine smothered the sound. If anyone had heard the cry—the thought became tangled. It was so slender a chance. It was practically no chance at all.

Something in Sally that was very tough and unconquerable woke up and pushed back these thoughts. It was always worth while to fight, to hang on, to take the hopeless odds and do your best with them. It was never worth while to give in.

Sally came back again to the idea of gaining time. That was the only hope, and she set herself to the task with a little secret sense of exhilaration.

For a while she had only to lie still. There were hurrying footsteps, a coming and going. Then someone held a cup of hot soup to her lips, and Lazare said: "She's no use to us like this. You've got to get her going again. Half an hour will finish it then, and we'll be off."

Sally made that soup last a very long time. It wasn't easy, because she wanted it so badly. It was hot, and she was so very cold; but she took it in infinitesimal sips, and was thankful enough to have it.

As she came to the end of it she heard Lazare tell Nadine to go back to the telephone. "Ring up the Exchange and find out where that call came from. It must have been Le Noir, but it's too important to leave to chance. If anyone else heard her scream—"

"Oh, it was Le Noir," said Nadine composedly. "Who else could it have been?"

**S**HE went through the open door into the dining-room, and, as she spoke, Sally's heart beat. Nadine's voice came and went. Nadine came back.

"It was Le Noir all right," she said. "The call was from London—a foreign gentleman, the girl at the Exchange said. So you see it is all right. He will ring again presently, I expect."

Sally fought despair, fought it inch by inch, and forced it back. She would go on just the same. She would go on to the very end, and beyond it. She set her teeth, and was ready for Lazare when he came over to her.

"Now, Miss Sally," he said. "Don't you think you have given enough trouble, and don't you think we treat you very well? Only this I suggest, that you do not try our patience too far; that would be foolish."

She looked up at him as if she did not understand. They had laid her at the foot of the stairs and propped her up with cushions. Her gaze rested blankly on him. She said nothing.

He took her by both wrists, and, pulling her up, held her there at arms' length, facing him.

"Now we come to business. Understand me. If you faint again we shall bring you round with a red hot iron. It is a fine restorative. But you will not faint. I think you have enough sense for that. You

will come into the dining-room, and you will open the case which, as you see, Nadine has taken from your pocket."

Sally looked him straight in the eyes.

"I won't do anything until I have talked to Major Armitage. I want to talk to him. I won't do anything unless you let him speak to me."

"And if we let you?" Lazare's eyes searched her face.

"I will tell you when we have talked."

"And why should we allow this interview?"

"Because," said Sally. "I won't do anything at all without it. I don't really care much either way. I don't care what you do, or what I do. You've pushed me too far, and I don't care. It's just as you like."

She wavered on her feet, and he let go her hands, and saw her grope her way back to the pile of cushions and sink down there. He went over to Nadine, and they spoke together in Russian.

After a minute he addressed Bill.

"Very well, we will let you have this interview. Major Armitage, I think you are really an intelligent man when you are not blinded by passion as you were just now. There are two points which I would commend to your intelligence." He came quite close and spoke in a low voice inaudible to the others. "In the first place, if Miss Sally does not open the case this is what we shall do to her." His voice sank lower still, but Bill could hear every word, and what he heard bit into his consciousness with a burning agony. The words, the unendurable words, flowed quietly and evenly from Lazare's lips, and Bill could not shut his ears or silence the lips with a blow.

"That," said Lazare, "is our programme in case of any little feminine obstinacy. Now will you follow me upstairs? I don't think I will trust you in a room without bars." He turned back to the stair foot.

"Allow me, Miss Sally," he picked her up and led the way. Bill followed. Gregor brought up the rear. At a word from Lazare he went off to the left at the top of the stairs, afterwards appearing in Miss Harriet's room with a pair of handcuffs in his hand.

Lazare put Sally down, bade Gregor hold Major Armitage's arms at the elbow, and proceeded very deftly to undo the rope with which Bill's wrists had been tied. Almost with the same movement he slipped on the handcuffs, and then, still in the same composed manner, removed the gag and the bandage that secured it.

Gregor busied himself with closing and locking the shutters in all three rooms. It was all very unhurried and businesslike.

"Now, Major Armitage," said Lazare, "you have your chance. I advise you to employ it to advantage. It will not be offered to you again." He went towards the door, and on the threshold turned for the last word: "Of course, if you like, you can make a noise—call, about bang on the shutters—but I really do not advise such a course of action. Gregor will be outside the door with a pistol. If there is a sound, he will simply walk in and shoot, so I do not advise it. And now I will leave you to your interview."

He went out. Gregor followed. The door was shut. The bolts went home with a click. Bill and Sally were alone.

## CHAPTER 29

**W**HEN Major Armitage's car tore by in the darkness Inspector Williams was very much annoyed. He did not know whose car it was; his attempt to catch sight of the number failed; and his indignation was still hot when he rode into Ledlington.



He got off his bicycle, and spoke to the first policeman he met.

"Did a two-seater pass you here about ten minutes ago? I couldn't see the make or get the number, but he nearly did me in about a mile down the road. He must have been doing forty."

"There was a Hillman went out of here at a fair bat. I took the number."

"That would be him."

The policeman pulled out a notebook, wet his fingers, turned three pages laboriously, and read out a number which, as the inspector himself afterwards stated, brought him up with a round turn.

"Read it again," he said. And then: "You're sure of that?"

"Took it down as he went past. I tried to stop him, and he took no more notice than if I'd been a-kissing my 'and. Dangerous driving I says, and took his number."

**I**NSPECTOR WILLIAMS stood in the high road a most astonished man. The number was that of Major Armistage's car. What had happened to take that car back to Charnwood at a tearing, law-breaking pace?

He began to walk along, wheeling his bicycle. Major Armistage should have been dining in London by now, but obviously something had occurred to alter his plans and send him in a furious hurry back along the road which he had just traversed. The more the inspector thought about it, the less he liked it. It was an odd case all through; practically no evidence, but the feeling of something fishy at every turn. "Like the smell of gas when you can't make out where it's coming from," he said to himself. "One minute it's there, and the next it isn't, and do what you will, you can't find the leak. That's what it reminds me of."

He walked along very thoughtfully for a while, but turned in to the "King's Arms," where he ate cold beef and pickles and continued to think.

About half an hour later he entered the police station, and after a short conversation with the local inspector, went to the telephone and looked up Miss Shaw's number. It was in his mind that he would like to speak to Miss Etta Shaw. He gave the number to the Exchange and waited, not very sure of what he was going to say.

There was a pause. The hum of the traffic came in from the street outside. Then came the little click that told of the receiver being taken off at the other end, and immediately upon that, thin and faint, a woman's voice—a scream of "Help! Help!" The second word, the second scream, was cut short. Someone at the other end had been concerned to cut it short. Another click, and the receiver was in its place again.

Inspector Williams lost no time. He called the Exchange, and began to give rapid orders.

"This is the police station. If the number that has just cut me off rings you and asks who was calling, you will say that it was a London call, and that the gentleman who spoke seemed to be a foreigner. You quite understand? It's a police matter."

The girl at the Exchange experienced a delightful thrill.

Inspector Williams rang off, and turned back into the room, his usually wooden face full of anxiety.

"What's up?" said the local inspector.

"I don't know. There was a woman screaming at the other end. I must go back at once, and it's not a job I want to tackle alone. How many men can you give me?"

"Well, I don't know."

The local inspector was the embodiment of solid worth. One felt at a glance that it was worth and not brains that had made an inspector of him. His name was Moss puddle, and irreverent constables spoke of him as Old Money Face.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "There's Jones just coming off his beat, and Bolster just a-going on his, and Webbing ought to be here, and—let me see." He continued to think aloud until he arrived at the conclusion that four men might be available. Eventually the four proved to be three.

Inspector Williams stood by, chafing inwardly. He could not get the sound of those faint screams out of his ears.

It was with immense relief that he stopped into the car which he had ordered, saw his reinforcements bundle in after him, one man in front by the driver, and for the third time that day set out towards Charnwood. He hoped very much that they would not be too late.

They ran down from the crossways, going slow and without lights, and drew up a couple of hundred yards short of the house. The door in the wall was shut and barred. It was not part of the inspector's plan to ring the bell. He gave a low-voiced order, and a stout constable made a back, and one by one the others scrambled over the wall. The inspector came last, and helped to haul the stout Bolster up. When they were all over there was a moment's uncertainty.

"Better go round to the back, one of you—yes, you Webbing. The path runs round the house. Keep on the grass, and go quietly."

Webbing went, and for a brief space the inspector watched the house. The upper story was lighted, and a faint gleam came from windows on the ground floor which he knew to be the shuttered windows of the dining-room in which he had interviewed Lazare. The hall door of solid oak was shut and showed nothing. As he waited for the moment of indecision to pass, the hall door was suddenly violently flung open, showing the lighted space within. A man's figure stood out against the glowing background. Sascha's hands were pressed to his head, he halted for just a second, and then came stumbling down the step and away from the house, and as he came he groaned aloud:

"Sally, Sally! Oh, mon Dieu, Sally! They kill her!"

The moment of indecision was past. Inspector Williams ran up the path and into the hall, followed by the Ledington constables. As they crossed the threshold there came from the room on the left the sound of voices, the sound of running feet, two shots in rapid succession followed by a crash and a loud and piercing scream.

## CHAPTER 30

**L**AZARE went out, the bolts ran home, Bill and Sally were alone.

All the time that Lazare and Gregor were in the room Sally did not raise her eyes or look at Bill, but when they were gone she looked up and tried to smile, tried hard, and very nearly burst out crying instead. Bill stood before the burnt-out fire, his handcuffed hands behind him, his head a little sunk forward, and his face plastered with mud.

Between them stretched the rose-wreathed carpet, wet and dirty from all those trampling feet. The water dripped from Sally's skirt and made a dark stain upon the roses.

Sally got up, holding on to her chair.

"Your poor face—all that mud," she said in a little shaken voice. "Oh, my poor dear," and she went with slow, difficult steps to the bathroom, soaked the end of a bath towel in water, and came back again.

Bill moved to meet her.

"You must bend down," she said, "you are so high up." And then she began to wash the mud away and to put the dishevelled hair back from his forehead. Her hands were trembling a little. All their

movements were weak and gentle. Bill felt the soft hands touch his face, and wondered how much more he could bear without breaking down.

He said her name, and choked on it, and she dropped the towel in a heap, and put up her face to be kissed, just as a child might have done. And when he stooped and she felt his tears hot on her cheek, her arms went round his neck and clung there.

"Sally—Sally darling—oh, my darling little Sally."

Bill went on saying it over and over, and then in a sort of rage: "What have they done to you? What have they done?" Sally rubbed her head against his shoulder.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. I'm as right as rain. It's you, you poor old thing. Did I get all the mud out of your eyes?"

"You're sure—sure they haven't hurt you? Why are you such a ghost then?"

"Hungry," said Sally, laconically. "They wouldn't let me sleep and they fed me on odd cups of cocoa, but they didn't hurt me. I'm really quite all right." She did manage to smile this time, and Bill would have found it easier if she had cried.

He said quickly:

"Why did you scream—downstairs?"

"The telephone bell rang. I thought someone might hear—the girl at the Exchange, or the person who was calling. I thought it was just a chance—and there aren't too many chances, are there, Bill?"

She looked at him steadily, and he looked away.

"It's a tight place, Sally," he said, and Sally nodded.

"I know. That's why I made up my mind to try and see you like this. I wanted to say things, and I wanted to know if you cared—you do, don't you?"

"Sally, you know—Sally darling."

"Yes, I know. I think I got to know when I was shut up here with nothing to do but think. I used to think about you a lot—and—and want you, Bill. And I used to wonder if you cared, and sometimes I felt sure you did because of the way you looked at me that last day at Chark, and sometimes I used to think you'd marry a fat girl who took eights in shoes."

**"W**HY on earth should I?"

"I don't know. I used to decide that you would. I think I did it to choke myself off. You see Bill—no, bend your head a little so that I can whisper—you see when we were engaged I didn't really care. I think I wasn't old enough. But as soon as we weren't engaged, and you'd gone away dreadfully angry and hurt, I began to miss you. And then I began to think what a little fool I'd been, and then I began to care—really, you know, like you cared for me. It was a frightfully good punishment."

"You poor child, I didn't want you to be punished. Why didn't you tell me, darling, why on earth?"

"As if I would. Why, I should never never, never have told you if—it—well, if I didn't think we were pretty well up against it. We are, aren't we?"

"I'm afraid so. Of course there's a chance."

"It's very small. That was Le Noir calling. He was here this afternoon when they were trying to make me open the case. He made off when the inspector came back."

"Williams came back?"

"Yes, on a bicycle. He banged on the door and frightened them into fits, but they bundled me up here, and Le Noir got away, and then they let him in. He wanted to see Lazare. He only stayed a few minutes, so I suppose he was satisfied, Le



Noir made off. He was ringing up to know what happened after he left. Bill what are we to do?"

"I don't know, Sally."

He did not avoid her eyes this time. They looked steadily at one another. There was no need for words. It was Bill who spoke at last.

"When I came upstairs," he said, "I thought I must urge you to open the case. I didn't think I could do anything else. I meant to tell you that it was the only thing to do, and to say that it would be all right. They'd never get out of England with the secret, we'd be sure to get them first. That was my first impulse."

"Well?" said Sally. She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Well?" she said, and gave him a little, half impatient pat.

"If that's what you were going to say, why didn't you say it?"

"Because," said Bill, slowly. "I remembered the look in that man's eyes. What do you call him?"

"Lazare."

"Yes, when he said, 'If you open the case we will be very kind to you both,' his eyes gave him away. When I had time to think, I felt quite sure, absolutely sure, that if you opened the case we might have ten minutes to live, or we might have less. We certainly shouldn't have more."

Sally's hand tightened on his coat. She gave that familiar little nod of hers.

"Yes, I think so too," she said.

"You see," said Bill. "They'd be bound to get rid of us, absolutely. They couldn't keep us here, and they couldn't turn us loose, so it's fairly obvious that we'd have to go. The only possible chance is to play for time. Something might happen."

"Yes," said Sally, "that's it. That's what I kept saying to myself downstairs. It's the one and only chance we've got."

"Spin the show out, pretend to make terms—anything. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall pretend I've given in. They'll give me the case to open, and I shall wrench the spring and release the acid. Then the formula at least would be safe out of their hands, and I think they would just shoot us without any fuss."

Sally's voice was just the very faintest whisper close to his ear. He turned his head with a groan, and they kissed, a long strange kiss that might be the last. The room was so still that the song of old Miss Shaw's canaries came to them through the bolted door. The high trilling sweetness rose up and up as the two birds vied with one another. Across it came the sound of footsteps, the sound of bolts withdrawn. Sally went quietly back to her chair.

The door opened.

#### CHAPTER 31

It was Gregor who came in. He did not speak, but motioned with his hand, and they walked past him into the passage.

Lazare was waiting at the head of the stairs, but before they came to him the door of Miss Shaw's room was opened and Nadine came out. The canaries had stopped singing. Sally looked past Nadine, and saw that someone had covered the cage with a green silk handkerchief.

Nadine had put on a clean apron. The fresh starch crackled as she walked. From behind her came Miss Shaw's voice:

"There is such a draught, Nadine. Why do you not shut the door? I am always telling you how much Alfred dislikes a draught. Shut the door, my dear."

Nadine shut it, and they all went down the stairs.

They crossed the hall, and came into the dining-room. Etta was on her knees by the hearth making the fire. She did

not turn her head or look round when they came in. Of Sascha there was no sign.

Sally went to the chair in which she had sat before. The case lay on the table under the light. It was just like a dream in which the same thing happens again and again.

She saw Bill guided to a chair at the other end of the table, and thought it odd that he should occupy Le Noir's place. Gregor stood on one side of him with a pistol in his hand, and beyond Gregor she could see that Etta Shaw had risen to her feet and was moving towards the service door in the corner of the room. Lazare saw it too. He had remained standing, and swung round now, saying sharply:

"What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"I don't know—I thought."

"You are not required to think. Come here."

For a moment she actually hesitated, but as he made a movement she started, came over to the table, and dropped into a chair.

Lazare sat down by Sally. Nadine remained standing on the other side of her, one hand just resting on the edge of the table.

"Well, Miss Sally?" said Lazare.

She folded her hands in her lap, and looked down. "What do you want?" she said.

"Is it possible that you are in any doubt? I think not." He had put out his hand and drew the case a little nearer. "You will now open the case."

Sally put one hand to her head.

"And if I've forgotten how to open it?" she said.

"It would be most unfortunate—for you, and for Major Armitage. It would, in fact, be a disaster."

"It's a long time ago," said Sally very low. "I only opened it once—I may have forgotten."

"Then you will make it your business to remember."

With a sharp movement of repulsion, she swung round in her chair, leaning back upon the further arm of it and facing him.

"M. Lazare," she said, panting a little. "Tell me honestly—why do you want that formula? What are you going to do with it? I must know that—I must—"

Lazare made a slight gesture towards Etta.

"My dear Miss Sally, what a question! Has our good Etta ever for one moment ceased to assure you that our sole and only motive is—oh, come, Miss Sally, I think that you must know it all by heart—the good of humanity, the blessings of universal peace threatened by this new and abominable development of militarism!"

SALLY glanced at Etta, and saw the color rise in her cheeks. She looked away again quickly. It was dreadful. Etta was dreadful. Even in this extremity she felt sorry for Etta Shaw, with her desperate clutch on the ideals which were falling her. She turned back to Lazare frowning.

"Do you really think me a fool?" she said. "I don't believe you do. I want the truth, not all that sham stuff. I think you know very well that it never took me in for an instant, and, if you are as clever as I think you are, you will realise that it will pay you better to tell me the truth. I won't move a finger without it, anyway."

Bill sat stiffly at the opposite end of the table. He had not much hope, but he was not going to neglect the smallest chance.

Out of the tail of his eye he measured the distance between himself and Gregor. He sat looking at Sally, and Lazare, and the red case, and the shining reflection of the chandelier like an island of light upon a dark sea; and all the time he made a plan—a desperate plan, but better than none at all.

He saw an unpleasant look cross Lazare's face as Sally spoke, and heard him say in the low voice which meant rage.

"You will, and you won't. Do you think you have any choice?"

"You would do better to tell me the truth," said Sally wearily.

He stared at her with those light eyes of his full of gloomy anger.

"The truth?" he said. "Well, why not? Only there is this, no one can tell all the truth, because it is only when two understand one another that there can be truth between them. Between you and me—never—never. Are you so banal as not to know that? I think you know it. There is between us too strong an antipathy for there to be any truth from me to you. You may think what you please, Miss Sally. Think that I am a revolutionary and that I see in this formula the means to a World Revolution. Think that I am anti-revolutionary with a great military power at my back. Think that I am a man who owes Society and the human race a grudge. In each of these thoughts you may find the truth you want. Think at least this, that I will have the formula if it means a hundred lives like yours. That is a little melodramatic, is it not? You see I am half a peasant; and your peasant is all crude melodrama in an affair of this nature. The other side of me, the side that comes from a princely house, laughs at the peasant and despises him. If I could have been all prince, I would have ruled Russia and the World."

His voice sank low. "I may yet," he said, and fell into silence.

Etta's trembling voice broke upon it. At first it was only a low mutter, but it kept rising and gathering volume. She leaned towards Lazare with outstretched hands that trembled too. Her words came fast.

"What are you saying? You mustn't say such things. What do you mean? What do you mean? What are you talking about? Lazare, Lazare, Lazare!"

Without turning, he struck her across the face with the back of his hand. It was more an impatient gesture than a blow, but Etta Shaw gave a very bitter cry and dropped her face upon her outstretched arms.

It was her cry that Sascha heard. It reached him in the study on the other side of the hall where he was pacing up and down in an agony of fear. When he heard it he shuddered as if it was he who had been struck.

The cry was not repeated, but the silence—the silence was more dreadful than any sound. He stood for a long while, or what seemed to him to be a long while, on the threshold of the study and could hear nothing. In the end he crossed the hall with a slow, dragging step and leaned against the jamb of the dining-room door, his forehead pressed to the panel.

When Etta screamed Nadine laughed. Sally's anger boiled over. She spoke sweetly to Lazare.

"You were quite right," she said. "You are certainly half a peasant. I am at last able to believe something that you say."

BILL Armitage leaned forward in his place. He spoke for the first time.

"Isn't all this rather irrelevant?" he said; and, at the sound of his voice, the hands which Lazare had clenched relaxed and his eyes left Sally's. A tense moment passed.



"It is rather," said Lazare. "I propose that we come to business. If you have anything relevant to say," — he stressed the word — "I shall be very much interested to hear it, Major Armitage."

"Well, I should like to know what terms you are proposing. If Miss Meredith opens the case—I don't say she will, but if she does—what are you prepared to offer? You will probably admit that the case is her property and that she has a certain claim to a quid pro quo."

"That is so," Lazare's voice was smooth again. "Well, I won't say that our original offer to her stands in its entirety, because the position—well, it has changed a little, has it not? But, in these altered circumstances, what I propose is, I think, sufficiently generous."

He put his hand into his pocket, drew out a key, and flung it upon the table beside the lacquer case. It made a little ringing sound.

"As soon as Miss Sally has opened the case she shall have that key which, as you probably guess, unlocks the pair of handcuffs you are wearing, and you and she will be free to go anywhere you like. We shall treat you as honorable persons, and merely ask for an undertaking that you will not communicate with the police or make any effort to trace us for the very moderate space of twelve hours."

"Thanks," said Bill. His tone was dry. "It's such a generous offer that I think I should like to talk it over with Miss Meredith. You haven't any objection, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid I have," His voice rang suddenly hard. "Let us understand each other. You have had your interview. You have had my terms. You talk of a quid pro quo; I want mine. I am not a safe person to play with or to insult. Miss Sally was unwise just now. She will now open the case, or, if you prefer it, the programme of which I spoke will begin."

He took the red lacquer case from the table as he spoke, and put it down immediately in front of Sally.

"Now, Miss Sally," he said, and took her by the arm.

It was then that Sally's sensitive ears caught the first sounds from outside. She did not know what she had heard, but she knew that she had heard something. All of her seemed to listen, and it was more with impatience than with fear that she heard Lazare say:

"You don't answer. You had better answer, Miss Sally." And then, "You won't? Very well then."

His hand tightened on her arm. He got up, pulling her roughly to her feet.

Sally came back to a sense of her surroundings. At the other end of the table Bill Armitage waited with every muscle tense.

"Open the case," said Lazare in a tone of fury. "Open it! Open it at once!" He stopped short on the last word, and drew in his breath sharply, catching at his self-control, and Sally heard again what she had heard before, and this time knew it for what it was, the sound of feet moving on the grass outside, cautiously, quietly. She spoke quickly because she was afraid that Lazare would hear it too.

"I WON'T! I won't! I'll never open it!"

He jerked her arm.

"Oh, yes, you will. I'm going to tie you up to your chair and let you watch what we are going to do to Major Armitage. You'll open it fast enough. Nadine, the rope."

Sally cried out wildly at that, struggling to free her arm, to pull away from him. Nadine laughed again.

It was Sally's voice and Nadine's laugh which sent Sascia stumbling out into the

night. It was Sally's voice and Nadine's laugh which drove Bill Armitage to make his reckless throw.

With a sudden spring he was on his feet, and, as he sprang, he shot his right foot out backwards, hooked Gregor's legs from under him, and charged headlong down upon Lazare with an inarticulate roar. After that everything seemed to happen at once. As Gregor fell he fired, his hand obeying him just a fraction too late to be of any use; Lazare, releasing Sally, swung to his left, met the whole of Bill's charging weight, and came down with a crash; Etta Shaw lifted her head from her hands and screamed terribly; Nadine had her hand in her pocket, her pistol half out, when a man shouted in the hall—it was Jones, the Welshman, who shouted—, and there was a rush of feet towards the door. Nadine sprang to it, locked it, reached for the switch of the electric light, and called out in Russian—"The police! Quick, Lazare!"

Gregor was already up. Lazare rolled from under Bill, and scrambled to his knees. As he ran, Nadine's hand moved sharply down. The light went out.

Sally, standing between her chair and the table, saw the light fall. The darkness fell like a curtain. Her eyes were fixed upon the lacquer case and the shining key.

The light was gone and the dark was full of noise. The last thing that she saw was the lacquer case, the centre fish, and the rose below it glowing as if they were alive. Her hand went out, closed on the case, withdrew itself. She stepped back, pushing over her chair so that it fell. Men were beating on the door, shouting. She went on stepping back, taking one step at a time. The noise was dreadful.

**B**ACK, and back, and back, until her free hand touched the velvet curtains that screened the shuttered windows. The door burst inwards with a loud cracking sound, a broken panel splintering. Bill called out. He called "Sally! Sally!" but she could not answer. The light went on suddenly. Inspector Williams, with his hand on the switch, saw Etta Shaw sitting back in her chair staring at him, her eyes unnaturally blue in a dead white face, her hands held up as if to ward a blow. He looked past her, and was aware of Major Armitage struggling to his feet, his hands behind his back and handcuffed, and in the window Miss Sally Meredith clutching the brown velvet curtain with one hand, and holding to her breast with the other the red lacquer case.

Otherwise the room was empty.

The inspector was the first man into the room. As he switched the light on the two constables pushed across the threshold, and the door, which had been swinging crazily on a single hinge, fell crashing to the floor. It was Jones, the little Welshman, who made straight for the service door. Bolster followed him.

Bill Armitage gave a great shout of "Good man, Williams! Good man!" Etta Shaw's lips moved, but no sound came from them. The key of the handcuffs lay on the empty table. Bill came plunging forward. "Here, man, unlock these damned things, for the Lord's sake. That's the key. Where's Sally, I say?" And then, as he swung round to let the inspector get at his wrists, he faced the windows and saw her. She had not stirred. The light showed how white she was. Her eyes looked as if they did not see. The handcuffs dropped with a clatter. Bolster called from the service door. "This way, sir," and Inspector Williams was off hot-foot, with a word flung over his shoulder to Major Armitage: "Take charge here, sir, will you? I can't afford to leave a man."

"There are three of them, all armed," Bill called after him, and he called back: "Thank you, sir," and was gone.

The house seemed full of the sound of trampling feet.

Constable Webbing, meanwhile, had been making his way round the house according to his instructions. He arrived at the back door, in fact, at the same moment that the inspector and the other constables burst into the dining-room. The door at which he found himself was locked. He walked a pace or two, and reflected that this was a rum sort of start, and that his young lady, at this moment waiting for him outside the New Cinema, would be what he called "fair worked up."

He had begun to wonder how long it would take him to make his peace, when the door behind him was suddenly wrenched open, several persons rushed out, and he felt himself tripped up and knocked sprawling into the gutter. As he picked himself up he heard, from within the house, shouts and a sound of splintering wood. He at once blew his whistle and set off across the garden in pursuit of the people who had knocked him down.

**I**T was Nadine who had thought of Bill Armitage's car, and it was Nadine who had thought of locking the kitchen door behind them to delay pursuit. She ran beside Lazare in the darkness, her hand in her apron pocket clenched on the automatic pistol.

None of the three had spoken, after Nadine's one quick whisper, "Armitage's car in the lane! Our only chance!" They ran in silence, and heard the constable's heavy tread behind them, and the piercing sound of his whistle, blown at regular intervals as he ran.

As they turned into the path between the high box hedges the whistle was answered from nearer the house, and they strained forward, running for their lives. They came through the woodland, and dropped down over the gap whilst the pursuers were still entangled in the unfamiliar windings of the path.

Lazare's eyes searched the darkness for the car and found it. He spoke then for the first time in a sharp whisper.

"Nadine, get in," he said. "Gregor, hold them up." He seized the crank handle as he spoke and swung it frantically. There was no response. Again he swung it, and again, but the cold engine would not budge.

The sound of voices and of running feet came from beyond the hedge. Gregor's pistol spoke.

"Lazare," Nadine called from the seat, "there's a self-starter. The slope is steep."

Lazare straightened himself, called out rapidly in Russian to Gregor, and jumped in beside Nadine. She released the hand-brake. The car began to move with its own weight. Gregor fired again twice, kept down the gap and came to them running, pushing. The car was sliding forward, slowly at first, but gathering momentum as the slope grew sharper. Gregor jumped for the step, and held to the side of the car. Their pace increased. The gap was behind them. The voices were behind them.

Nadine's foot rose and fell on the self-starter. Lazare switched on the lights. The engine half started, thumped, whirled, checked and finally got running some fifty yards down the lane.

Inspector Williams stood in the mud, and heard the hum of the car die away in the distance. He was a man of few words. He knew when he was beaten.

He turned in silence, and climbed the gap again.

"Back to the house!" he said.

When the inspector had released Bill Armitage, and the sound of trampling feet had died away, Sally let go of the curtain



and began to cry. She looked at Bill, saw him coming to her, and ran into his arms, her voice breaking on his name, her whole body shaking with sobs. His arms closed about her, his head bent to hers. His voice, almost as unsteady as her own, whispered incoherent words of love and comfort. Presently Sally moved a little, looked up, and said in a shaky whisper:

"Bill—we're alive. It's over. Oh, Bill hold on to me. Don't let me go."

"I won't ever let you go," said Bill firmly. "You're not fit to look after yourself. Oh, Sally, you little mug, what made you trust people like this? How could you?"

"I didn't," said Sally. "I didn't—and I'm not a mug—and oh, Bill, what does it matter anyway? It's over, it's all over. We've waked up, and we're alive, and we've got each other. Oh, Bill, what does anything in the world matter when you've got me and I've got you, and it's over, it's all over?"

Bill said nothing. He had Sally in his arms safe and his own pain and he had no words. What were words, anyhow? She was his little Sally, and he had her safe.

Sally went on speaking in the same whispering, trembling voice.

"I was so afraid that I should give in, Bill. You don't know how afraid I was. It's so awful to be afraid of being a coward." Bill almost shook her.

"You little mug," he said, "you couldn't be a coward if you tried. You're the pluckiest—his voice failed him and he kissed her fiercely.

"I'm not—not really—and—oh, Bill, take this horrible case, it's running into me. I don't ever ever, ever want to see red lacquer again. Put the beastly thing in your pocket, and don't, don't let us even think of it again."

"I want to get out of this," said Bill. "I want to get you away. I wish to goodness Williams would come back. I hope they caught them. I'd like to have a hand in it, but I suppose I can't very well leave the house."

"You can't leave me," said Sally, firmly. "I'm through, Bill—all in. If Lazare came back I'd just crumple up like wet tissue paper, and I simply won't be left alone in this abominable house, I won't."

It was at this juncture that they became aware of Etta Shaw.

She was leaning back in her chair and looking at them with an expression that wrung Sally's tender heart. Her voice went on monotonously saying Lazare's name over and over again, and then: "He left me here. He went away and left me here. He went with Nadine. He left me. Lazare, Lazare, Lazare."

Sally sat down beside her and took her hand.

**I**NSPECTOR WILLIAMS threw them an odd look as he came in through the service door.

"They've got away with your car, sir," he said to Bill. "But we'll get 'em all right. They can't possibly go far. The men are going round the place outside. I've got to get busy with the telephone."

"You'll want the number of my car," said Bill.

"Got it," said the inspector. "Hullo Exchange! Hullo!"

He was very busy for ten minutes, at the end of which he hung up the receiver and turned his attention to Etta Shaw. Before he could address her, however, there came in through the front door Constable Webbing, propelling before him this unrelenting and dejected Sascha, whose whole appearance was one of misery and terror. When, however, his eyes lit upon Sally he exclaimed in a loud voice: "She lives, then!"

tore himself from Webbing's grip, and throwing himself on the floor by Sally's side, proceeded to cover the hem of her muddy skirt with impassioned kisses.

Constable Webbing was left staring a yard inside the door.

"Where did you find him?" said the inspector.

"Down by the pond sir, a-threatening to suicide himself; and when I tells 'im as it's against the law, and that anything he says will be used in evidence against him, he does nothing but say: 'She's dead! She's dead!' or it might be 'She's killed!' for a change, until he fair made my flesh creep. He may be foreign, or he may be barmy; I don't really know which is worst."

"All right, Webbing, you may wait outside," said the inspector.

"Now, young man, get up, will you? You're annoying Miss Meredith, and I want to ask you some questions."

Sascha got up, looked wildly round him, and folded his arms across his breast.

"I know nothing," he said, "nothing."

"Very well," said the inspector, "just remember that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. You, too, Miss Shaw, to begin with—"

Sally interrupted him. She still held Etta Shaw's hand and, as she leaned forward and addressed the inspector, she pressed it warningly.

**I**LON'T want there to be any mistake, inspector," she said. "I should like just to make my own position clear, if you don't mind. I came here as Miss Shaw's friend and guest—I have known her for twenty years. I stayed because I found she was being terrorized by unscrupulous foreign servants. They had entirely got the upper hand, and I am sure they are very dangerous criminals. Miss Shaw has been completely deceived, as she now realises. I want to make it quite clear that I have nothing against her. And as for M. Sascha—"

"Sally cast a sweet and somewhat tremulous smile in his direction.

"Have you any charge to make against him?" said the inspector hopefully.

"Oh, no," Sally achieved an air of ingenuous surprise, "certainly not. We've been the greatest friends, and when things began to look nasty he helped me to escape. I can't be grateful enough to him. You will remember that he's a friend of mine, won't you?"

"I'm," said the inspector. "And these people who are missing—it's the chauffeur and the maid—I've got their descriptions—who's the third?"

"A man called Oregor who did the housework. He's a Russian; I don't think he knows any English."

"Yes, yes, I saw him this afternoon."

"Look here, Williams," said Major Armitage. "Miss Meredith's had enough of this. I want to get her away, and you can ask her any questions you like when she's rested. I'll call up Ledlington and get a car. I'm going to take her to my cousin, Mrs. Farquhar. I want to call her up, too. Meanwhile, I don't suppose you realise that Miss Meredith is half starved. They've been keeping her short of food and sleep. Do you think one of your men could get hold of something whilst I'm telephoning? There's probably plenty in the house."

The inspector drew Bill aside.

"I must hold these two," he said. "I've asked them to send out a woman to look after the old lady. What about the lacquer case?"

"I've got it," said Bill.

"Not damaged?"

"I don't think so."

An hour later, Sally, warmed and fed, was saying good-bye to old Miss Shaw.

"And you will come and stay with Etta again soon, my dear?" said the old lady.

Sally wondered whether she would ever set foot in Charnwood again. Aloud she said:

"May I pat Clarence? What a lovely cat he is."

Then she closed Miss Shaw's soft cheek, and went out quickly.

After that there was darkness, and a smooth running car, with ruf, and Bill's arm about her. Long before the lights of Ledlington went flashing past them, Sally was very fast asleep, with her head on Bill's shoulder.

#### CHAPTER 32

**S**ALLY slept long and long. She did not waken when the car drew up, or when Bill carried her up a flight of stairs. She did not do more than open her eyes once or twice when Eleanor Farquhar and her maid were getting her to bed, and, once there, she sank into a dreamless rest that closed over her like the waters of a great deep.

When at last she opened her eyes again it was afternoon.

Sally sat up. "Oh, my dear, how nice it is to see you, and what an angel you are not to have pink curtains. I don't know how I got here a bit. I just went to sleep."

"Bill brought you. He's raging to see you, by the way; but you've got to eat something first."

"I'm starving," said Sally earnestly. "He can rage and rage. I want a real square meal—and, Eleanor darling, not cocoa, unless you want me to scream."

Bill waited in Eleanor's drawing-room with more patience than might have been expected. If he raged, he did so inwardly. He even smiled once or twice as if his thoughts were pleasant ones. When Sally came in he held her very tight for a moment, and then laughed and told her she was the world's champion sleeper.

"I haven't had enough yet," she complained. "Eleanor said you were getting dangerous, and she was afraid you'd wreck her room, or I'd have gone off again after breakfast—no tea. Bill, it's fearful to get so behind with meals that you don't know whether you are having lunch or dinner." Then, with a sudden change of manner—"Tell me what's been happening. Have they caught them? Have they found your car?"

"They've found the car all right," said Bill slowly.

"Where?"

"Left by the roadside about five miles from Charnwood."

"And Lazare?"

"He was silent."

"Bill, tell me. What is it?"

"They've traced him, and Nadine—all three of them, in fact—"

"Well? Bill, you're not telling me. What has happened?"

Bill Armitage hesitated.

"Look here, Sally, you've got a right to know in a way, but it's fearfully confidential. I can't tell you the whole thing. They traced them, as I say, and I know now why Lazare said he didn't care a damn what happened if he had twelve hours' start. Half that would have done him. I might have known that they had big backing—"

"What? Oh, Bill—"

Bill paused. "They did have big backing," he said briefly. "And that is every word I can tell you, Sally."

Sally pursed her lips, and whistled.

"Well, I'm not surprised," she said at last. "At least, not so dreadfully. I had a feeling all the time."

They were both silent for a moment, Sally leaning against his shoulder. All at once she said:



"What about Etta Shaw—and Sascha?"

"The whole thing will drop. The London people think they were after a gang of motor thieves. My car comes in uncommon useful. Etta Shaw has pulled herself together. The fright will do her good, I expect. What a woman!"

"And my poor Sascha? I've got a lovely plan for him."

"Your Sascha?"

"He'd love to be," said Sally wickedly. "He adores me. He'll write a Sally Symphony I expect. I think it's frightfully romantic."

"Sally!"

Sally made a face.

"I shall give him a letter to Papa Lemonie. He doesn't take pupils as a rule, you know, but he'll take Sascha if I write to him. My ambulance happened to pick him up when he was wounded, and he swears I saved his arm. Also he loves me a little, so he'll be nice to Sascha. I think the boy really has genius, and if he is a pupil of Lemonie's it will give him a start, and he won't have time to get messing about with conspiracies and things. Isn't it a lovely plan?"

"Beautiful," said Bill, a thought dryly.

"Sally, am I going to marry a flirt?"

"I expect so," said Sally, rubbing her head against his arm. "Shall you mind much, Bill, darling?"

It was a little later on that Bill said, "Sally you're distracting my mind. I've come here on business and not to make love to you. Now be good, and attend."

He dived into an inner pocket and produced the red lacquer case.

Sally stepped back quickly.

"Put it away," she said in a funny choked voice. "Put it away, Bill. I told you I didn't ever want to see it again."

"Well, you needn't after this. Just open it and get out the formula, darling, and I'll smash the beastly thing with Eleanor's poker."

Sally shook her head.

"Sally, you goose, what is it? Come along, it won't take you a minute. You haven't forgotten?" His voice was suddenly anxious.

The anxiety touched Sally and made her feel cold. It would have been quite easy to say that she had forgotten, but she couldn't lie to him. Instead she lifted honest eyes to his, and said:

"I haven't forgotten, but—I can't do it."

"Why on earth not? What's the matter?"

"I can't do it, Bill."

"But why not?"

Sally was growing paler and paler.

"There was such a lot of time to think whilst I was at Charnwood. I didn't make up my mind in a hurry. I thought and thought about it. Bill, it's a horrible devil of a thing. If I just put out my hand and do what Fritz showed me, I'll be letting it out, and no one, no one in the whole world, can chain it up again. No, wait; let me tell you. I meant to let you have it, but in the end I knew that I couldn't. It's a devil, and I can't let it out."

Her voice went away to a whisper. Her eyes searched Bill's face, and found no understanding there.

"But Sally," he said, "you can't mean it. It's—it's ridiculous. A missile was committed to us—he—"

"He couldn't face it when it came to the point, and I can't either. Bill, don't look like that."

"I'm not," said Bill impatiently. "Look here, Sally, you're overwrought and worked up. I oughtn't to have come to-day, I suppose, but of course I'm mad keen to know

if the formula is intact. After all, the case has had some pretty rough handling. Now look here, darling, you just open it, and I'll take all the responsibility. You needn't worry about it or think of it again."

"I can't," said Sally, and saw his frown deepen, his face flush.

"You mean you won't."

At that she fired up too.

"I mean what I say. I can't open it, and I won't open it."

"Etta Shaw has converted you, in fact?"

Sally flung her head up.

"Why do you stop there? Why don't you ask me if I sold the paper to Lazare?"

"You've no right to say that to me, Sally. Take it back."

"No. Why should I?"

"Sally!"

"Why should I?"

The angry tears were hot in her eyes, but her heart was sick and cold. The anger was her defence against Bill, but her heart felt the shadow of estrangement and separation and sickened.

If she held out, if she refused to open the case, or opened it only to destroy the paper within, it would be the old story over again. Bill didn't understand. He couldn't understand; perhaps no soldier could. It wasn't to be expected. He would think her a crank and obstinate, and the wall of separation would rise between them again, and this time for ever.

Bill Armitage, frowning angrily, saw that she was whiter than ever she had been at Charnwood, and under his anger something snote in upon his heart and touched the deep wells of tenderness there. Oddly enough for the moment this made him furious.

"Of all the damned, morbid nonsense," he began, and saw the quick color flame and die again in Sally's face.

"If you take it like that, you must," she said hopelessly.

"How do you expect me to take it? You say you've thought the whole thing out so carefully, but have you given one moment's consideration to my position—the position you are putting me in? I may say that I've been building a good deal on pulling this thing off. It means a lot to me, personally, and I believe it means a lot to the country. I've reported the recovery of the case. Do you realise that I shall have to go back and say, 'Miss Meredith has changed her mind. It seems to run in the family, and she has destroyed the formula?' A nice easy job for me, isn't it?"

"MY dear girl, do have a little common sense. The thing is War Office property."

"No," said Sally, very short and sharp. "No, it's not. It's mine." She put out her hand. "I think you forget that, Bill. It's mine. Please give it to me."

He reddened to the very roots of his hair. There was an endless pause. Sally's outstretched hand shook more and more. Suddenly Bill Armitage thrust the case into it, and turned his back.

"Take your property then," he said between his teeth and walked to the window. Sally took the case.

The afternoon sunshine was all gone. The grey light that goes before the dusk made the room look cold.

She stood with the case in her hand, and looked at Bill's back. He didn't move or turn round. He would never forgive her—not a second time. Oh, well, what did it matter? He would marry a woman who would say "Yes," when he said "Yes," and "No" when he said "No." Sally hoped viciously that he would find it deadly dull.

She said "Bill," in a little shaking voice, but he did not move. Only after what seemed like a long time, he said gruffly:

"What are you going to do?"

"Bill, do turn round."

He turned round then, showing a red face of wrath.

"Why don't you get it over? Destroy the damned thing and have done with it. I take it you mean to destroy it?" Sally nodded, biting her lip.

"Yes, I must, Bill."

"Well do it. What are you waiting for?"

"I don't know," said Sally very miserably. She walked over to the fire and stood there. "I suppose I'd better open the case first and then—and then burn the paper."

"I should think that would be the best plan," Bill's voice was polite and stiff. He spoke apparently to some acquaintance whom he chalked a good deal.

"You—you won't—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"No," said Sally, with half a sob, "of course you won't. Well, here goes."

She took the case in both hands, and pressed as Fritz had showed her how to press. The lacquer cracked, the crack widened, the case divided. A folded paper showed against the steel lining.

Bill came a step nearer. Sally took out the paper, and let the case fall upon the floor at her feet. She stretched out her hand over the flames—stretched it out and drew it back again.

Something in the color of the paper, in the writing half seen by firelight, something made her draw her hand back. Bill saw her open the paper and look at it. He heard her gasp, and saw the color rush scarlet to her cheeks. She gave a laugh and a sob, and then she called his name: "Oh, Bill," and, as he came a long step nearer, she began to read aloud in a trembling, laughing voice. "My honored grandmother's recipe for making black currant jelly, very economical." She turned the paper and waved it at him. "Take nine pounds of black currants—Oh! Bill! Bill! Bill!"

BILL ARMITAGE gave a shout of laughter, and caught her in his arms. They rocked together, the tears running fast down Sally's face.

"Fritz!" she sobbed. "He had the recipe—he was fiddling with it—the case was open. He must have put the wrong paper back. Oh, Bill, do you think he meant to?"

Bill hugged her, still laughing unsteadily. "I shouldn't wonder. I shouldn't wonder a bit. The old fox! I never told you I found him, Sally."

"Fritz?"

"Yes, Fritz, the old ruffian. He's inventing a food for infants; swears the gas formula is wiped from his memory. He isn't interested in you, or me, or in the War Office, or anything except his new invention."

"Yes, he's like that, Bill. Oh, Bill, I thought—"

"Sally, darling, don't cry."

"I must. I thought you'd never forgive me. I thought you'd go away again for seven years, and—and—"

"Seven years is too long," said Bill gravely. "You'd get into mischief."

Sally began to shake with laughter.

"What is it?"

"Lazare," she said. "Oh, Bill, if I had opened the case at Charnwood! Oh, why didn't I? Think of Lazare's face if I had! 'Take nine pounds of black currants'—Oh, Bill, darling, I've changed my mind. I'm converted. The War Office shall have the formula. I'll give it to them for nothing. Black currant jelly is so much nicer than plum and apple for the Army you know!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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